

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LII.

SEPTEMBER, 1896.

No. 5.



MIDSUMMER IN SOUTHERN SPAIN.¹

WITH PICTURES BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

GRANADA TO CORDOVA.

BOABDIL, when he left Granada, had his troubles; but at least he did not have to rise before dawn, dress by candlelight, and eat a hurried breakfast served by unwashed waiters in an unaired dining-room, in order to catch a train that started just early enough to make itself a nuisance, just late enough to meet the full fury of the day's heat. And for us, who had learned to love Granada's beauty, it was tragic to see only its ugliness at the last—its streets gray and deserted, and strewn with dead dogs; for the scattering of poison seems to be the Spanish policeman's chief duty, his easy method of preventing hydrophobia. And the station was full of hideous beggars, and Granada's last outlying hill to face the carriage window was crowned by the unlovely façade of the Jesuits' new buildings.

Again the old names greeted us—San Fernando, Loja, Antequera; again at each station we heard the cry of «Water! water!» from the women waiting to sell it and the travelers thirsting to drink it; the landscapes grew less and less green, until we reached Bobadilla, where we changed cars for the North and came into a worse simoom than ever blew over Sahara. Slowly crept the train between endless stretches of gray, dusty olives, or wide, treeless, brown fields, with here and there a

roasting, steaming town on a hilltop; and at last, seemingly exhausted, it stopped at Cordova.

A DEAD-AND-ALIVE CITY.

FROM the station we drove through a starling white suburb, past the well-whitewashed walls of the bull-ring, to the Fonda de Oriente. It was still early in the afternoon, the sun fierce, the light blinding—the hour when all summer we had been sleeping and dreaming in the Alhambra's halls and the Generalife's gardens. Remembering their loveliness, and hoping for new beauty like it, we could not stay in the dull hotel bedroom, though with its tiled floor it was fairly cool and clean, and we went out into the town. Silence hung over it like a pall. Every winding street in the labyrinth beyond the Paseo was empty; not a living creature in sight, only once in a while a beggar, who rushed from some spot of shade to assail us; all the low, white houses, with their iron-barred windows, were tight shut; the place was abandoned and desolate, its silence unbroken by sound of toil or traffic. Was this really the Cordova of Musa and Abderrahman, the Cordova once called the Bagdad or Damascus of the West, whose streets were ever alive with the clang of arms, the pomp of processions, the clatter of students going to and from the schools, whose name was a synonym for wealth and power, for culture and industry—the world-famous

¹ See «Lights and Shadows of the Alhambra,» in THE CENTURY for June.

town, with its scientists and merchants and women doctors? It was as if a plague had fallen suddenly upon the town, and left not one man, woman, or child to tell the tale.

At last a turn in the white street brought us to the golden wall of the cathedral, about which cluster so many Moslem and Moorish memories. We walked up and down the four sides of its huge square. Had we been in the proper humor, we could have read its history, as we walked, in the horseshoe arch, the Gothic shrine, the modern bit of scaffolding, that, with their black shadows, told in strong relief upon its golden bareness. Instead, we were busy hunting for an open gate, but all were locked. And so on we went with our weary tramp, out upon the Moorish bridge across the Guadalquivir. It was refreshing to see a river with water in it, even if it straggled among sand-banks and lost itself in shallows. And here was a little life. Two or three men were actually bathing, an old Moorish mill serving them as bath-house. There was a hooded shrine in the middle of the bridge, and we stood under it in the shadow, looking back to the low domes and the one tall bell-tower rising above the golden walls, and to the town, so large in its

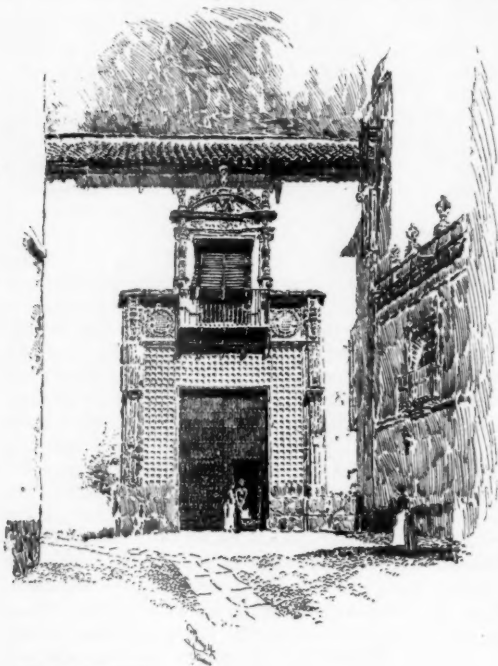
emptiness, so small for the hundreds of thousands who once lived within it. A herd of swine, driven straight out of "Don Quixote," came toward us in a pillar of dust, and we fled before them back to the mosque. Suddenly the town stirred, the gates opened, and a crowd of men and women, water-carriers, crept out from shady places, and we went with them into the court.

Africa, they say, begins as soon as the Pyrenees are crossed; but Spain, to us, never seemed so African as that afternoon in the court of Cordova's cathedral, with its dazzling sunlight and black shadows, its drooping oranges and swaying, gorgeous palms. At the central fountain the brown-faced women, resting their water-jars on their large hips, the brown-limbed, half-naked children, were Moors, degenerate descendants of the men who made Cordova's fame and greatness.

The children began to beg clamorously, imperiously. They were worse than the dust-shrouded swine, and we turned into the mosque. A delicious sense of coolness met us at the door. The twilight fell upon our eyes like a caressing hand. Unseen priests were somewhere chanting languorous vespers. But the huge interior, with its low, double arches of

checkered red and white, looked like a railway-station of an "Arabian Nights" dream. When we walked down the long, shadowy, interminable aisles, we came to chapels barbarously splendid, to Moslem holy places of elegant simplicity, and from each one sprang a jingling-keyed sacristan, or a guide, to drive us away from all this beauty, and to send after us, as we left, a muttered curse. Lost in the midst of the arches, like a clearing in the forest, is the walled-in choir, as big as a church, the work of the Christian architect, which incensed even the Austrian Charles, who, at Granada, had been so complacent in his own vandalism. An old, half-lame priest in white surplice hobbled up and down one aisle after another, and we sat in a far corner, to which we had escaped for a few minutes, watching him, listening to the languid chant, indifferent to Murray, to legend, history, architecture—steeping and stupefying ourselves in the cool darkness after the long day's glare and glitter.

When, toward sunset, we walked back from the mosque to the hotel,

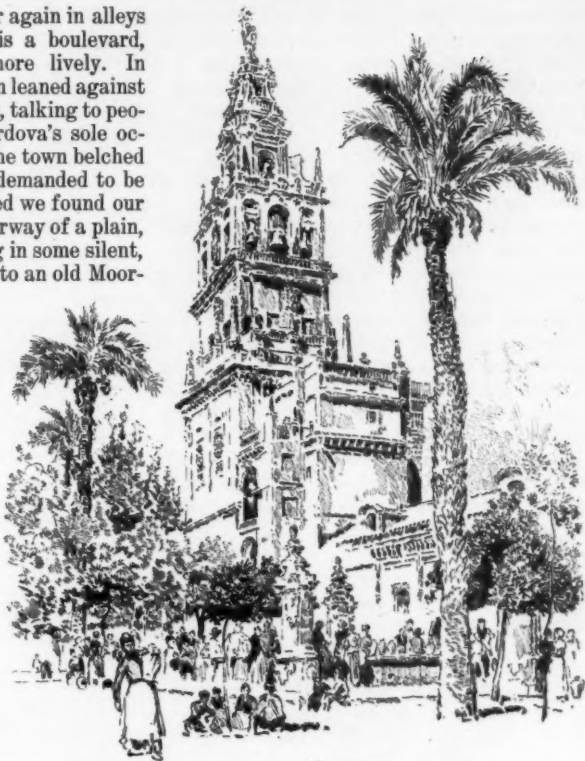


DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

HOUSE FRONT IN CORDOVA.

losing ourselves over and over again in alleys to which a *calle* of Venice is a boulevard, the streets were a trifle more lively. In front of occasional houses men leaned against the low grilles of the windows, talking to people within, "eating iron," Cordova's sole occupation. And at this hour the town belched forth beggars, and every boy demanded to be our guide. But it was unaided we found our way, now to the beautiful doorway of a plain, yellow-washed house standing in some silent, remote little square, and now to an old Moorish courtyard, its graceful arches disgraced and dishonored; now to an angle in the street overlooked by a high balcony gay with Moorish tiles; to a church hot and sweltering, as if it had never had time to cool, the silks and jewels of Christ and the Virgin gleaming from half-seen altars; or to hanging gardens of palms as luxuriant as they should be in the town where was planted the first palm that ever grew from Spanish soil; or to whatever chance loveliness there was in the monotonous perspective of low, white houses. Nor did we need a guide to show us the way to the café, where we drank the most delicious cooling drink that was ever yet made. It is worth while to be thirsty in Spain; for its *helada*, or crushed ice flavored with lemon or orange or banana, is the daintiest device with which this thirst could be quenched, and there is no town in Spain where it is to be found in such perfection as at Cordova. But you must be fairly boiling to appreciate it.

In the evening, after dinner, about eight o'clock, we drew chairs out upon our little balcony above the Paseo. Listless groups had gathered about its cafés. Two gipsy children, as black as negroes in their scant white shirts, with persistent hands and voices were carrying on Spain's one flourishing business; but it was not a stimulating sight, and, tired out with the day's journey, we went at once to bed. It must have been some two or three hours later when we were awakened by a loud crash of cymbals and blast of trumpets. Our first thought was that soldiers were marching



DRAWN BY JOSEPH FENHELL.

THE COURT OF ORANGE-TREES, CORDOVA.

through the town, and we hurried to the window to see. Below, a great mass of people were seated under the palms. Open carriages were passing up and down on each side, and men on horseback. Very smart nurses, with great bows of ribbon on their heads, had brought wide-awake babies out for an airing. Great trucks and vans of merchandise rumbled by. Workmen were about. Half-way down the Paseo a band had just begun to play. The cafés were ablaze with light, their tables crowded to overflowing. Cordova at midnight had come to life. The air was hot and close, used up by that vast multitude, and the dust, stirred by their ceaseless march, choked us where we stood. It was hopeless to try to sleep again, and we waited by the window. Of a sudden a bell sounded loud above the voices of the crowd. At once the band was hushed, carriages were stopped, the

people on the chairs under the palms were on their feet, and not a man but stood, hat in hand. We looked to the end of the Paseo, for everybody was looking that way. From out the doors of the Moorish minaret-crowned church came a procession of men in white surplices, with flickering candles and tall lanterns, and a priest carrying the sacrament, under its golden veil, to the dying. Men who a moment before had been drinking fell upon their knees, and we could hear nothing but the tinkling bell and the murmur of a low chant, as the priest walked slowly on between the rows of kneeling people, praying there in the starlight under the palms. And so in Spain to-day, as yesterday, does life in a moment change from fooling to prayer, as the shadow of death passes by, only to return to its folly as readily when the shadow has passed. Once the priest had gone back to the church, and the doors were shut, the music, louder than ever, went on where it had left off, carriages rolled on, and horsemen pranced after them.

There was no sleeping any more. We dressed and packed our bags, and when in the first dawn the band went away, and the

last few stragglers were going home, and a few peasants were coming in with their donkeys, and cafés were being shut, we took our places in the hotel coach, and drove off to the station in time to catch the express from Madrid to Seville.

BEAUTIFUL SEVILLE.

THE landlord at the Hôtel de Paris was very patient and good-humored with us, though we walked him all over his own house before we chose a room that opened upon a small, dark, well-like court, full of palms and orange-trees, and with a fountain. He seemed delighted when he found that we were satisfied. «You know,» he told us, «I always say that strangers who come to Seville in the summer time must be mad.»

Yet only in the summer time does one see the true character of the country, and more especially of Seville. The town was as hot as, if not hotter than, Cordova; all its stock amusements were off for the time. There were no gipsy dances, no bull-fights; but nothing could have been gayer and more animated than the mere aspect of the place.

Its narrow alleyways, where the flower-laden balconies almost met above our heads, were lined with houses shining white, or pale rose, or green or gold, in the sunlight. The market-places were at all hours crowded with chattering and laughing peasants, while the air, perhaps, was cooled by a fountain playing in the center. The shops opened, Eastern-like, without windows, upon the streets, their wares tumbling out almost at one's feet. Hardly a green square but had a gaudy little booth at each corner, where old men or women sold fresh water and sweet, iced drinks. No matter in what direction we went, there was always something



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE CITY HALL, SEVILLE.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

DOOR OF THE CONVENT OF SAN MARCO, SEVILLE.

amusing, pictorial, or dramatic. Now it was a wonderful church or convent or hospital, with fine flamboyant doorway, and romantic associations; or again it was a garden of palms, a high *mirador* aflame with roses, a dark interior with oxen in the far shadows, a long arcade making a frame for the Moorish wall of the cathedral mosque; and always it was a long train of mules in gorgeous trappings, coming and going, or resting in a narrow street and under the shade of a high wall with, as like as not, a row of potted flowers on its top.

The busiest streets and squares kept cool and dim under awnings. On the whole, I think it was these awnings that made Seville so charming in August. There had been a few in Cordova. I have been to more than one town which raises a similar protection against Provençal sunlight; but I have never come across them when they were as elaborate, as general, and as effective as in Seville. In the narrow streets they stretched from housetop to housetop at each end, dropping a great inclosing wall of canvas so low as just to escape the head of the high-saddled

horsemen who pranced under them. In the large squares they extended in a checker-board arrangement, with intricate ropes and pulleys which I never tried to understand, content to enjoy the result of black shadows alternating with great splotches of sunlight. Even the town hall spread out an awning all across the wide sidewalk in front of it, and not a hotel or bank or palace or big house did we enter that had not its court as well protected.

The people were as gay as the town: too gay, too commercial, too modern, M. Maurice Barrés thought Seville. But, fortunately, I was quite prosaic enough to delight at the time in its constant movement and noise and life. The Sierpes during the day was the center of their gaiety—Seville's Corso or Broadway or Piccadilly. It was here the hottest hours were spent. Under its awnings it was like a pleasant court; for, though peasants might pass with their donkeys, no cart or carriage could ever drive through. In the clubs on each side, their façade nothing but one open window, rows of chairs were always turned toward the street, and always held an audience as entertaining as it was willing to

be entertained. The same people who in the evening filled the Plaza Nueva, there to listen to the music, sauntered in and out of the shops, where you could buy the latest French novel or the photograph of the favorite matador. But of this multitude of loungers, none seemed to have anything to do except to become violently interested the minute J. tried to sketch.

BULL-FIGHTERS OLD AND YOUNG.

CONSPICUOUS among them were the bull-fighters, who, alone in southern Spain, preserve a distinct type; they were to the population of Seville what the awnings were to the town—its most characteristic element. The clean-shaven face and the hair cut square about the brow may have much to do with this distinction; but in any case there it is, and the type is handsome. With age it may tend to brutality, but the young, slim *espada* or *chulo* has a beautiful and a really refined face. The costume, even out of the arena, is as distinctive—the low, stiff, broad-brimmed sombrero, the short jacket, the ruffled shirt fastened at neck and wrists with



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

SUMMER LIGHT AND SHADOW, CALLE SIERPES, SEVILLE.

links of gold. But in Seville so many men modeled themselves upon the bull-fighter that I had to look for the pig-tail under the broad hat to tell the real from the sham.

Its school of bull-fighting accounts for the prominence the town gives to the national pastime. The ring may be closed, but there is no forgetting the sport. The merest children, almost babes in arms, play at it in the streets, though, judging from one swagger performance we saw, their game is in defiance of the law. For this fight a retired square off a busy street was the arena. When we took our places in a convenient doorway the bull, a small boy about ten years old perhaps, came dashing in. He held on his head a broad board armed with horns. Into this the *banderillos* had to be stuck, and there was a ring between the horns through which the espada's wooden sword had to pass before the bull could be considered duly killed. Everything was done in proper style. There were even *chulos* waving ragged red cloaks. It was to us the chubby-faced, flaxen-haired little espada came to ask the official permission. He flung down his hat at our feet with an air that might have given points to Guerrita. But when he turned for action the arena was empty, nothing to be seen but the heels of bull, *chulos*, and *banderilleros* disappearing around a corner, a policeman in full chase.

A NATIONAL FÊTE IN THE CATHEDRAL.

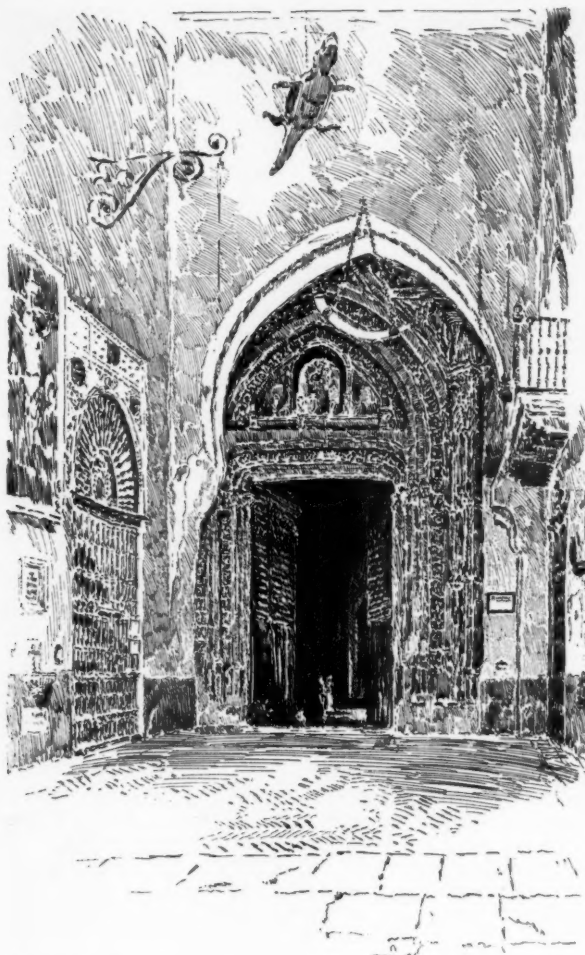
SEVILLE, which seems to have a feast, or at any rate a holiday, every other day in the year, held a special one for our benefit, the feast of San Fernando. We knew already how impressive the cathedral could be at ordinary times. Without, in rose-color beauty, the Giralda soars above it; wide steps give



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE GIRALDA TOWER, SEVILLE.

to the Moorish walls of its court the height and dignity which we had missed in Cordova's mosque; and the court itself, the Court of Oranges, has all the picturesqueness that little tumbled-down houses actually built into the cathedral, and chance balconies, where women lounge among the flowers, and chance windows behind grilles, and a central fountain, and a few low, fruit-bearing trees, and posing beggars in admirably composed rags, can produce. Within, scaffolding and workmen in the completely blocked-up nave, which will take years in the repairing, could not altogether destroy, in our eyes, the grandeur and solemnity of the vast proportions, great golden grilles looming up before us unexpectedly in



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE DOOR WITH THE CROCODILE, OF THE CATHEDRAL, SEVILLE.

what Delacroix calls the cathedral's "magnificent obscurity," chapels opening on every side, but only the glitter of a jewel in a Virgin's crown, or the glow of the gold in a Christ's drapery, to show where the altar stood in the comforting gloom. One is apt to credit the Moor with everything that is good in southern Spain. But if it was he who planned the court without, and raised its high wall, it was the Christian Spaniard who built this most solemn and beautiful of all earthly temples.

It was not until the feast of San Fernando that we learned with what sumptuousness and stateliness the beautiful interior could array

itself for its festivals, and with what fervor it could keep them. Already, on the eve of the great day, the Royal Chapel was hung with silken draperies; cloth-of-gold covered the royal tombs, the altar was a mass of golden plate, and people were crowding to kiss the hands of the Virgin de los Reyes, the large, matronly Virgin who wears a cap like that of the ladies of the Sacred Heart, and who holds the Child in her arms. When we came to the cathedral its court was held by red-legged soldiers, grouped about the fountain, at the base of pillars, on every step. Two sentinels paced up and down at the door of the Royal Chapel, which was filled with well-dressed men and women in mantillas, crouched on the floor, sitting on low campstools, lying face downward with hands outstretched to form a cross, or else pressing close about the altar; for the curtain was raised above the coffin where San Fernando has lain these thousand years, and through the glass we could see the mummy-like head and the ermine robes; and all the people prayed as if they meant it. We wandered back in the late afternoon, in the hour just

before sunset. Under the oranges and about the fountain the red-legged soldiers still lingered and loafed; but even as we came a bugle sounded, they fell into line, and marched across the court through the cloister, under the door with the crocodile above, and then into the Royal Chapel, where they formed on each side. The altar with its hundreds of candles made an almost blinding glory in the midst of the falling shadows, and wherever the silken hangings caught the light they shone with jewel-like splendor. But the service was very simple, the more solemn because of its simplicity. A monk in a black robe mounted into a pulpit half hid in a dusky

corner. He recited a litany, and the people answered, and, without organ or accompaniment, a hymn was sung. Then he prayed aloud, not in Latin, but in Spanish, a prayer of thanksgiving that the country had been freed from the terrible Moors, a petition that they might never come again, that glorious St. Ferdinand should prevail, and that Spain should flourish forever. With these words, which he fairly shrieked forth, he waved a frantic sign of the cross with his crucifix as

he gave a blessing. The mass of officers drew their swords, the soldiers grounded their arms with a crash and fell on their knees, the band

burst into the national hymn, the color-guard marched to the altar and seized their flags, which had been left before the tomb all day. They saluted the hero of their country; the curtain dropped, shrouding him from sight; and then, the band at their head, they marched out with a dignity which Rome in its best days never surpassed.

PALACE AND GARDEN.

It was on the other side of the Guadalquivir that the Christian besiegers were camped that hot summer so long ago. But when our wanderings brought us to the river, by the Golden Tower, or the shady drive called



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

GARDENS OF THE ALCAZAR, SEVILLE.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

PUERTA DEL PERDON, ENTRANCE GATE TO THE CATHEDRAL, SEVILLE.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

SQUARE OF THE CATHEDRAL, CADIZ.

Las Delicias, where now no one but ourselves walked, and we looked across to the Triana, with all the memories Cervantes' priest thought so many snares of the devil, it seemed farther away, because of the bridge of sunlight, than if the Atlantic had rolled between. How did they manage to fight, those old Moors and Christians, with the thermometer away up somewhere in the hundreds? I could understand better the indolent or lustful stories the chroniclers tell of Dom Pedro and Maria de Padilla, and the gay company who loved and hated in the blood-stained Alcazar.

This palace of the Moorish kings is near the cathedral, and is much larger, much bolder and finer in its ornament, much lovelier than Granada's Red Palace. It has more of the majesty that one looks for in Moorish architecture, and more of the voluptuousness and color, though its halls and courts are as bare and silent, a background also for the tourist, who, unless he is as mad as ourselves, never comes in summer. But the enchantment of the Alcazar is felt, above all, in its garden, which has not, it may be, the stateliness of the Boboli in Florence or of the Borghese in Rome in the old days, but instead a rich tropical luxuriance, an almost barbarous excess of bloom and perfume, seldom found in the more classical Italian garden. At the Alhambra and the Generalife I had thought much

of my pleasure depended on the glimpse to be had at every moment of low-lying, white town, or wide plain stretching away to the shadowy mountains. And yet here it was the way the world beyond was softly, but inexorably, shut out from this garden of Eden that struck me with greatest joy. It was, for all purposes, as cloistered as a monastery. We could see nothing but the hot, blue sky above, at one end the high, white walls and overhanging balconies of the palace, and in the distance, the rose-flushed Giralda, as we wandered from one little walled court, all blue and white with jasmine, into another; or to the bath where king and court were wont to gather to pay homage to Maria de Padilla and the white beauty of her perfect body; or between palms and orange-trees, down the narrow paths all undermined with the hidden fountains which monarchs, in moods of ponderous humor, once set playing upon the unsuspecting knights and ladies of their court. Late roses were still in bloom all about us as we walked. Dahlias and strange tropical blossoms flamed in scarlet splendor above the myrtle hedges. Everywhere was the sound of running or falling water, the most familiar and soothing of Andalusia's many musical sounds. Everywhere were the sweet, strong scents of the South, penetrating, irresistible, intoxicating. And the youth in broad-brimmed hat who

kept at my side filling my hands with flowers did it so gallantly that I forgot he was only a guide in gardener's clothing.

THE HOUSE OF PILATE.

ONE day by chance we came upon the celebrated House of Pilate. At once the great stretch of bare white wall, broken here and there by a window mysterious behind its grille, and the balcony with its beautiful decoration, made us know it to be the one house of importance in the narrow, winding street. Opposite was a pretty, round, open green space, a stone seat forming a circle under the dusty trees, a few men dozing away the morning hours when the Northern world works its hardest. Every one has heard the oft-told story of this House of Pilate: how a pious Duke of Tarifa, coming home from the Holy Land, now almost five hundred years ago, built, in the freshness of his ardor, what he meant to be an exact copy of the Jerusalem palace where Christ was brought before the Roman ruler. But, whatever his intention, he succeeded in raising a building that all but rivals the Alcazar in the richness and lavishness of its *azulejos*, its resplendent purple and green tiles, and the fair spaciousness and grace of its halls and courts. Nor can the Alcazar boast so noble a stairway; and as you mount it you look into a garden full of wide-spreading bananas, the white of a marble column or bust showing among the dark of the leaves. But where, indeed, can you go in Seville, the city of gardens, that your eyes, tired from the glare and glitter, do not fall upon some such green inclosure of trees and flowers? The secret of making these cool, sweet oases in the town's burning desert was best mastered by the Moor, and he left it an heirloom forever to his degenerate conquerors. At the top of the stairway you pass almost directly out upon the terraced roof, at one end that exquisite balcony where, the old woman who went with us said, Pilate stood when he presented Christ to the rabble—*Ecce Homo!* She told the story as seriously and reverently as if she believed herself to be in the real palace in the real Jerusalem, and as if she had not already told it, in the same words, to hundreds of eager or listless tourists.

In Seville one simply yields oneself to the charm of the town without stopping to analyze the reason of one's pleasure. I am really surprised at myself when I consider with how few murmurs, comparatively, I bore the unspeakable heat. We did nothing in the way of regular sight-seeing. But what mat-

ter? Was anything we did not see lovelier than just Seville itself, with its sun-drenched squares and cellar-like streets under awnings, its thousands of iron gateways, chiefly in arabesque patterns, revealing to the passer-by on the street the green *pateos* within its twilight churches and houses «close-latticed to the brooding heat,» its gardens and courts and fountains, its strange intermingling of Moorish and Gothic memories, its crowds and life and laughter and irrepressible gaiety?

A RIDE IN A SPANISH DILIGENCE.

I MIGHT as well tell the truth, humiliating as it is: in the heat of Seville I gave up completely; I could go no farther. And so I let J. start alone for Cadiz, and the report he gave



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

NIGHT ON THE SEA-FRONT OF ALGECIRAS.

made me both glad and sorry that I had stayed behind.

He found it another white town, but much more Oriental than any we had yet seen, because of its blank walls, its flat roofs, and low domes. The houses that looked seaward were each crowned with a little observatory, where the old ship-owners must have waited for their

accomplish, as, indeed, I had with him—to take a journey in a real diligence. First he thought he would stay and study the diligence and its habits; but toward midday the whole town was enveloped in a sirocco, and grew as hot as the mouth of a blast furnace, so that his one idea was to get away from it as soon as possible. The people in the hotel were very



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE MARKET, ALGERIAS.

ships, which, unlike ours, did come in. But the most curious thing about Cadiz was not the town itself, palm-grown and Oriental as it is, but the approach to it. For after one leaves Jerez—where every dead wall is covered with placards of somebody's sherry, so that one wonders at the way the Spaniard goes in for advertisements, until it suddenly occurs to one that it is from behind these dead walls all the world's sherry comes—after this the train slowly travels out on a great marshland, cut up with dikes and wide, dead pools, and on the only bits of dry ground stands a city of pyramids dazzling in the sunlight—the salt which is gathered in these marshes. It is an uncanny country, a country of mirages, where one passes through a dreamland of pyramids. Finally, away out, as if in the middle of the sea, is the glittering town of Cadiz. It is like a great spider: one long, thin leg connects it with the land, another stretches into the ocean to a lighthouse, and a third encircles the harbor.

J. stayed in Cadiz only a very few days, and then went back to San Fernando. His object in getting to this dust-swept, sand-driven place, which is probably one of the most unattractive towns in Spain, was to do something which for years he had been longing to

kind, and put up a large lunch for him. It seemed a bother to carry it along with all his other luggage, and he asked if the diligence did not stop somewhere for breakfast, luncheon, or dinner in the course of eighteen hours? But they only laughed. In company with a Spanish «commercial,» and for an insignificant sum, he hired the three seats in the coupé; that is, the seats under the large hood at the top of the diligence, which are supposed to be the best. The commercial hurried him to the office an hour or so before the diligence started. There it was in an open plaza in the blistering sunlight, and though no horses were about, the inside was already filled with people. The commercial insisted upon climbing up at once, and suggested that he and J. should each take a corner and spread themselves out as much as they could. This settled, they sat down, but it was only to jump up with a yell: the diligence had been standing there all morning, and the seat was like a red-hot stove. More people began to come, and more again, but still there were no horses. Presently a large, fat man, armed with live chickens and water-bottles and various other breakable and killable things, scrambled up and sat in the middle of the coupé. J. tells me that he said very

strong things in several languages, and referred the matter to the commercial, who had paid with him that they might have the seat quite to themselves. But the commercial only answered calmly that they ought to be thankful they had the corners. At their feet was what looked like a foot-board; at least four people came and sat on that. At their back was another board like it; lots of people came and sat on that. They spread their feet, likewise their chickens and their wine-skins and their water-bottles, all over J., and they stuck their umbrellas down his back, and every one seemed happy except himself. The commercial told him, for consolation, that if he did not like it he had better get out and take the train, and leave those who did like it a little more space. And then boxes were put up on the top, and people on the boxes, and pigs among the people, and chickens all over the sides, and no one except the man who sold the tickets could have had the faintest idea of how many passengers there were. They were solid inside, they were solid on top, they were solid on almost every ledge to which any one could hang.

In the course of time the driver appeared, all in gray, with a short jacket, a big hat, and an enormous whip. He carried a huge water-bottle, from which all the people had a drink, holding it in the air, and allowing a stream to pour down their throats. But this required too much experience for J. to venture when his turn came. The team was now brought out, eight mules, all jingling bells. Those at the pole alone were controlled with reins by a man who sat somewhere underneath, and not by the driver at all. A vast army of the men who always hang about stables succeeded in getting the heads of the squealing, kicking, bucking mass somewhat in the same direction; a horse was attached to the head,—a very tall horse decorated with real jack-boots,—and then followed a very small boy with a very big jockey cap, a brass-mounted whip, and a red-and-white shirt. There was a tremendous *arré-ing*, a very Babel. Two men seized the small boy, threw him across the high, brass-mounted saddle, and he dived into the jack-boots. He and the conductor in gray shrieked like fiends and

cracked their whips like mad; the men who had hold of the mules let go; there was a plunging, a crash, a gallop, that ought to have pulled the whole machine to pieces. Away went the diligence, shaving houses, sending people flying, clearing the streets. J. thought it would be splendid, despite the crowd into which he was now wedged immovably. In a few hundred yards, however, the paving came to an end, and before the mules were off it they were lost in a cloud of dust. In a second the nearest pair could scarcely be seen. The whole diligence was enveloped in a thick, choking cloud of dust, and in five minutes every face in the perspiring, wilting crowd was covered with a mask



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

ROMAN BRIDGE, RONDA.

of mud. Nothing could be heard but the *arré* of the driver, the cracks of the whip like pistol-shots, the creaking and crashing of the whole vehicle, the clatter of the mules' hoofs on the stones, and the incessant jingling of

the many bells. In this whirlwind of stifling misery, everything completely hidden from them, they traveled for an hour or more across the plain. Then a third man tooted a horn as they swayed and jolted through the streets of a village, and there was a sudden stoppage. The people scraped the cake of mud off their faces; they could not stretch where they were, for there was not room; they literally could not move. But now J. thought they could get down at least for a moment. Not a bit of it. Right along-

they only showed that the dust had thickened again. J. tried to eat, but the bread was buttered with dust, and the chicken leg was salted with it. On they went, a rocking, crashing load of discomfort. Suddenly a lantern was swung just in front, and there were yells and howls; the mules stopped in a tangled mass, some carbines glittered, and four civil guards appeared. They clambered up at once, sitting on everybody's lap. They rode for an hour, and then got off. Whether they were there to protect the pas-



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

PICTURESQUE RONDA.

side the diligence was another kicking, squealing team to take the place of the panting, done-up mules. The small boy was thrown from one horse to another, and the diligence was off again. There was not even time to pass the water-bottle.

And this went on the whole livelong afternoon. Toward evening they got into higher ground. There was less dust. Bold, rugged mountains were before them. The huge, lumbering machine was slowly pulled up long, steep inclines, dropping into holes and pitching over stones. But the dust was much less, especially when the pace was slow. Suddenly night fell, and with it came a cold blast from the mountains; it was a change from midsummer to midwinter. Dripping with perspiration, J.'s clothing seemed almost to freeze upon him; and the whole crowd shivered and groaned as one man. Lamps were lighted, but

sengers from the Spanish brigand, or only to get a lift, J. never knew. On and on went the diligence through the long, terrible, aching nightmare. Only now and then, as morning was near, one man would get down, and two fat Spanish marketwomen going into Algeciras would take his place, putting down their bags of prickly cacti, the fruit of which the people eat, just where they scratched every one's legs—poor legs wedged in so tight they could not move away. Tearing on and on and on, J. had visions of carts in the ditch and trains of donkeys taking to the fields. And just at the darkest hour before dawn there was a wild tooting, he saw some white houses, the machine stopped before a big white inn, ladders were put up, and the people were literally lifted off. He was in Algeciras. It was warm, it was even hot, it was dirty; but it was like heaven to be out of that diligence. And

yet this is what our fathers have taught us, and Ruskin has preached, is the perfect way of traveling in Europe!

A GLIMPSE OF GIBRALTAR.

ALGECIRAS possesses the most beautiful market-place and the loveliest view of Gibraltar that one can imagine. J. went across to the fortress. In many ways the town is quaint. It is funny for the first time to walk in streets where British redcoats, Moors from Africa, negroes from Ethiopia, and Spanish swells all jostle one another as if it were the most natural thing in life. It is funny, too, to cross the neutral ground, guarded on one side by English soldiers, on the other by Spanish sentinels, to Linea, where, in face of both nations, there is an army of Spaniards hiding about their persons tobacco and other dutiable articles before going into Spain, and then to see at the gate a long line of people waiting to be examined from head to foot by Spanish customs officers. As J., who wore a new suit of clothes, sauntered toward the gate to look at it, a word of command was given by an officer, the gates were opened, the guard saluted him. He was very much impressed, and walked in. But he soon walked out, for the place seemed to consist only of tumbled-down houses, drinking-shops, and dust. He trudged back again to Gibraltar, and when he reached the shady avenue that leads into the town, where there are a barrier, a turnstile, and a guard, everybody was passing through this turnstile and showing a white ticket. He had no white ticket, and besides he did not see why he should go through a turnstile, so he kept on down the middle of the road. As he reached the guard-house there was a word of command, a spruce corporal and his guard turned out and presented arms. Not to be outdone, J. saluted in a most off-hand, patronizing, indifferent fashion, and if he was highly flattered he did not show it. When he returned to the hotel, however, he asked the proprietor what it meant. Why were the officials so polite to him? The proprietor nearly fainted, but he managed to gasp, "Good heavens! they took you for a general officer!" And then he asked, "Where is your pass?" and J. said, "What pass?" "Why," said the proprietor, "no foreigner is allowed to stay on the rock overnight without a pass. And you—you have done what hardly the governor would dare to do."

It seemed as absurd the next day to be crossing back again to Algeciras, from England into Spain, with a whole steamboat-load

of Tommy Atkinsons, their wives, and children, off for a picnic in the cool woods, solemnly singing "Two Lovely Black Eyes," and stately Moors and Spanish officers and English officials and Tangerine Jews, all on a ferry-boat steaming along peacefully between the African mountains and the Spanish Sierra.

PICTURESQUE RONDA.

THEN he went to Ronda, which is a dream of picturesqueness. There is incongruity in the thought that you can make the journey thither as simply as if you were going from New York to Philadelphia. The town, as J. walked through it, seemed commonplace at first—commonplace, that is, for a Southern town, where one accepts marvels of color and light as matters of course. His impression was one of awful glaring heat; of donkeys, and donkeys, and more donkeys everywhere; of little low houses so white one could hardly look at them; of glimpses into long, cool entries, where people were forever standing waiting for an inner door to open. And then, suddenly, there before him was the bridge flung across that wonderful chasm—the bridge that joins old to new Ronda; the bridge that so many artists, since the days of David Roberts, have tried to draw or paint, despairing even while they sought to record the strange, almost exaggerated, picturesqueness of the wild mountain gorge, with the little white town looking down so fearlessly from its dizzy post. There is something in the contrast that seems to suggest—but with a difference—the gay villages that nestle so confidently at the base of Vesuvius. The strangest part of it is that until one comes to the bridge one does not know, except from the guide-book, that the gorge is there at all. Who could suppose that the river, apparently at least, would force its way through the very highest part of the mountain? There is a little Alameda where one can stand, leaning against the railing, and gaze down for I do not know how many hundreds or thousands of feet. It is here, of all places, that one realizes the awful height of the precipice; but it is from below one sees the marvel best and most comprehensively—from far below, where one can follow the windings of the white road along the very edge of the cliff, and under stately white gateways, and look to the bridges hanging in the air, as it were, across the roaring stream, as fantastic and unreal and entrancing as any Arabian Nights picture. It is only as it should be to find the people as fantastic as their high-built town

—so grisly and ghoulish, indeed, that it is hard to talk about them; so savage in their manners that they might drive the more timid traveler quick away and back to civilization. When any one comes to draw the great bridge from the appropriate point beneath, the sport of the leading citizens is to gather in crowds upon it, and throw stones upon the rocky hill-sides, starting an avalanche which makes the artist who has been foolish enough to go there drop his work and run for his life. Still, I suppose, one must pay somehow for the privilege of visiting the most sensational place in Spain. Its wonderful position, its magnificent bridges, its beautiful little valley, where the finest fruit in Spain is grown, its encircling crown of sierra, make up to a certain extent for the discomfort of staying in its horrible boarding-house, among the savage brutes of its population.

For the wonder of its moonlit nights one would accept still greater evils than this. When there is a moon, and cliffs and stream and bridges and road become so many soft shadows in its pale light, and the whole country is veiled in «the still, spectral, exquisite atmosphere,» one is afraid to trust oneself into the mystery that clothes the shadowy land, and there is joy in the fear. It was the same at Granada, I remember; when, in the moonlight, we looked down from the ramparts of the Alhambra, we felt as if we could not trust ourselves to wander in the streets of the dream city lying there, and its fairness appealed to us but more strongly because of the delicious dread of we knew not what. Perhaps in this feeling you have the clue to the elusive beauty which is at once the mystery and charm of Spain.

The capture of Ronda by the Spaniards was weary enough work for Ferdinand and his knights; but the incredible thing is that they should have taken it at all. What has not nature done for its defense? The Spanish conquest is harder than ever to understand once you have been to Andalusia. Ronda, set on the edge of its chasm, you would think safe and firm to defy all the world through all time. But its fate was that of Granada, and of every other Moorish hill-town. Its greatness has long gone from it, and now it too is but a spectacle to be advertised by Murray, to be stared at by the fortunate traveler who does not succumb, as I did in my folly, to an overdose of Southern sunshine and midsummer heat.

On all sides, it may be, such sights were to

be seen, such feasts to be enjoyed. But, as I had given up in Seville, so J., when he came to Ronda, was too exhausted to go farther. The Spanish summer is beautiful for those who spend it, as we did so many of its long, listless weeks, in the Alhambra. Indeed, with German Lloyd steamers from New York touching at Gibraltar, I wonder if the unhappy day is not at hand when Granada will become a rival to Bar Harbor and Newport. The Spanish summer is made for sleeping, not for journeying; for rest, not for adventure. The most energetic traveler has but to set foot on Spanish shores in July or August to understand the «Lotus-eaters'» song:

O rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more!

And if he can but reach the Alhambra before he comes to this wise decision, we can promise him the loveliest, laziest days among elms and cypresses and oleanders he ever yet has known.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

GIBRALTAR FROM ALGECIRAS.

Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

AN OPEN-EYED CONSPIRACY:

AN IDYL OF SARATOGA.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS,

Author of 'Their Wedding Journey,' 'The Rise of Silas Lapham,' etc.

WITH PICTURES BY IRVING R. WILES.



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES.

ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

IN THE HOUSE OF PANSÁ.

X.

WE had undertaken rather a queer affair, but it was not so queer after all, when Miss Gage was fairly settled with us. There were other young girls in that pleasant house who had only one another's protection and the general safety of the social atmosphere. We

could not conceal from ourselves, of course, that we had done rather a romantic thing, and in the light of Europe, which we had more or less upon our actions, rather an absurd thing; but it was a comfort to find that Miss Gage thought it neither romantic nor absurd. She took the affair with an apparent ignorance of anything unusual in it—with so much ignorance, indeed, that Mrs. March had her occasional question whether she was duly impressed with what was being done for her. Whether this was so or not, it is certain that she was as docile and as biddable as need be. She did not always ask what she should do; that would not have been in the tradition of village independence; but she always did what she was told, and did not vary from her instructions a hair's breadth. I do not suppose she always knew why she might do this and might not do that; and I do not suppose that young girls often understand the reasons of the proprieties. They are told that they must, and that they must not, and this in an astonishing degree suffices them if they are nice girls.

Of course there was pretty constant question of Kendricks in the management of Miss Gage's amusement, for that was really what our enterprise resolved itself into. He showed from the first the sweetest disposition to forward all our plans in regard to her, and, in fact, he even anticipated our wishes. I do not mean to give the notion that he behaved

from an interested motive in going to the station the morning Mrs. Deering left, and getting her ticket for her, and checking her baggage, and posting her in the changes she would have to make. This was something I ought to have thought of myself, but I did not think of it, and I am willing that he should have all the credit. I know that he did it out of the lovely generosity of nature which always took me in him. Miss Gage was there with her, and she remained to be consoled after Mrs. Deering departed. They came straight to us from the train, and then, when he had consigned Miss Gage to Mrs. March's care, he offered to go and see that her things were transferred from her hotel to ours; they were all ready, she said, and the bill was paid.

He did not come back that day, and, in fact, he delicately waited for some sign from us that his help was wanted. But when he did come he had formulated Saratoga very completely, and had a better conception of doing it than I had, after my repeated sojourns.

We went very early in our explorations to the House of Pansa, which you find in very much better repair at Saratoga than you do at Pompeii, and we contrived to pass a whole afternoon there. My wife and I had been there before more than once; but it always pleasantly recalled our wander-years, when we first met in Europe, and we suffered round after those young things with a patience which I hope will not be forgotten at the Day of Judgment. When we came to a seat we sat down, and let them go off by themselves; but my recollection is that there is not much furniture in the House of Pansa that you can sit down on, and for the most part we all kept together.

Kendricks and I thought alike about the Pompeian house as a model of something that might be done in the way of a seaside cottage in our own country, and we talked up a little paper that might be done for "Every Other Week," with pretty architectural drawings, giving an account of our imaginary realization of the notion.

"Have somebody," he said, "visit people who had been boring him to come down, or up, or out, and see them, and find them in a Pompeian house, with the sea in front and a blue-green grove of low pines behind. Might have a thread of story, but mostly talk about how they came to do it, and how delightfully livable they found it. You could work it up with some architect, who would help you to keep off the grass in the way of technical blunders. With all this tendency to the

classic in public architecture, I don't see why the Pompeian villa should n't be the next word for summer cottage."

"Well, we'll see what Fulkerson says. He may see an ad. in it. Would you like to do it?"

"Why not do it yourself? Nobody else could do it so well."

"Thanks for the taffy; but the idea was yours."

"I'll do it," said Kendricks, after a moment, "if you won't."

"We'll see."

Miss Gage stared, and Mrs. March said:

"I did n't suppose the House of Pansa would lead to shop with you two."

"You never can tell which way copy lies," I returned; and I asked the girl, "What should *you* think, Miss Gage, of a little paper with a thread of story, but mostly talk, on a supposititious Pompeian cottage?"

"I don't believe I understand," said she, far too remote from our literary interests, as I saw, to be ashamed of her ignorance.

"There!" I said to Kendricks. "Do you think the general public would?"

"Miss Gage is n't the general public," said my wife, who had followed the course of my thought; her tone implied that Miss Gage was wiser and better.

"Would you allow yourself to be drawn," I asked, "dreamily issuing from an aisle of the pine grove as the tutelary goddess of a Pompeian cottage?"

The girl cast a bewildered glance at my wife, who said: "You need n't pay any attention to him, Miss Gage. He has an idea that he is making a joke."

We felt that we had done enough for one afternoon, when we had done the House of Pansa, and I proposed that we should go and sit down in Congress Park and listen to the Troy band. I was not without the hope that it would play "Washington Post."

My wife contrived that we should fall in behind the young people as we went, and she asked, "What *do* you suppose she made of it all?"

"Probably she thought it was the House of Sancho Panza."

"No; she has n't read enough to be so ignorant even as that. It's astonishing how much she does n't know. What can her home life have been like?"

"Philistine to the last degree. We people who are near to literature have no conception how far from it most people are. The immense majority of 'homes,' as the newspapers call them, have no books in them except the Bible and a semi-religious volume

or two,—things you never see out of such (homes,)—and the State business directory. I was astonished when it came out that she knew about (Every Other Week.) It must have been by accident. The sordidness of her home life must be something unimaginable. The daughter of a village capitalist, who's put together his money dollar by dollar, as they do in such places, from the necessities and follies of his neighbors, and has half the farmers of the region by the throat through his mortgages—I don't think she's (one to be desired) any more than (the daughter of a hundred earls,) if so much."

"She does n't seem sordid herself."

"Oh, the taint does n't show itself at once:

«If nature put not forth her
power
About the opening of the
flower,
Who is it that could live an
hour?»

and she is a flower, beautiful, exquisite."

"Yes; and she had a mother as well as this father of hers. Why should n't she be like her mother?"

I laughed. "That is true. I wonder why we always leave the mother out of the count when we sum up the hereditary tendencies? I suppose the mother is as much a parent as the father?"

"Quite. And there is no reason why this girl should n't have her mother's nature."

"We don't actually *know* anything against her father's nature yet," I suggested; "but if her mother lived a starved and stunted life with him, it may account for that effect of disappointed greed which I fancied in her when I first saw her."

"I don't call it greed in a young girl to want to see something of the world."

"What do you call it?"

Kendricks and the girl were stopping at the gate of the pavilion, and looking round at us. "Ah, he's got enough for one day! He's going to leave her to us now."



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES.

THE BOOKSTALL.

ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

When we came up he said, "I'm going to run off a moment; I'm going up to the bookstore there," and he pointed toward one that had spread across the sidewalk just below the Congress Hall veranda, with banks and shelves of novels, and a cry of bargains in them on signs sticking up from their rows. "I want to see if they have the (Last Days of Pompeii.)"

"We will find the ladies inside the park," I said. "I will go with you—"

"Mr. March wants to see if they have the last number of (Every Other Week)," my wife mocked after us. This was, indeed, commonly a foible of mine. I had newly become one of the owners of the periodical as well as the editor, and I was all the time looking out for it at news-stands and book-stores, and judging their enterprise by its presence or absence. But this time I had another motive, though I did not allege it.

"I suppose it's for Miss Gage?" I ventured

to say, by way of prefacing what I wished to say. «Kendricks, I'm afraid we're abusing your good nature. I know you're up here to look about, and you're letting us use all your time. You mustn't do it. Women have no conscience about these things, and you can't expect a woman who has a young lady on her hands to spare you. I give you the hint. Don't count upon Mrs. March in this matter.»

«Oh, I think you're very good to allow me to bother round,» said the young fellow, with that indefatigable politeness of his. He added vaguely, «It's very interesting.»

«Seeing it through such a fresh mind?» I suggested. «Well, I'll own that I don't think you could have found a much fresher one. Has she read 'The Last Days of Pompeii'?»

«She thought she had at first, but it was 'The Fall of Granada.'»

«How delightful! Don't you wish we could read books with that utterly unliterary sense of them?»

«Don't you think women generally do?» he asked evasively.

«I dare say they do at De Witt Point.»

He did not answer; I saw that he was not willing to talk the young lady over, and I could not help praising his taste to myself at the cost of my own. His delicacy forbade him the indulgence which my own protested against in vain. He showed his taste again in buying a cheap copy of the book, which he meant to give her, and of course he had to be all the more attentive to her because of my deprecating his self-devotion.

XI.

IN the intimacy that grew up between my wife and Miss Gage I found myself less and less included. It seemed to me at times that I might have gone away from Saratoga and not have been seriously missed by any one; but perhaps this was not taking sufficient account of my value as a spectator by whom Mrs. March could verify her own impressions.

The girl had never known a mother's care, and it was affecting to see how willing she was to be mothered by the chance kindness of a stranger. She probably felt more and more her ignorance of the world as it unfolded itself to her in terms so altogether strange to the life of De Witt Point. I was not sure that she would have been so grateful for the efforts made for her enjoyment if they had failed, but as the case stood she was certainly grateful; my wife said that, and I saw it. She seemed to have written home about us to her father, for she read my wife

part of a letter from him conveying his «respects,» and asking her to thank us for him. She came to me with the check it inclosed, and asked me to get it cashed for her; it was for a handsome amount. But she continued to go about at our cost, quite unconsciously, till one day she happened to witness a contest of civility between Kendricks and me as to which should pay the carriage we were dismissing. That night she came to Mrs. March, and, with many blushes, asked to be allowed to pay for the past and the future her full share of the expense of our joint pleasures. She said that she had never thought of it before, and she felt so much ashamed. She could not be consoled till she was promised that she should be indulged for the future, and that I should be obliged to average the outlay already made and let her pay a fourth. When she had gained her point, Mrs. March said that she seemed a little scared, and said: «I have n't offended you, Mrs. March, have I? Because if it is n't right for me to pay—»

«It's quite right, my dear,» said my wife; «and it's very nice of you to think of it.»

«You know,» the girl explained, «I've never been out a great deal at home even; and it's always the custom there for the gentlemen to pay for a ride—or dance—or anything; but this is different.»

Mrs. March said «Yes,» and, in the interest of civilization, she did a little missionary work. She told her that in Boston the young ladies paid for their tickets to the Harvard assemblies, and preferred to do it, because it left them without even a tacit obligation.

Miss Gage said she had never heard of such a thing before, but she could see how much better it was.

I do not think she got on with «The Last Days of Pompeii» very rapidly; its immediate interest was superseded by other things. But she always had the book about with her, and I fancied that she tried to read it in those moments of relaxation from our pleasuring when she might better have been day-dreaming, though I dare say she did enough of that too.

What amused me in the affair was the celerity with which it took itself out of our hands. In an incredibly short time we had no longer the trouble of thinking what we should do for Miss Gage; that was provided for by the forethought of Kendricks, and our concern was how each could make the other go with the young people on their excursions and expeditions. We had seen and done all the things that they were doing,

and it presently bored us to chaperon them. After a good deal of talking we arrived at a rough division of duty, and I went with them walking and eating and drinking, and for anything-involving late hours, and Mrs. March presided at such things as carriage exercise, concerts, and shopping.

There are not many public entertainments in Saratoga, except such as the hotels supply; but there was a series of Salvation

like the play of children in that. I should have said that nothing could be more false than the motives and emotions of the drama as the author imagined them, but I had to own that their rendition by these sincere souls was yet more artificial. There was nothing traditional, nothing archaic, nothing autochthonic in their poor art. If the scene could at any moment have resolved itself into a walk-round, with an interspersion of «spir-

ituals,» it would have had the charm of these; it would have consoled and edified: but as it was, I have seldom been so bored. I began to make some sad reflections, as that our American society, in its endeavor for the effect of European society, was of no truer ideal than these colored comedians, and I accused myself of a final absurdity in having come there with these young people, who, according to our good native usage, could have come perfectly well without me. At the end of the first act I broke into their talk with my conclusion that we must not count the histrionic talent among the gifts of the African race just yet. We could concede them music, I supposed, and there seemed to be hope for them, from what some of them had done, in the region of the plastic arts; but apparently the stage was not for them, and this was all the stranger because they were so imitative. Perhaps, I said, it was an excess of self-consciousness which prevented their giving themselves wholly to the art, and I began to speak



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES.

ENGRAVED BY A. REED.

«I DO NOT THINK SHE GOT ON . . . VERY RAPIDLY.»

Army meetings, and there was at least one theatrical performance—a performance of «East Lynne» entirely by people of color. The sentiments and incidents of the heart-breaking melodrama, as the colored mind interpreted them, were of very curious effect. It was as if the version were dyed with the same pigment that darkened the players' skins: it all came out negro. Yet they had tried to make it white; I could perceive how they aimed not at the imitation of our nature, but at the imitation of our convention; it was

of the subjective and the objective, of the real and the ideal; and whether it was that I became unintelligible as I became metaphysical, I found Kendricks obviously not following me in the incoherent replies he gave. Miss Gage had honestly made no attempt to follow me. He asked, Why, did n't I think it was pretty well done? They had been enjoying it very much, he said. I could only stare in answer, and wonder what had become of the man's tastes or his principles; he was either humbugging himself or he was hum-

bugging me. After that I left them alone, and suffered through the rest of the play with what relief I could get from laughing when the pathetic emotions of the drama became too poignant. I decided that Kendricks was absorbed in the study of his companion's mind, which must be open to his contemporaneous eye as it could never have been to my old-sighted glasses, and I envied him the knowledge he was gaining of that type of American girl. It suddenly came to me that he must be finding his account in this, and I felt a little less regret for the waste of civilities, of attentions, which sometimes seemed to me beyond her appreciation.

I, for my part, gave myself to the study of the types about me, and I dwelt long and luxuriously upon the vision of a florid and massive matron in diaphanous evening dress, whom I imagined to be revisiting the glimpses of her girlhood in the ancient watering-place, and to be getting all the gaiety she could out of it. These are the figures one mostly sees at Saratoga; there is very little youth of the present day there, but the youth of the past abounds, with the belated yellow hair or the purple mustaches, which give a notion of greater wickedness in a former generation.

I made my observation that the dress, even in extreme cases of elderly prime, was very good—in the case of the women, I mean; the men there, as everywhere with us, were mostly slovens; and I was glad to find that the good taste and the correct fashion were without a color-line; there were some mulatto ladies present as stylish as their white sisters, or step-sisters.

The most amiable of the human race is in great force at Saratoga, where the vast hotel service is wholly in its hands, and it had honored the effort of the comedians that night with a full house of their own complexion. We who were not of it showed strangely enough in the dark mass, who let us lead the applause, however, as if doubtful themselves where it ought to come in, and whom I found willing even to share some misplaced laughter of mine. They formed two thirds of the audience on the floor, and they were a cloud in the gallery, scarcely broken by a gleam of white.

I entertained myself with them a good deal, and I thought how much more delightful they were in their own kindly character than in their assumption of white character, and I tried to define my suffering from the performance as an effect from my tormented sympathies rather than from my offended tastes. When the long stress was over, and

we rose and stood to let the crowd get out, I asked Miss Gage if she did not think this must be the case. I do not suppose she was really much more experienced in the theater than the people on the stage, some of whom I doubted to have ever seen a play till they took part in "East Lynne." But I thought I would ask her that in order to hear what she would say; and she said very simply that she had seen so few plays she did not know what to think of it, and I could see that she was abashed by the fact. Kendricks must have seen it too, for he began at once to save her from herself, with all his subtle generosity, and to turn her shame to praise. My heart, which remained sufficiently cold to her, warmed more than ever to him, and I should have liked to tell her that here was the finest and rarest human porcelain using itself like common clay in her behalf, and to demand whether she thought she was worth it.

I did not think she was, and I had a lurid moment when I was tempted to push on and make her show herself somehow at her worst. We had undertaken a preposterous thing in befriending her as we had done, and our course in bringing Kendricks in was wholly unjustifiable. How could I lead her on to some betrayal of her essential Philistinism, and make her so impossible in his eyes that even he, with all his sweetness and goodness, must take the first train from Saratoga in the morning?

We had of course joined the crowd in pushing forward; people always do, though they promise themselves to wait till the last one is out. I got caught in a dark eddy on the first stair-landing; but I could see them farther down, and I knew they would wait for me outside the door.

When I reached it at last they were nowhere to be seen; I looked up this street and down that, but they were not in sight.

XII.

I DID not afflict myself very much, or pretend to do so. They knew the way home, and after I had blundered about in search of them through the lamp-shot darkness, I settled myself to walk back at my leisure, comfortably sure that I should find them on the veranda waiting for me when I reached the hotel. It was a thick night, and I almost ran into a couple at a corner of our quieter street when I had got to it out of Broadway. They seemed to be standing and looking about, and when the man said, "He must have thought we took the first turn," and the woman, "Yes;



DRAWN BY IRVING A. WILES.

ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

«I KNEW THEY WOULD WAIT FOR ME OUTSIDE THE DOOR.»

that must have been the way,» I recognized my estrays.

I thought I would not discover myself to them, but follow on, and surprise them by arriving at our steps at the same moment they did, and I prepared myself to hurry after them. But they seemed in no hurry, and I had even some difficulty in accommodating my pace to the slowness of theirs.

«Won't you take my arm, Miss Gage?» he asked as they moved on.

«It's so *very* dark,» she answered (and I knew she had taken it), «I can hardly see a step; and poor Mr. March, with his glasses—I don't know what he'll do.»

«Oh, he only uses them to read with; he can see as well as we can in the dark.»

«He's very young in his feelings,» said the girl; «he puts me in mind of my own father.»

«He's very young in his thoughts,» said Kendricks; «and that's much more to the

purpose for a magazine editor. There are very few men of his age who keep in touch with the times as he does.»

«Still, Mrs. March seems a good deal younger, don't you think? I wonder how soon they begin to feel old?»

«Oh, not till along in the forties, I should say. It's a good deal in temperament. I don't suppose that either of them realizes yet that they're old, and they must be nearly fifty.»

«How strange it must be,» said the girl, «to be fifty years old! Twenty seems old enough, goodness knows.»

«How should you like to be a dotard of twenty-seven?» Kendricks asked, and she laughed at his joke.

«I don't suppose I should mind it so much if I were a man.»

I had promised myself that if the talk became at all confidential I would drop behind out of ear-shot; but though it was curiously intimate for me to be put apart in the minds of these young people on account of my years as not of the same race or fate as themselves, there was nothing in what they said that I might not innocently overhear, as far as they were concerned, and I listened on.

But they had apparently given me quite enough attention. After some reciprocal laughter at what she said last, they were silent a moment, and then he said soberly: «There's something fine in the isolation the dark gives

you, is n't there? You're as remote in it from our own time and place as if you were wandering in interplanetary space.»

«I suppose we *are* doing that all the time—on the earth,» she suggested.

«Yes; but how hard it is to realize that we are on the earth now. Sometimes I have a sense of it, though, when the moon breaks from one flying cloud to another. Then it seems as if I were a passenger on some vast, shapeless ship sailing through the air. What,» he asked, with no relevancy that I could perceive, «was the strangest feeling *you* ever had?» I remembered asking girls such questions when I was young, and their not apparently thinking it at all odd.

«I don't know,» she returned thoughtfully. «There was one time when I was little, and it had sleeted, and the sun came out just before it set, and seemed to set all the woods on fire. I thought the world was burning up.»

"It must have been very weird," said Kendrick; and I thought, "Oh, good heavens! Has he got to talking of weird things?"

"It's strange," he added, "how we all have that belief when we are children, that the world is going to burn up! I don't suppose any child escapes it. Do you remember that poem of Thomson's,—the 'City of Dreadful Night' man,—where he describes the end of the world?"

"No; I never read it."

"Well, merely, he says when the conflagration began the little flames looked like crocuses breaking through the sod. If it ever happened, I fancy it would be quite as simple as that. But perhaps you don't like gloomy poetry?"

"Yes, yes, I do. It's the only kind that I care about."

"Then you hate funny poetry?"

"I think it's disgusting. Papa is always cutting it out of the papers and wanting to send it to me, and we have the greatest times!"

"I suppose," said Kendrick, "it expresses some moods, though."

"Oh, yes; it expresses some moods; and sometimes it makes me laugh in spite of myself, and ashamed of anything serious."

"That's always the effect of a farce with me."

"But then I'm ashamed of being ashamed afterward," said the girl. "I suppose you go to the theater a great deal in New York."

"It's a school of life," said Kendrick. "I mean the audience."

"I would like to go to the opera once. I am going to make papa take me in the winter." She laughed with a gay sense of power, and he said:

"You seem to be great friends with your father."

"Yes; we're always together. I always went everywhere with him; this is the first time I've been away without him. But I thought I'd come with Mrs. Deering and see what Saratoga was like; I had never been here."

"And is it like what you thought?"

"No! The first week we did n't do anything. Then we got acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. March, and I began really to see something. But I supposed it was all balls and gaiety."

"We must get up a few if you're so fond of them," Kendrick playfully suggested.

"Oh, I don't know as I am. I never went much at home. Papa did n't care to have me."

"Ah, do you think it was right for him to keep you all to himself?"

The girl did not answer, and they had both halted so abruptly that I almost ran into them.

"I don't quite make out where we are," Kendrick said, and he seemed to be peering about. I plunged across the street lest he should ask me. But I heard him add, "Oh, yes; I know now," and then they pressed forward.

We were quite near our hotel, but I thought it best to walk round the square and let them arrive first. On the way I amused myself thinking how differently the girl had shown herself to him from what she had ever shown herself to my wife or me. She had really, this plain-minded goddess, a vein of poetic feeling, some inner beauty of soul answering to the outer beauty of body. She had a romantic attachment to her father, and this shed a sort of light on both of them, though I knew that it was not always a revelation of character.

XIII.

WHEN I reached the hotel I found Miss Gage at the door, and Kendrick coming out of the office toward her.

"Oh, here he is!" she called to him at sight of me.

"Where in the world have you been?" he demanded. "I had just found out from the clerk that you had n't come in yet, and I was going back for you with a search-light."

"Oh, I was n't so badly lost as all that," I returned. "I missed you in the crowd at the door, but I knew you'd get home somehow, and so I came on without you. But my aged steps are not so quick as yours."

The words, mechanically uttered, suggested something, and I thought that if they were in for weirdness I would give them as much weirdness as they could ask for. "When you get along toward fifty you'll find that the foot you've still got out of the grave does n't work so lively as it used. Besides, I was interested in the night effect. It's so gloriously dark; and I had a fine sense of isolation as I came along, as if I were altogether out of my epoch and my environment. I felt as if the earth was a sort of *Flying Dutchman*, and I was the only passenger. It was about the weirdest sensation I ever had. It reminded me, I don't know how, exactly of the feeling I had when I was young, and I saw the sunset one evening through the woods after a sleet-storm."

They stared at each other as I went on, and

I could see Kendricks's fine eyes kindle with an imaginative appreciation of the literary quality of the coincidence. But when I added, «Did you ever read a poem about the end of the world by that (City of Dreadful Night) man?» Miss Gage impulsively caught me by the coat lapel and shook me.

«Ah, it *was* you all the time! I *knew* there was somebody following us, and I might have *known* who it was!»

We all gave way to a gale of laughter, and sat down on the veranda and had our joke out in a full recognition of the fact. When Kendricks rose to go at last I said, «We won't say anything about this little incident to Mrs. March, hey?» And then they laughed again as if it were the finest wit in the world, and Miss Gage bade me a joyful good night at the head of the stairs as she went off to her room and I to mine.

I found Mrs. March waiting up with a book, and as soon as I shut myself in with her she said awfully, «What *were* you laughing so about?»

«Laughing? Did you hear me laughing?»

«The whole house heard you, I'm afraid. You certainly ought to have known better, Basil. It was very inconsiderate of you.» And, as I saw she was going on with more of that sort of thing, to divert her thoughts from my crime I told her the whole story. It had quite the effect I intended up to a certain point. She even smiled a little, as much as a woman could be expected to smile who was not originally in the joke.

«And they had got to comparing weird experiences?» she asked.

«Yes; the staleness of the thing almost made me sick. Do you remember when we first began to compare our weird experiences? But I suppose they will go on doing it to the end of time, and it will have as great a charm for the last man and woman as it had for Adam and Eve when they compared *their* weird experiences.»

«And was that what you were laughing at?»

«We were laughing at the wonderful case of telepathy I put on them.»

Mrs. March faced her open book down on the table before her, and looked at me with profound solemnity. «Well, then, I can tell you, my dear, it is no laughing matter. If they have got to the weird it is very serious; and her talking to him about her family, and his wanting to know about her father, that's serious too—far more serious than either of them can understand. I don't like it, Basil; we have got a terrible affair on our hands.»

«Terrible?»

«Yes, terrible. As long as he was interested in her simply from a literary point of view, though I did n't like that either, I could put up with it; but now that he's got to telling her about himself, and exchanging weird experiences with her, it's another thing altogether. Oh, I never wanted Kendricks brought into the affair at all.»

«Come now, Isabel! Stick to the facts, please.»

«No matter! It was you that discovered the girl, and then something had to be done. I was perfectly shocked when you told me that Mr. Kendricks was in town, because I saw at once that he would have to be got in for it; and now we have to think what we shall do.»

«Could n't we think better in the morning?»

«No; we must think at once. I shall not sleep to-night, anyhow. My peace is gone. I shall have to watch them every instant.»

«Beginning at this instant? Why not wait till you can see them?»

«Oh, you can't joke it away, my dear. If I find they are really interested in each other I shall have to speak. I am responsible.»

«The young lady,» I said, more to gain time than anything else, «seems quite capable of taking care of herself.»

«That makes it all the worse. Do you think I care for her only? It's Kendricks too that I care for. I don't know that I care for her at all.»

«Oh, then I think we may fairly leave Kendricks to his own devices; and I'm not alarmed for Miss Gage either, though I do care for her a great deal.»

«I don't understand how you can be so heartless about it, Basil,» said Mrs. March, plaintively. «She is a young girl, and she has never seen anything of the world, and of course if he keeps on paying her attention in this way she can't help thinking that he is interested in her. Men never can see such things as women do. They think that, until a man has actually asked a girl to marry him, he has n't done anything to warrant her in supposing that he is in love with her, or that she has any right to be in love with him.»

«That is true; we can't imagine that she would be so indelicate.»

«I see that you're determined to tease, my dear,» said Mrs. March, and she took up her book with an air of offense and dismissal. «If you won't talk seriously, I hope you will *think* seriously, and try to realize what we've got in for. Such a girl could n't imagine that we had simply got Mr. Kendricks to go about with her from a romantic wish to make her

have a good time, and that he was doing it to oblige us, and was n't at all interested in her."

"It does look a little preposterous, even to the outsider," I admitted.

"I am glad you are beginning to see it in that light, my dear; and if you can think of anything to do by morning, I shall be humbly thankful. I don't expect to."

"Perhaps I shall dream of something," I said more lightly than I felt. "How would it do for you to have a little talk with her,—a little motherly talk,—and hint round, and warn her not to let her feelings run away with her in Kendricks's direction?" Mrs. March faced her book down in her lap, and listened as if there might be some reason in the nonsense I was talking. "You might say that he was a society man, and was in great request, and then intimate that there was a prior attachment, or that he was the kind of man who would never marry, but was really cold-hearted with all his sweetness, and merely had a passion for studying character."

"Do you think that would do, Basil?" she asked.

"Well, I don't know; I thought perhaps you might think so."

"I'm afraid it would n't," she sighed. "All that we can do now is to watch them, and then act promptly, if we see that they are really in love, either of them."

"I don't believe," I said, "that I should know that they were in love even if I saw it. I have forgotten the outward signs, if I ever knew them. Should he give her flowers? He's done it from the start; he's brought her boxes of candy, and lent her books; but I dare say he's been merely complying with our wishes in doing it. I doubt if lovers sigh nowadays. I did n't sigh myself, even in my time; and I don't believe any passion could make Kendricks neglect his dress. He keeps his eyes on her all the time, but that may be merely an effort to divine her character. I don't believe I should know, my dear; indeed I don't."

"I shall," said Mrs. March.

XIV.

WE were to go the next day to the races, and I woke with more anxiety about the weather than about the lovers, or potential lovers. But after realizing that the day was beautiful, on that large scale of loveliness which seems characteristic of the summer days at Saratoga, where they have them almost the size of the summer days I knew when I was a boy, I was sensible of a secondary worry in my

mind, which presently related itself to Kendricks and Miss Gage. It was a haze of trouble merely, however, such as burns off, like a morning fog, as the sun gets higher, and it was chiefly on my wife's account.

I suppose that the great difference between her conscience and one originating outside of New England (if any consciences can originate outside of New England) is that it cannot leave the moral government of the universe in the hands of divine Providence. I was willing to leave so many things which I could not control to the Deity, who probably could, that she accused me of fatalism, and I was held to be little better than one of the wicked because I would not forecast the effects of what I did in the lives of others. I insisted that others were also probably in the hands of the *somma sapienza e il primo amore*, and that I was so little aware of the influence of other lives upon my own, even where there had been a direct and strenuous effort to affect me, that I could not readily believe others had swerved from the line of their destiny because of me. Especially I protested that I could not hold myself guilty of misfortunes I had not intended, even though my faulty conduct had caused them. As to this business of Kendricks and Miss Gage, I denied in the dispute I now began tacitly to hold with Mrs. March's conscience that my conduct had been faulty. I said that there was no earthly harm in my having been interested by the girl's forlornness when I first saw her; that I did not do wrong to interest Mrs. March in her; that she did not sin in going shopping with Miss Gage and Mrs. Deering; that we had not sinned, either of us, in rejoicing that Kendricks had come to Saratoga, or in letting Mrs. Deering go home to her sick husband and leave Miss Gage on our hands; that we were not wicked in permitting the young fellow to help us make her have a good time. In this colloquy I did all the reasoning, and Mrs. March's conscience was completely silenced; but it rose triumphant in my miserable soul when I met Miss Gage at breakfast, looking radiantly happy, and disposed to fellowship me in an unusual confidence because, as I clearly perceived, of our last night's adventure. I said to myself bitterly that happiness did not become her style, and I hoped that she would get away with her confounded rapture before Mrs. March came down. I resolved not to tell Mrs. March if it fell out so, but at the same time, as a sort of atonement, I decided to begin keeping the sharpest kind of watch upon Miss Gage for the outward signs and tokens of love.

She said, «When you began to talk that way last night, Mr. March, it almost took my breath; and if you had n't gone so far, and mentioned about the sunset through the sleety trees, I never should have suspected you.»

«Ah; that's the trouble with men, Miss Gage.» And when I said «men» I fancied she flushed a little. «We never know when to stop; we always overdo it; if it were not for that we should be as perfect as women. Perhaps you'll give me another chance, though.»

«No; we shall be on our guard after this.» She corrected herself and said, «I shall always be looking out for you now,» and she certainly showed herself conscious in the bridling glance that met my keen gaze.

«Good heavens!» I thought. «Has it really gone so far?» and more than ever I resolved not to tell Mrs. March.

I went out to engage a carriage to take us to the races, and to agree with the driver that he should wait for us at a certain corner some blocks distant from our hotel, where we were to walk and find him. We always did this, because there were a number of clergymen in our house, and Mrs. March could not make it seem right to start for the races direct from the door, though she held that it was perfectly right for us to go. For the same reason she made the driver stop short of our destination on our return, and walked home the rest of the way. Almost the first time we practised this deception I was met at the door by the sweetest and dearest of these old divines, who said: «Have you ever seen the races here? I'm told the spectacle is something very fine»; and I was obliged to own that I had once had a glimpse of them. But it was in vain that I pleaded this fact with Mrs. March; she insisted that the appearance of not going to the races was something that we owed the cloth, and no connivance on their part could dispense us from it.

As I now went looking up and down the street for the driver who was usually on the watch for me about eleven o'clock on a fair day of the races, I turned over in my mind the several accidents which are employed in novels to bring young people to a realizing sense of their feelings toward each other, and wondered which of them I might most safely invoke. I was not anxious to have Kendricks and Miss Gage lovers; it would be altogether simpler for us if they were not; but if they were, the sooner they knew it and we knew it the better. I thought of a carriage accident, in which he should seize her and leap with her from the flying vehicle, while the

horses plunged madly on; but I did not know what in this case would become of Mrs. March and me. Besides, I could think of nothing that would frighten our driver's horses, and I dismissed the fleeting notion of getting any others because Mrs. March liked their being so safe, and she had, also, interested herself particularly in the driver, who had a family and counted upon our custom. The poor fellow came in sight presently, and smilingly made the usual arrangement with me, and an hour later he delivered us all sound in wind and limb at the race-course.

I watched in vain for signs of uncommon tenderness in the two young people. If anything, they were rather stiff and distant with each other, and I asked myself whether this might not be from an access of consciousness. Kendricks was particularly devoted to Mrs. March, who, in the airy detachment with which she responded to his attentions, gave me the impression that she had absolutely dismissed her suspicions of the night before, or else had heartlessly abandoned the affair to me altogether. If she had really done this, then I saw no way out of it for me but by an accident which should reveal them to each other. Perhaps some one might insult Miss Gage,—some ruffian,—and Kendricks might strike the fellow; but this seemed too squalid. There might be a terrible jam, and he interpose his person between her and the danger of her being crushed to death; or the floor of the grand stand might give way, and everybody be precipitated into the space beneath, and he fight his way, with her senseless form on his arm, over the bodies of the mangled and dying. Any of these things would have availed in a novel, and something of the kind would have happened too. But, to tell the truth, nothing whatever happened, and if it had not been for that anxiety on my mind I should have thought it much pleasanter so.

Even as it was I felt a measure of the hilarity which commonly fills me at a running race, and I began to lose in the charm of the gay scene the sense of my responsibility, and little by little to abate the vigilance apparently left all to me. The day was beautiful; the long heat had burned itself out, and there was a clear sparkle in the sunshine, which seemed blown across the wide space within the loop of the track by the delicate breeze. A vague, remote smell of horses haunted the air, with now and then a breath of the pines from the grove shutting the race-ground from the highway. We got excellent places, as one always may, the grand stand is so vast;

and the young people disposed themselves on the bench in front of us, but so near that we were not tempted to talk them over. The newsboys came round with papers, and the boys who sold programs of the races; from the bar below there appeared from time to time shining negroes in white linen jackets, with trays bearing tall glasses of lemonade, and straws tilted in the glasses. Book-makers from the pool-rooms took the bets of the ladies, who formed by far the greater part of the spectators on the grand stand, and contributed, with their summer hats and gowns,

ground, Mr. March. I should n't feel it right to do anything with Saratoga after you had discovered it," and he turned eagerly again to Miss Gage.

My wife put her hand on my sleeve and frowned, and I had so far lost myself in my appreciation of the scene that I was going to ask her what the matter was, when a general sensation about me made me look at the track, where the horses for the first race had already appeared, with their jockeys in vivid silk jackets of various dyes. They began to form for the start, with the usual



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILEE.

AT THE RACES.

ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

to the gaiety of the ensemble. They were of all types, city and country both, and of the Southern dark as well as the Northern fair complexion, with so thick a sprinkling of South Americans that the Spanish gutturals made themselves almost as much heard as the Yankee nasals. Among them moved two nuns of some mendicant order, receiving charity from the fair gamblers, who gave for luck without distinction of race or religion.

I leaned forward and called Kendrick's attention to the nuns, and to the admirable literary quality of the whole situation. He was talking to Miss Gage, and he said as impatiently as he ever suffered himself to speak, "Yes, yes; tremendously picturesque."

"You ought to get something out of it, my dear fellow. Don't you feel 'copy' in it?"

"Oh, splendid, of course; but it's your

tricks and feints, till I became very indignant with them, though I had no bets pending, and did not care in the least which horse won. What I wanted was to see the race, the flight, and all this miserable manœuvring was retarding it. Now and then a jockey rode his horse far off on the track and came back between the false starts; now and then one kept stubbornly behind the rest and would not start with them. How their several schemes and ambitions were finally reconciled I never could tell, but at last the starter's flag swept down and they were really off. All could have seen perfectly well as they sat, but all rose and watched the swift swoop of the horses, bunched together in the distance, and scarcely distinguishable by the colors of their riders. The supreme moment came for me when they were exactly opposite

the grand stand, full half a mile away,—the moment that I remembered from year to year as one of exquisite illusion,—for then the horses seemed to lift from the earth as with wings, and to skim over the track like a covey of low-flying birds. The finish was tame to this. Mrs. March and I had our wonted difference of opinion as to which horse had won, and we were rather uncommonly controversial because we had both decided upon the same horse, as we found, only she was talking of the jockey's colors, and I was talking of the horse's. We appealed to Kendricks, who said that another horse altogether had won the race, and this compromise pacified us.

We were all on foot, and he suggested, "We could see better, could n't we, if we went farther down in front?" And Mrs. March answered:

"No, we prefer to stay here; but you two can go." And when they had promptly availed themselves of her leave, she said to me: "This is killing me dead, Basil; and if it keeps up much longer I don't believe I can live through it. I don't care now, and I believe I shall throw them together all I can from this out. The quicker they decide whether they're in love or not the better. I have some rights too."

Her whirling words expressed the feeling in my own mind. I had the same sense of being trifled with by these young people, who would not behave so conclusively toward each other as to justify our interference on the ground that they were in love, nor yet treat each other so indifferently as to relieve us of the strain of apprehension. I had lost all faith in accident by this time and I was quite

willing to leave them to their own devices; I was so desperate that I said I hoped they would get lost from us, as they had from me the night before, and never come back, but just keep on wandering round forever. All sorts of evil and vengeful thoughts went through my mind as I saw them leaning toward each other to say something, and then drawing apart to laugh at it in what seemed an indefinite and careless comradeship instead of an irrepressible passion. Did they think we were going to let this sort of thing go on forever? What did they suppose our nerves were made of? Had they no mercy, no consideration for others? It was quite like the selfishness of youth to wish to continue in that fools' paradise, but they would find out that middle age had its rights too. I felt myself capable of asking them bluntly what they meant by it.

But when they docilely rejoined us at the end of the races, hurrying up with some joke about not letting me get lost this time, and Miss Gage put herself at my wife's side and Kendricks dropped into step with me, all I had been thinking about them seemed absurd. They were just two young people who were enjoying a holiday time together simply and naturally, and we were in no wise answerable, far less culpable, concerning them.

I suggested this to Mrs. March when we got home, and, in the need of some relief from the tension she had been in, she was fain to accept the theory provisionally, though I knew that her later rejection of it would be all the more violent for this respite.

(To be continued.)

W. D. Howells.

THE ROSE OF STARS.

WHEN Love, our great Immortal,
Put on mortality,
And down from Eden's portal
Brought this sweet world to be,
At the sublime archangel
He laughed with veiled eyes,
For he bore within his bosom
The seed of Paradise.

And the grave archangel, seeing,
Spread his mighty vans for flight,
But a glow hung round him fleeing
Like the rose of an Arctic night;
And sadly moving heavenward
By Venus and by Mars,
He heard the joyful planets
Hail Earth, the Rose of Stars.

He hid it in his bosom,
And there such warmth it found,
It brake in bud and blossom,
And the rose fell on the ground;
As the green light on the prairie,
As the red light on the sea,
Through fragrant belts of summer
Came this sweet world to be.

G. E. Woodberry.

PRISONERS OF CONSCIENCE.

(A STORY OF SHETLAND.)

BY AMELIA E. BARR,

Author of "Friend Olivia," "Jan Vedder's Wife," "The Bow of Orange Ribbon," etc.

WITH PICTURES MADE IN SHETLAND BY LOUIS LOEB.

IN TWO PARTS: PART I.

I.



THE roll of a spent gale was swinging round Vatternish toward the red, rent bastions of Skye, and its thunder amid the purple caves of the basalt and the whitened tiers of the oölite could be heard on the moor above the seaside cliffs. It was a lonely, melancholy moor, covered with heather and boulders, and encompassed by cyclopean wrecks of mountains, the vapory outlines of which suggested nothing but endless ruin.

The season was midsummer, but there had been surly whiffs of sharp rain in quick succession all day long, and the dreary levels were full of little lochs of black moss-water. Near the seaward side the land was higher, and there a circle of druidical monoliths stood huge and pale in the misty air.

Within this circle was a man. He was leaning against one of the pillars, and his fishing-nets lay upon the low central stone which had been the sacrificial altar of the dead creed. He was young and large and strong—a man not made for the narrow doorways of the town, but for the wide, stormy spaces of the unstreeted ocean. The sea was in his eyes, which were blue and outlooking. His broad breast was bared to the wind and rain. His legs were planted apart, as if he was hauling up an anchor or standing on a reeling deck. An air of somber gravity, a facesad and mystical, distinguished the solitary figure; he was the unconscious incarnation of the lonely land and the stormy sea.

His name was David Borson. He was the son of Liot Borson, and he lived alone with his father in a little hut between Dun Lea and Uig. Liot said they were Shetlanders, and the truth of this statement was evident; for Liot and his son were as distinctly Norse as the men of Uig were Celtic. They had the amazing size and strength of Shetlanders, and their

fitful energy. They had also their love of silence, being men with closed lips, not garrulous like the Celts around them, yet subject to hours of rare but passionate and overflowing explanations.

Nevertheless they had been picked up in an open boat on the stormy waters of the Great Minch, far away from the misty island of the Shetland seas. Liot said they had sailed from Lerwick, intending to go to Stornoway, that he might leave his motherless boy with a sister who lived there: "after which it was my thought to see the world and make my fortune," he added; "but my thought and God's will were not the same, and I am sent to Uig, and have nothing to say against it."

David was three years old then, and he was now twenty-three, a youth whom a sad destiny had led far astray from happiness. For though he had a nature affectionate and poetic, he had never known any expression of loving-kindness, while hard toil and hard fare and much physical suffering had been the sum of all his experiences. He did not rebel against his fate; he took it as part of the inscrutable mystery of life and death constantly before his eyes. Others around him suffered in like manner—and at the end one thing happened to all.

The phantoms of a gloomy creed had darkened all his childhood; before he had shed his baby teeth hell was a tremendous reality to him. An immaculate, pitiless God, who delighted in the taking of vengeance on his enemies, haunted all his boyhood's dreams, and the "scheme of salvation," by which perchance this implacable Deity might be conciliated, had been the beginning and the end of his education. With amazing distinctness in question and answer this "scheme" had been laid before him, and by the word and the rod of admonition he had been made familiar with the letter of its awful law.

Until his twentieth year David had lived under this spiritual tyranny, considering life

only as a short, precarious opportunity for working out his salvation with fear and trembling, that peradventure he might be counted among the remnant whom God would elect to save from eternal misery. The constant east winds and cloudy heavens, the cold and stormy seas, the gloom and poverty of all his surroundings, were so many confirmations of this unhappy conviction. Then, one night, as he was watching his lines and hooks, something happened which broke the adamant seal upon his soul.

He was quite alone in his boat, and she was drifting slowly under the full moon. There was not a sound upon the ocean but the wash of the water against her sides. He was sitting motionless, thinking of the sadness and weariness of life, and wishing that God would love him, though ever so little, and, above all, that he would give him some word or sign of care for him. His hands were clasped upon his knees, his eyes fixed on the far horizon; between him and the God whom he so ignorantly feared and yet desired there was apparently nothing but infinite space and infinite silence.

All at once some one seemed to come into the boat beside him! An ineffable peace and tenderness, a sweetness not to be described, encompassed the lonely youth. He was sensible of a glory he could not see. He was comforted by words that were inaudible to his natural ears. During this transitory experience he scarcely breathed, but as it slowly passed away he rose reverently to his feet. "An angel has been with me!" he thought.

After this night he was subject to doubts he could not fight away. The whole fabric of his creed vanished at times before this inexplicable celestial revelation. Yet the terrible power of early impressions is not easily eradicated even by the supernatural, and whenever he reasoned about the circumstance he came to the conclusion that it might have been a snare and a delusion of the Evil One. For why should an angel be sent with a word for him, or why should he dare to hope that his longing after God's love had touched the heart of the Eternal? Yet, though the glory was dissolved by his doubting, nothing could quite rob him of his blessing; in the midst of the sternest realities of his rough, daily toil he found himself musing on those wonderful days when angels went and came among men as they threshed their wheat or worked at their handicrafts, when prayer was visibly answered, and the fire dropped from heaven on the accepted sacrifice.

He was thinking of these things as he

leaned against the pagan pillar. Though the rain smote him east and west, he was in the sunshine of the Holy Land; he was drawing the nets with Simon Peter on the Sea of Galilee. Suddenly the sharp whistle of a passing steamer roused him. He turned his eyes seaward, and saw the *Polly Ann* hastening to the railway port with her load of fish for Glasgow market. The sight set him again in the middle of the nineteenth century. Then he felt the rain, and he drew his bonnet over his brows, and lifted his broken nets, and began to walk toward the little black hut on the horizon. It was his home, and he knew his father was waiting there for his coming. But the radiant, dreamy look which had made him handsome was gone, and the dogged air of one who simply endures gave to his face and figure and walk a characteristic hopelessness.

The hut was of large stones roughly mortared together. It had a low chimney, and a door fastened with a leather strap; but the small window wanted the screen of white muslin usual in Highland cots, and it was also dim with dust and cobwebs. David approached the door with the air of a man weary of to-day and without hope for the morrow; but at the threshold he threw off this attitude and entered with a smile. His father, sitting wearily in a wooden arm chair, turned his face to meet him. It was the face of a man walking with death. Human agony grimly borne without complaint furrowed it; gray as ashes were the cheeks, and the eyes alone retained the "spark of heavenly flame" which we call life.

"It is well you are come, David," he said; "for I know I must soon be going, and there is this and that to say—as there always is at the parting."

"I see that you are worse, father. Let me go for the doctor now."

"I will have no man meddle with the hour o' my death; no one shall hurry or delay it."

"The doctor might give you some ease from your sore pain."

"I will bear to the uttermost His will. But come near me, David; I have some last words to say, and there is One at my side hasting me forward."

"Tell me what you wish, father. I will do all that you say."

"When you have put me in my grave, go to Shetland for me. I thought to do my ain errand—to get there just in time to do it, and die; but it is hard counting wi' Death; he comes sooner than you expect. David, I have brought you up in the way of life. Think no wrong o' me when I am gane awa' forever."

Indeed, you 'll no' daur to!» he said, with a sudden flash of his natural pride in himself; «for, though I may have had a sair downfa', I could na get awa' from His love and favor.»

«None living shall say wrong of you in my hearing, father.»

«But, David, there are those of the unregenerate who would make much o' my little slip. I might die, lad, and say naething to any man about it. Put a few peats on the fire; death is cold, and my feet are in the grave already. So I may tell the truth now, for no man can make me afraid at this hour. And there is nae sin, I hope, in letting Skade Trenby know I owe his brother Bele nothing for the wrong he did me. St. Paul left the Almighty to pay the ill will he owed Alexander the coppersmith, but I could na ask that much favor, being only Liot Borson. And no doubt the Lord suffered me to pay my ain debt—time and place being put so unexpected into my hand.»

Then he was awfully silent. The mortal agony was dealing its last sharp blows, and every instinct impelled him to cry out against the torment. But Liot Borson had put his mortality beneath his feet. Nothing could have forced a cry from him. His face changed as a green leaf might change if a hot iron were passed over it, but he sat grasping the rude arms of his wooden chair, disdaining the torture while it lasted, and smiling triumphantly as it partly passed away.

«A few more such pangs and the fight will be over, David, so I'll swither and scruple no longer. I will e'en tell the whole truth anent the drowning o' Bele Trenby. Bele and I were friends in a way until he meddled between me and Karen Sabiston. He had no shadow of right in the lassie, for I had set my heart on her, and she had given me her promise; and I said then, and I'll say it now with death at my elbow, that he had no right to step between me and Karen. Yet he did that thing, and if it had not been for the minister I had stabbed him to his false heart. But the minister bid me bear the wrong, because I was of the household o' faith, and a born and baptized child of God, having come—mind this, David—o' generations of his saints. He said if wrong Bele had done me, wrong would come to Bele, and I would live to see it.»

«(Vengeance is mine; I will repay,» quoted David in a low voice; but Liot answered sharply:

«The Lord sends by whom he will send, and it so happened that one night as Bele and I rode together I knew the hour had come.»

«You took not the matter in your own hand, surely, father?»

«There was none there but me. I laid no finger on him. He fell into his own snare. I had said a thousand times—and the Lord had heard me say it—that if one word of mine would save Bele Trenby from death I would not say that one word. Could I break my word for a child of the Evil One? Had Bele been of the elect I would have borne that in my mind. But Bele came of bad stock; pirates and smugglers were his forebears, and the women not to name with the God-fearing—light and vain women. So I hated Bele, and I had a right to hate him; and one night as I rode from Quarf to Lerwick, Bele came to my side and said, (Good evening, Liot); and I said, (It is dark,) and spoke no more. And by and by we came to a stream swollen with rain and snow-water, and Bele said, (Here is the crossing); and I answered him not, for I knew it was *not* the crossing. So, as I delayed a little,—for my bridle was loose,—Bele said again, (Here is the crossing); and I told him neither yes nor no; and he said, (It seemeth to me, Liot, thou art in a devil's temper, and I will stay no longer with thee.) So with the ill words on his lips he rode into the stream, and then overhead into the moss he went—and so to his own place.»

«Father, I am feared for a thing like that. There would be sin in it.»

«I lifted no finger against him. My lips lied not. It was the working out of his own sin that slew him.»

«I would have warned him—yes, I would. Let me go for the minister. He will not be feared to say, (Liot, you did wrong,) if so he thinks.»

«I have had my plea out wi' my Maker. If I did sin I have paid the price o' the sin. Your mother was given to me, but in less than two years the Lord took her away. I thought to fill my eyes with a sight o' the whole world, and I was sent to this desolate place for a life sentence: to bide its storm and gloom and gust and poverty, and in this bit cabin to dree a long, fierce wrestle wi' Death, knowing a' the time he would get the better o' me at the end.» Then, suddenly pausing, his gray face glowed with passionate rapture, and, lifting up his right hand, he cried out: «No! no, David! I am the conqueror! There are two ways o' dying, my lad—victory and defeat. Thank God, I have the mastery through Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour!»

«Who is the propitiation for all sin, father.»

«Sin!» cried the dying man, «sin! I have naething to do with sin. (Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect,) for (Who-soever is born of God doth not commit sin—he cannot sin, for he is born of God.) I did, indeed, make a sore stumble; so also did David, and nath'less he was a man after God's ain heart. What has man to do with my fault? *He* has entered into judgment with me, and I have borne the hand of the smiter.»

«And you have the intercessor.»

«If I had not I would plead my ain cause, as Job did. I would rise up and answer him like a man. For he is a just God. Mercy may have times and seasons, but justice is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. (Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?)»

«Would you say that, father, if justice sent you to the place of torment?»

«Ay, would I! (Though he slay me, yet will I trust him.) But I'm no' fearing the place of torment, David; and as for this world, it is at my feet now like a cast-off shoe, and all its gold and gear is as the wrack of the sea. But you'll find a few sovereigns in my chest, and a letter for your uncle Paul Bors-son, and the ship and the house you may do your will with.»

«It is your will in all things I care to do, father; and now, if you would but let me away for the minister; maybe you could say a word to him you are na caring to say to me—a word o' sorrow or remorse—»

«Remorse! Remorse! No, no, David! Remorse is for feeble souls. Remorse is the virtue o' hell. Remorse would sin again if it could. I have repented, lad, and repentance ends all. See to your Larger Catechism, David—Question 76.»

Throughout this conversation speech had been becoming more and more painful to him. The last words were uttered in gasps of unconquerable agony, and a mortal spasm gave a terrible emphasis to this spiritual conviction. When it passed he whispered feebly: «The pains o' hell get hold on me—on my body, David; they cannot touch my soul. Lay me down now—at His feet—I can sit in my chair no longer.»

So David laid him in his bunk. «Shall I say the words now, the words you marked, father?» he asked.

«Ay—the hour has come.»

Then David knelt down, and put his young, fresh face very close to the face of the dying man, and said solemnly and clearly in his very ear the chosen words of trust:

«When the waves of death compassed me;

«When the sorrows of hell compassed me about, and the snares of death prevented me.

«In my distress I called upon the Lord, and cried to my God: and he did hear my voice out of his temple, and my cry did enter into his ears.»

«The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold on me: I found trouble and sorrow.

«Then called I upon the name of the Lord: O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul.

«Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.

«For thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.

«Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.»

Here David ceased. It was evident that the mighty words were no longer necessary. A smile such as is never seen on mortal face until the light of eternity falls upon it illumined the gaunt, stern features, and the out-looking eyes flashed a moment in its radiance. As far as this world was concerned, Liot Bors-son was a dead man. For two days he lingered on its outermost shoal, but at sunrise on the third morning he went silently away. It was full tide, the waves broke softly on the shingle, and the sea-birds on the lonely rocks were crying for their meat from God. Suddenly the sunshine filled the cabin, and David was aware of something more than the morning breeze coming through the wide-open door. A sense of lofty *presence* filled the place. «It is the flitting!» he said with a great awe; and he stood up with bowed head until a feeling of indescribable loneliness testified that the soul which had hitherto dwelt with him was gone away forever.

He went then to the body. Death had given it majesty and grandeur. It was evident that in Liot's case the great change had meant victory, and not defeat. For the first time in his life David kissed his father. Then he went into Uig and told the minister, and said simply to his mates, «My father is dead.» And they answered:

«It is a happy change for him, David. Is it to-morrow afternoon you would like us to come?»

And David said, «Yes; at three o' clock the minister will be there.»

He declined all companionship. He could wake alone with the dead. For the most part he sat on the door-step and watched the rising and setting of the constellations, or walked to and fro before the open door, ever awfully aware of that outstretched form—the house of clay in which his father and

companion had dwelt so many years at his side. Sometimes he slept a little, with his head against the post of the door, and then the sudden waking in the starlight made him tremble. He had thought this night would be a session of solemnity never to be forgotten, but he found himself dozing, and his thoughts drifting, and it was only by an effort that he could compel anything like the attitude he desired. For we cannot kindle when we will the sacred fire of the soul, and David was disappointed in his spiritual experience, and shocked at what he called his coldness and indifference, which, after all, were not coldness and indifference, but the apathy of exhausted feeling and physical weariness.

The next afternoon there was a quiet gathering in the cabin that had been Liot's, and a little prayer and admonition. Then, in the beauteous stillness of the summer day, the fishers made a bier of their crossed oars, and David laid his father upon it. There was no coffin; the long, majestic figure of humanity was only folded close in a winding-sheet and his own blue blanket. So by the sea-shore, as the tide murmured, and the sun glinted brightly through swirling banks of gray clouds, they carried him to his long home. No one spoke as he entered it. The minister dropped his kerchief upon the upturned face, and David cast the first earth. Then the dead man's friends, each taking the spade in his turn, filled in the empty place, and laid over it the sod, and went silently away in twos and threes, each to his own home.

When all had disappeared, David followed. He had now an irresistible impulse to escape from his old surroundings. He did not feel as if he cared to see again any one who had been a part of the past. He went back to the cabin, ate some bread and fish, and then, with a little reluctance, opened his father's chest. There was but small wealth in it—only three letters, and Liot's kirk clothes, and a leather purse containing sixteen sovereigns. David saw at a glance that the letters were written by his mother. He wondered a moment if his father had found her again yet, and then he kissed the bits of faded script and laid them upon the glowing peats. The money he put in his pocket; the chest and clothing he resolved to take to Shetland with him. As for the cabin, he decided to give it to Bella Campbell. "She was sore put to last winter," he said to himself, "to shelter her five fatherless bairns, and if my father liked any one mair than others it was Angus Campbell."

Then he went out and looked at the boat. "It is small," he mused, "but it will carry me

to Shetland. I can keep in the shadows of the shore, and, though it be a far sail round Cape Wrath and Dunnet Head, it is summer weather, and I'll win my way if so it pleases God."

And thus it happened that on the first day of August this lonely wayfarer on cheerless seas caught sight of the gray cliffs of the Shetlands, lying like dusky spots in the sapphire and crimson splendors of the setting sun.

II.

DURING his solitary journey David had been cheered by the thought that he was going home. Though Liot Borson had spoken little of his cousin Paul, and David had not found the letter which was to be his introduction to him, he had yet no doubts as to his welcome; time might wither friendship and slay love, but his kindred were his kindred, bound to him by the ineffaceable and imperishable ties of blood and race.

He approached Lerwick in that divine twilight which in the Shetland summer links day unto day. He was charmed by the clear air, the serene seas, and the tranquil grandeur of the caverned rocks which guard the lonely isles. And when the sun rose, and he saw their mural fronts of porphyry carved by storms into ten thousand castles in the air, and cloud-like palaces still more fantastic, he felt his heart glow for the land of his birth and the home of his ancestors.

To the tumult of almost impossible hopes he brought in his little craft. He had felt certain that his appearance would awaken interest and speculation at once; that Paul Borson would hear of his arrival and come running to meet him; that his father's old friends, catching the news, would stop him on the quay and the street, and ask him questions, and give him a welcome. He had also told himself that it was likely his father's cousin would have sons and daughters, and if so, that they would certainly be glad to see him. Besides which, there was his mother's family, the old Icelandic Sabistons; he would seek them out, for in his heart there was love enough and to spare for kindred, however distant. For David's conceptions of the family and racial tie were not only founded upon the wide Hebraic ideals, but his singularly lonely youth and affectionate nature had disposed him to make an exaggerated estimate of the obligations of kindred. And this personal leaning was again strengthened by the inherited tendency of Norse families to "stand by each other in all haps." Therefore he felt



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

«I WANT TO FIND MY FATHER'S PEOPLE.»

sure of his welcome; for, though Paul was but his second cousin, they were both Borsons, sprung from the same Norse root, children of the same great ancestor, the Norwegian Bor.

It was near noon when he reached Lerwick. He had dressed himself with care, and he managed his boat with a skill which he expected a town of fishermen and sailors to take notice of. Alas, it is so difficult to find a fortunate hour! David could hardly have fallen on a more depressing one. The trade of the early morning was over, and the men were in their houses taking that sleep which those who toil by night must secure in the daytime. The fishing-boats, emptied of their last night's "take," and cleaned, were idly rocking on the water. The utmost quiet reigned in the sunny streets, and the little pier was deserted. No one took any notice of David.

Greatly disappointed, and even wounded, by this very natural neglect, David made fast his boat, and stepped on shore. He put his feet down firmly, as if he were taking possession of his own, and stood still and looked around. He saw a man with his hands in his pockets loitering down the street, and he went toward him. But as he came within speaking distance the man turned into a house and shut the door. Pained and curious, he continued his aimless walk. As he passed Fae's store he heard the confused sound of a number of men talking; then silence; then the tingling notes of a fiddle very cleverly played. For a moment he was bewitched by the music; then he was sure that nothing but the little, sinful fiddle of carnal dance and song could make sounds so full of temptation, and as Odysseus, passing the dwelling-place of the Sirens, "closed his ears and went swiftly by, singing the praises of the gods," so David, remembering his father's counsels, closed his ears to the enchanting strains and hastened beyond their power to charm him.

A little farther on a lovely girl, with her water-pitcher on her head and her knitting in her hands, met him. She looked with a shy smile at David, and the glance from her eyes made him thrill with pleasure; but before he had a word ready she had passed, and he could only turn and look at her tall form and the heavy braids of pale-brown hair below the water-pitcher. He felt as if he were in a dream as he went onward again down the narrow street of gray and white houses—houses so tall, and so fantastic, and so much larger than any he had ever seen, that they impressed him with a sense of grandeur in

which he had neither right nor place. For, though he saw women moving about within them, and children sitting on the door-steps, no one spoke to him, no one seemed interested in his presence; and yet he had come to them with a heart so full of love! Never for a moment did he reflect that his anticipations had rested only on his own desires and imaginations.

His disappointment made him sorrowful, but in no degree resentful. "It was na to be," he decided. Then he resolved to return to a public-house he had noticed by the pier. There he could get his dinner and make some inquiries about his kindred. As he turned he met face to face a middle-aged woman with a basket of turf on her back. "Take care, lad," she said cheerfully; and her smile inspired David with confidence.

"Mother," he said, doffing his cap with instinctive politeness—"mother, I am a stranger, and I want to find my father's people—the Borsons. Where do they live?"

"My lad, the sea has them. It is Paul Borson you are asking for?"

"Yes, mother."

"He went out in his boat with his four sons one night. The boat came back empty. It is two years since."

"I am Liot Borson's son."

"You?"

"Yes. Have I any kin left?"

"There is your far-cousin Nanna. She was Paul's one daughter, and he saw the sun shine through her eyes. She is but badly off now. But come into my house, and I will give you a cup of tea and a mouthful of bread and fish. Thank God, there is enough for you and for me."

"I will come," said David, simply, and he took the basket from the woman, and flung it lightly on his own shoulder. They went together to a house in one of the numerous "closes" running from the main street to the ocean. It was a very small house, but it was clean, and was built upon a rock the foundations of which were deep down in the sea. When the tide was full David could have sailed his boat under its small seaward window. It contained a few pieces of handsome furniture, and some old Delft earthenware which had been brought from Holland by seafaring kindred long ago. All else savored only of poverty and narrow means.

But the woman set before David a pot of tea and some oat-cake, and she fried him a fresh herring, and he ate with the delayed hunger of healthy youth—heartily and with pleasure. And as he did so she talked to him

of his father, Liot, whom she had known in her girlhood; and David told her of Liot's long, hard fight with death, and she said with a kind of sad pride:

«Yes; that way Liot was sure to fare to his long home. He would set his teeth and fight for his life. Was it always well between you and him?»

«He was hard and silent, but I could always lean on him as much as I liked.»

«That is a good deal to say.»

«So I think.»

«Paul Borson was of the same kind—silent, but full of deeds; and his daughter Nanna, she also has a great heart.»

«Show me where she lives; I will go to her now; and tell me your name.»

«I am Barbara Traill. When you have seen Nanna come back here, and I will give you a place to sleep and a little meat, and as soon as it is well with you it will be easy to pay my charges.»

«If there is no room for me in my cousin's house I will come to you.»

So Barbara walked with him to the end of the street, and pointed out a little group of huts on the distant moor. «Go into the first one,» she said; «it is Nanna Sinclair's; and keep to the trodden path, for outside there are bogs that no man knows the bottom of.»

Then David went forward alone, and his heart fell, and a somber look crept like a cloud over his face. This was not the home-coming he had anticipated—this poor meal at a stranger's fireside. He had been led to think that his cousin Paul had a large house, and the touch of money-making. «He and his will be well off,» Liot had affirmed more than once. And one day while he could yet stand in the door of his hut he had looked longingly northward and said: «Oh, if I could win hame again! Paul would make a fourteen days' feast to welcome me!» The very vagueness of these remarks had given strength to David's imagination. He had hoped for things larger than his knowledge, and he had quite forgotten to take into his calculations the fact that as the years wear on they wear out love and life, and leave little but graves behind them. At this hour he felt his destiny to be hard and unlovely, and the text learned as one of the pillars of his faith, «Jacob have I loved, Esau have I hated,» forced itself upon his reflection. A deadly fear came into his heart that the Borsons were among these hated ones. Why else did God pursue them with such sufferings and fatalities? And what could he do to propitiate this unfriendly deity?

His road was upon the top of the cliff over a moor covered with peat-bogs and withered heather. The sea was below him, and a long, narrow lake lay silent and motionless among the dangerous moss—a lake so old and dead-looking that it might have been the shadow of a lake that once was. Nothing green was near it, and no birds were tempted by its sullen waters; yet untold myriads of sea-birds floated and wheeled between sea and sky, and their hungry, melancholy cries and the desolate landscape stimulated and colored David's sad musings, though he was quite unaware of their influence.

When he came to the group of huts he paused a moment. They were the abodes of poverty. There was none better than the rest, but Barbara had said that Nanna's was the first one, and he went slowly toward it. No one appeared, though the door stood wide open, but when he reached the threshold he could see Nanna sitting within. She was busily braiding the fine Tuscan straw for which Shetland was once famous, and her eyes were so intently following her rapid fingers that it was unlikely she had seen him coming. Indeed, she did not raise them at once, for it was necessary to leave her work at a certain point, and in that moment's delay David looked with a breathless wonder at the woman before him. She was sitting, and yet even sitting she was majestic. Her face was large, but perfectly oval, and as fair as a lily. Her bright brown hair was parted, passed smoothly behind the ears, and beautifully braided. Serenity and an unalterable calm gave to the young face something of the fixity of marble, but as David spoke she let her eyes fall upon a little child at her feet, and then lifted them to him with a smile as radiant and life-giving as sunshine.

«Who are you?» she asked, as she took her babe in her arms and went toward David.

«I am your far-cousin, David Borson.»

«The son of my father's cousin Liot?»

«Yes. Liot Borson is dead, and here am I.»

«You are welcome, for you were to come. This is your little cousin Vala. She is nearly two years old. Is she not pretty?»

«I know not what to say. She is too pretty for words.»

«Sit down, cousin, and tell me all.» And as they talked her eyes enthralled him. They were deep blue, and had a solar brilliancy as if they imbibed light—holy eyes, with the small, slow-moving pupils that indicate a religious, perhaps a mystical, soul.

David sat with her until sunset, and she gave him a simple meal of bread and tea,

and talked confidentially to him of Liot and of her own father and brothers. But of herself she said nothing at all; neither could David find the courage to ask her a question. He watched her sing her child to sleep, and he sat down with her on the door-step, and they talked softly together of death and of judgment and of the life to come; and the women from the other huts gradually joined them, and the soft Shetland night glorified the somber land and the mysterious sea until at last David rose and said he must go back to Lerwick, for the day was over.

A strange day it had been to him, but he was too primitive to attempt any reasoning about its events. When he left Nanna's he was under that strong excitement which makes a man walk as if he were treading upon the void, and there was a hot confusion in his thoughts and feelings. He stepped rapidly, and the stillness of the lovely night did not soothe or reason with him. As he approached the town he saw the fishing-fleet leaving the harbor, and in the fairy light they looked like living things with outspread wings. Two fishers were standing at a house-door with a woman, who was filling a glass. She held it aloft a moment, and then gave it to one with the words: "Death to the heads that wear no hair!" "The herring and the halibut, the haddock and the sole," answered the man, and he drank a little and passed it to his comrade. Then up the street they hurried like belated men, and David felt the urging of accustomed work, and a sense of delinquency in his purposeless hands.

He found Barbara waiting. She knew that he would not stay at Nanna Sinclair's, and she had prepared the room of her absent son for him. "If he can pay one shilling a day it will be a godsend to me," she thought, and when she told David so he answered, "That is a little matter, and no doubt there will be good between us."

He saw then that the window was open and the sea-water lippering nearly to the sill of it; and he took off his bonnet and sat down, and let the cool breeze blow upon his hot brow. It was near midnight, but what then? David had never been more awake in all his life—yes, awake to his finger-tips. Yet for half an hour he sat by the window and never opened his mouth, and Barbara sat on the hearth and raked the smoldering peats together, and kept a like silence. She was well used to talk with her own thoughts, and to utter words was no necessity to Barbara Traill. But she knew what David was think-

ing of, and she was quite prepared for the first word which parted his set lips.

"Is my cousin Nanna a widow?"

"No."

"Where, then, is her husband?"

"None can tell. He will come no more to Shetland."

"Nanna is poor; she is in trouble. Who is to blame?"

"Nicol Sinclair. Sorrow and suffering and ill luck he has brought her—and there is no help for it."

"No help for it! I will see about that. Tell me all, but make no more of the matter than it is worth."

"Little need is there to do that. Think for yourself. What cruel things can a bad man do to a good woman? All of them have been done to Nanna Sinclair by her husband. Before her father and brothers were drowned he kept her in his breast like a great treasure; after that he set himself to put her in the grave. When her baby was born he said to her face, 'Die, and get out of my way.' And one night he lured her to the cliff-top, and quarreled with her there, and men think—yes, and women think, too—that he threw the child into the water, and that Nanna leaped after it. But, this way or that way, Magnus Crawford took them out of the sea, and Nanna had a fever and knew nothing at all, and the child was much hurt, for it has never walked nor yet spoken a word—and there are some that say it never will."

Then David rose to his feet, and began to walk furiously about the small room. His face was as white as death, and he spoke with a still intensity, dropping each word as if it were a separate oath: "I wish that Sinclair were here in this room. I would lay his neck across my knee and break it like a dog's; I would that!"

"It would be joy to see thee do it. I would say, 'Well done, David Borson!' As for Sinclair, he got off without a question; yes, and he sold the house Paul Borson gave to Nanna, and all its plenishing, and whatever else he could put his hands on. And he took also all the money out of the bank which Paul had left his daughter; and when no one saw him—in the night-time—he went off, the devil knows where."

"Were there no men in Lerwick at that time?"

"Many men were in Lerwick—men, too, who never get to their feet for nothing. But Nanna said, 'I have sorrow enough; bring not back that sorrow also.'"

"I am glad that God has made Tophet for such men," said David, passionately. "Often



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

NANNA AND VALA.

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.



DRAWN BY LOUIS LÖNN.

A LERWICK MAN.

I have trembled at the dreadful justice of the Holy One. I see now how good it is. To be sure, when God puts his hook into the nose of the wicked, and he is made to go a way he does not want to go, then he has to cease from troubling; but I wish not that he may cease from being troubled. No, indeed; I wish that he may have weeping and wailing. I will stay here. Some day Sinclair will come back. Then he shall pay all he owes.»

Suddenly David remembered his father's sad confession, and he was silent. The drowning of Bele, and all that followed it, flashed like a fiery thought through his heart, and he went into his room and shut the door, and flung himself face downward upon the floor. Would God count his anger as very murder? Would he enter into judgment with him for it? Oh, how should a sinful man order all his way and words aright! And in a little while Barbara heard him weeping, and she said to

herself: «He is a good man. God loves those who remember him when they are alone and weep. The minister said that.»

This day had, indeed, been to David a kind of second birth. He had entered into a new life and taken possession of himself. He knew that he was a different being from the youth who had sailed for weeks alone with God upon the great waters; but still he was a riddle to himself, and it was this feeling of utter confusion and weakness and ignorance that had sent him weeping and speechless to the very feet of the Divine.

But if the mind is left quite passive we are often instructed in our sleep. David awakened with a plan of life clearly in his mind. He would remain with Barbara Traill, and follow his occupation of fishing, and do all that he could to make his cousin Nanna happy. The intense strength of his family affection led him to this resolve. He had not fallen in love with Nanna. As a wife she was sacred in his eyes, and it never entered his mind that any amount of ill treatment could lessen Sinclair's claim upon her. But, though far off, she was his cousin; the blood of the Borsons flowed alike through both their hearts; and David, who could feel for all humanity, could feel most for Nanna and Vala.

Nanna herself had acknowledged the strength of this claim. He remembered how gladly she had welcomed him. He could feel yet the warm clasp of her hands, and the shining of her eyes was like nothing he had ever seen before. Even little Vala had been pleased to lie in his strong arms; she had put up her small mouth for his kiss, and had slept an hour upon his breast. As he thought of that kiss he felt it on his lips warm and sweet, for it was the very first kiss that he had ever consciously received. Yes, indeed; there was love in that poor little hut that David Borson could not bear to lose.

So he said to Barbara in the morning: «I will stay with you while it pleases us both. Are there any of my mother's family living?»

«The Sabistons are gone south to Kirkwall. They are handy at money-getting, and the rumor goes abroad that they are rich and masterful, and ill to deal with.»

«Few people are better spoken of than they deserve.»

«Yet no one in Lerwick is so well hated as your great-aunt Matilda Sabiston. She is the last of the family left here. Go and see her if you will. I have nothing to say against it, but I can give you a piece of advice: lean not for anything on Matilda Sabiston.»

«All that I want is a little love for my mother's sake. So I will go and see her. She will at least be civil for the sake of the dead.»

«Nothing will come of the visit. It is not to be hoped Matilda will behave well to you when she behaves ill to every one else.»

However, after he had eaten, David went to see his kinswoman. Her house was the largest in Lerwick, and was easily found. Its unusual splendor interested but in no way abashed David; for the dominant idea in his mind was that of kindred, and the soft carpets, the pictures, the velvet-covered furniture, were only the accessories to the condition. The woman herself sat in a large, uncushioned chair of black oak, the chair of her fore-elder Olaf, who had made it in Iceland, and brought it with his other household

«Well, then, I sent not for you.»

«Yet I thought you would wish to see me.»

«I do not.»

«Liot Borson is dead.»

«If all the Borsons were dead it would be a pleasure to me. I have ever hated them—bringers of bad luck to all who know them. I have nothing to say to you, and I have nothing to give you. My will is made. I have left my third cousin Nicol Sinclair five hundred pounds because he also hates the Borsons. All else I have will go to make free the slaves in Africa. Freedom! freedom!» she almost shrieked. «Nothing is cruel but slavery!»

It was the old Norse passion for freedom, strong and vital when all other loves were ashes. It was a passion, also, to which David instantly responded. The slumbering senti-



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

ON THE WAY TO NANNA'S.

goods to Shetland six generations past. Never before had David seen a face so expressionless. It was like a scroll made unreadable by the wear and dust of years. Life seemed to have retreated entirely to her eyes, which were fierce and darkly glowing. And the weight and coldness of her great age communicated itself; David was chilled by her simple presence.

«What is your business?» she asked.

«I am the son of your niece Karen.»

ment awoke like a giant in his heart, and he comprehended it by a racial instinct as passionate as her own.

«You have done well, aunt,» he said. «Hunger and cold, pain and poverty, are nothing if one has freedom. It is a grand thing indeed to set a man or a woman free!»

«And yet you catch haddock and herring! Bah! we have nothing to do with each other.» Then she was stolidly silent, and David felt the magnetic force of her torpor to be insur-

mountable. He said, "Farewell," but she heeded him not; and he went away slowly, dulled and inert, and quite unable for some time to cast off the depression of her icy influence.

Yet his dismissal satisfied that new passion of freedom which had sprung into life at his aunt's words. He was now entirely without claims but those his love or liking voluntarily assumed. No one older than himself had now the right to reprove or direct him. He had at last come to his majority. He was master of himself and his fate.

The first sign of it was a dignified reticence with Barbara Traill. She felt that her lodger was not to be questioned like a child anymore, and there was a tone of authority in his refusal to discuss his aunt Sabiston which Barbara respected. It was no longer possible to speak of Miss Sabiston as Miss Sabiston deserved to be spoken of. David said: "She is my aunt. When one is ninety years old it is a good excuse for many faults."

After this event he set himself to his business with all his heart, and then he found out quickly that if a man wishes friends he must show himself friendly. For as soon as he went among the fishers and said, "My name is Borson, and I am the son of your old mate Liot Borson," he found himself in a circle of outstretched hands. He had brought his nets and lines with him, and he had no difficulty in getting men who were glad to help him with his fishing, and to instruct him in the peculiarities of the coast and the set of its currents.

Gradually he became a great favorite. The minister respected his integrity and his earnest piety; the older fishers knew that he was to be relied on for any help or kindness in his power; the school children made an idol of him, for he was always ready to give them a sail, or lend them his fowling-piece, or help them rig their toy boats. As for the young maidens, the prettiest ones in Lerwick had ever a smile for David. But his heart was loyal to his cousins Nanna and Vala, and they were his constant care, though an instinct as pure as it was conventional taught him a scrupulous delicacy with regard to this friendship. People said, "It is a good thing for Nanna Sinclair that her cousin has come to Shetland"; but the blood tie was regarded as strong enough to account for all David's attentions. It did not enter their hearts to imagine an evil motive for kind deeds when there was one so natural and so obligatory.

So Shetland became dear and pleasant to him. He began to think of taking a wife, and

of building a house which should be his home until he fared away to "the land which is very far off." One Saturday night Nanna was talking with him on this subject. "There is Christina Hey," she said. "Speak to her. Christina is good, and will make you a good wife. And the money she has is nothing against her; it will be a help." And David answered, "Yes; you speak the truth." But he was suddenly silent, and more glum, Nanna thought, than a man ought to be about a pretty girl whom he might marry. And by and by he got to his feet and said, "I will go now; for to-morrow is the Sabbath, and we shall meet at the kirk, and I will carry Vala home for you—if you say so, Nanna."

"Well, then," she answered, "to-morrow is not here, David; but it will come, by God's leave. I dreamed a dream last night, and I look for a change, cousin. But, this or that, my will is that God choose for me."

"That also is my great desire," said David, solemnly.

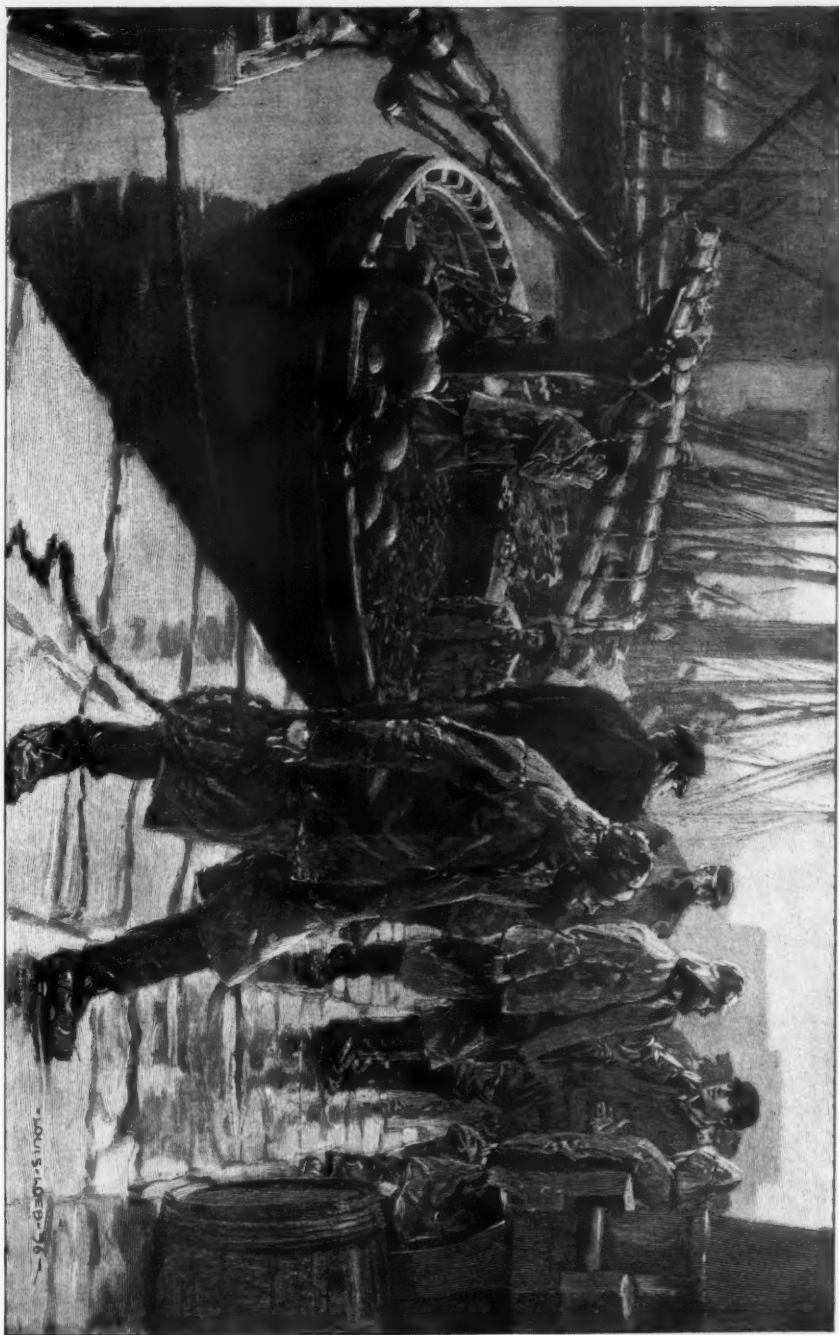
"As for me, I have fallen into a great strait; only God can help me."

She was standing on the hearth looking down at Vala. Tears were in her eyes, and a divine pity and sorrow made tender and gentle her majestic beauty. David looked steadily at her, and something, he knew not what, seemed to pierce his very soul—a sweet, aching pain never felt before, inexplicable, ineffable, and as innocent as the first holy adoration of a little child. Then he went out into the cold, starry night, and tried to think of Christina Hey. But she constantly slipped away from his consciousness like a dream that has no message.

III.

NANNA awoke next morning while it was still dark. A dim sense of fear and sorrow was with her, though the vision itself had escaped her memory. "But everything frightens one when night, the unknown, takes the light away," she thought, and she rose and lighted a lamp and looked at Vala. The child was in a deep and healthy slumber, and the sight of its face calmed and satisfied her. So she lay down again, and between her sleeping and waking the hours wore on, and she rose at last from her shivery dozing even later than usual.

Then she hurried their breakfast a little, and as the light grew over land and sea she tidied her room, and dressed Vala and herself for the service. As the sound of the first kirk bell traveled solemnly over the moor she was ready to leave the house. Her last duty was



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

«SON OF YOUR OLD MATE LIOT BOBSON.»



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOSS.

“BUT SHE HELD HER PEACE.”

to put a peat or two on the fire, and as she was doing this she heard a hand upon the sneek, and the door was pushed open. «It is David to carry Vala,» she thought; «how good he is!» But when she turned she saw that it was not David. It was Nicol Sinclair.

He walked straight to the fireside, and sat down without a word. Nanna's heart sank to its lowest depths, and a cold despair made her feet and hands as heavy as lead. But she slowly spread the cloth on the table, and, bit by bit, managed to recollect the cup and saucer, the barley cake, the smoked goose, and the tea. There was terrible account between the man sitting on the hearth and herself, and words of passionate reproach burned at her lips; but she held her peace. Long ago she had left her cause with God. He would plead it thoroughly; even now, when her enemy was before her, she had no thought of any other advocate.

Her pallor, her slow movements, her absolute dumbness, roused in Sinclair an angry discomfort; and when the child made a movement he lifted it roughly and said, «A nice plaything you will be on board for me!» Nanna shivered at the words, for she comprehended in a moment the torture this man had probably come to inflict upon her. Already the child had been crippled by his brutal hands, and what neglect, what cruelties, what terrors, might he not impose in the hell of his own ship, far out at sea, where Vala's tears or cries would bring her no friend or helper?

«Fly with the child!» The words were struck upon her heart like blows. But how and where? Far or near, the law would find her out, and would give Vala to her father's authority. And she had no friend strong enough to protect her. Only by death could she defy separation. Thus, while she was pouring the water on the tea-leaves she was revolving a question more agonizing than words have power to picture.

At length the food was on the table, and, save for those few threatening words, the silence was still unbroken. Sinclair sat down with a speechless bravado very near to cursing, and at that moment the kirk bells began to ring again. To Nanna they were like a voice from heaven. Quick as a thought, she lifted her child and fled from the house.

Oh, what stress of life and death was in her footsteps! Only to reach the kirk! If she could do that, she would cling to the altar and die there rather than surrender Vala to unknown miseries. Love and terror gave her wings; she did not turn her head; she did not feel

the frozen earth or the cutting east wind; she saw nothing but Vala's small white face on her breast, and she heard nothing but the echo in her heart of those terrible words threatening her with the loss of her child.

When she reached the kirk the service had begun. The minister was praying. She went into the nearest pew, and, though all were standing, she laid Vala on the seat, and slipped to her knees beside her. She could not cry out as she longed to do, and sob her fright and anguish away at God's feet. «Folk would wonder at me, and I would disturb the congregation,» she thought. For the pressure of her flight was over; and the solemn voice of the minister praying, the strength of numbers, the holy influence of the time and place, cooled her passionate sense of wrong and danger, and she was even a little troubled at her abandonment of what was usual and Sabbath-like.

The altar now looked a long way off; only Sinclair at touch could have forced her down that guarded aisle to its shelter. Heaven itself was nearer, and God needed no explanations; he knew all. What was the law of men to him? And he feared not their disapproval. Thus in her great strait she overleaped her creed, and cast herself on him who is «a God of the afflicted, an helper of the oppressed, an upholder of the weak, a protector of the forlorn, a saviour of them that are without hope.»

When the preaching was over David and Barbara came to her, and David knit his brows when he saw her face. For it was the face of a woman who had seen something dreadful; her eyes were yet full of fear and anguish, and she was white and trembling with the exertion of her hard flight.

«Nanna,» he said, «what has happened?»

«My husband has come back.»

«I heard last night that his ship was in harbor.»

«He has come for Vala. He will take her from me. She will die of neglect and hard usage; he may give her to some stranger who will be cross to her. O David! David!»

«He shall not touch her. Put her in my arms now.»

«Do you mean this? Can I trust you, David?»

«You may put that to any proof.»

«Pass your word to me, cousin.»

«As the Lord lives, I will put my life between her and Nicol Sinclair. I will take her to sea if it be necessary, for my boat can go where few will dare to follow.»

Then he turned to Barbara and said: «Nicol



AT THE KIRK.

DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

—LOUIS LOEB '94—

Sinclair has indeed come back. He has come for Vala."

"Then the devil has led him here," answered Barbara, flashing into anger. "As for Vala, let her stay with me. She has a good guard at my house. There is Groat and his four sons on one side, and Jeppe Madson and his big brother Har on the other side; and there is David Borson, who is worth a whole ship's crew, to back them in anything for Vala's safety. Stay with me to-day, Nanna, and we will talk this thing out."

But Nanna shook her head in reply. As she understood it, duty was no peradventure; it was an absolute thing from which there was no turning away. She put Vala's hand into David's hand, and looked at the young man with eyes full of anxiety. He answered the look with one strong word, "Yes," and she knew he would redeem it with his life if necessary.

Then she turned away, and walked to her home with a direct and rapid energy. She put away thought; she formed no plan; she said no prayer. Her petition had been made in the kirk; she thought there would be a want of faith in repeating a request already promised. She felt even the modesty of a suppliant, and would not continually press into the presence of the Highest, for to the reverent there is ever the veil before the Shechinah.

And this conscious putting aside of all emotion strengthened her. When she saw her home she had no need to slacken her speed or to encourage herself; she walked directly to the door and opened it. There was no one there. The place was empty. The food on the table was untouched. Nothing but a soiled and crumpled kerchief remained of the dreadful visitor. She lifted it with the tongs and cast it into the fire, and then she cleared away every trace of the rejected meal.

Afterward she made some inquiries in the adjoining huts. One woman only had seen his departure. "I could not go to kirk this morning," she said with an air of apology, "for my bairn is very sick, and I saw Nicol Sinclair go away near the noon hour. Drunk he was, and worse drunk than most men can be. His face was red as a hot peat, and he swayed to and fro like a boat on the Gruting Voe. There was something no' just right about the man."

That was all she could learn, and she was very unhappy, for she could imagine no good reason for his departure. In some way or other he was preparing the blow he meant to deal her, and, though it was the Sabbath, there would be no difficulty in finding men whom he could influence. Besides, there was

also his cousin Matilda Sabiston, that wicked old woman who had outlived all family passions but hatred. Against this man, and the money and ill will that would back him, she could do nothing; but she "trusted in God that he would deliver her."

So she said to herself, "Patience," and she sat down to wait, shutting her eyes to the outside world, and drawing to a focus all the strength that was in her. The closed Bible lay upon a table at her side, and occasionally she touched it with her hand. She had not been able to read its promises, but there was comfort in putting herself in contact with them. They seemed more real. And as she sat hour after hour, psalms learned years before, and read many and many a time without apprehension of their meaning, began to speak to her. She saw the words with her spiritual sight, and they shone with their own glory. When midnight struck she looked at the clock and thanked God. Surely she was safe for that night, and she turned the key in her door and went to sleep. And her sleep was that which God giveth to his beloved when they are to be strengthened for many days—a deep, dreamless suspense of all thought and feeling.

Yet, heavenly as the sleep had been, the awakening was a shock. And as the day grew toward noon she was as much troubled by the silence of events as her husband had been by the silence of her lips. She felt the suspense to be unendurable, and she resolved to go to Barbara's and see Vala, and hear whatever there was to hear. But as she was putting on her cloak she saw David coming across the moor, and he was carrying Vala in his arms. "Now," she said, "I see that I will not need to run after my fate. It will come to me, and there will be no use striving against it. For what must be is sure to happen."

Then she turned back into the house, and David followed with unusual solemnity, and laid Vala down on the bed. "She is sleeping," he said, "and there is something to tell you, Nanna."

"About my husband?"

"Yes. He was carried to his own ship last night," and David's face was grave almost to sternness.

"Carried! Have you, then, hurt him, David?"

"No. He is a self-hurter. But this is what I know. He went from here to Matilda Sabiston's house. She had gone to kirk with two of her servants, and when she came back she found him delirious on her sofa. The doctor was sent for, and when he said the word 'typhus' Matilda screamed with passion, and

demanding that he should instantly be taken away."

"But no! Surely not!"

"Yes, it was so; both the minister and the doctor thought it best he should go to his own ship. The town—yes, indeed, and the whole island—was in danger. And when they took him on board the *Sea Rover* they found that two of the sailors were also very ill with the fever. They had been ill for a week, and Sinclair knew it; yet he came among the boats and went through the town, speaking to many people. It was a wicked thing to do."

"And where is the *Sea Rover* lying?"

"She has been taken to the South Voe. The fishing-boats will watch lest the men are landed, and the doctor will go to the ship every day if the sea will let him go."

"David, is it my duty—"

"No, it is not. There are five men with

Sinclair. Three of them are yet well men, and three can care for the sick and the ship. On the deck of the *Sea Rover* a woman should not put her foot."

"But a ship with typhus on board!"

"Is a hell indeed, Nanna. In this case it is a hell of their own making. They got the fever in a dance-house on the quay at Rotterdam. Sinclair knew of its presence, and laughed it to scorn. It was his mate who told the doctor so. Also, Nanna, there is Vala."

She went swiftly to the side of the sleeping child, and she was sure there was a change in her. David would not see it, but in forty-eight hours the fatal signs were unmistakable. Then Nanna's house was marked and isolated, and she sat down alone with her dying child. For there was no hope at all; from the very first the symptoms were malignant, and the speechless little patient moaned away her life in a delirious agony.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

Amelia E. Barr.



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

GROAT.

ABNER.

"Of course not. I understand why you do not want it. Times *are* hard. No doubt about it. It has been a bad year on the crops, and you don't feel that you can afford to spend money on books; but"—and here the agent bent confidentially forward—"this is a work that you must have. I took special pains to come to see you about it. I came because I had read your letters in the county paper—letters that are attracting attention outside of this county. I knew from them that you were a man of intelligence who could appreciate a great work, and so I came, and I am glad I came. As I walked up the lane I saw a handsome young man for whom I predict a great future—your son, if I am not much mistaken."

"My boy Abner," said Daniel Green.

"I knew it," asserted the agent, with victorious emphasis. "I knew it—the son of his father, a regular chip off the old block. That boy is going to be a great man. Mark you! I say he will be a great man. It is stamped on his face."

"Abner is a good boy," said the old gentleman, "and a good son. He has not had the advantages that I had hoped to give him. He was at school less than a year; he ought to have been there several years, but the farm had to be attended to, and I could n't spare him. But he has studied some, and when he gets his chance he will make his mark."

"Then I'm doubly glad I came," the agent said, with a tone of real interest. "I'm in time to do you a very great service. You want that boy of yours to succeed in life; you want to help him. That's natural. You can do it. This great work is your chance. It's the practical education of the century condensed in one volume. Nothing succeeds like success, and this book tells all about success. Put it in the hands of your son, and he will catch the spirit of success just as quick as he would catch the smallpox or the measles. Allow me to show you," and he moved still closer. "Right here in these pages are the lives of the successful men of America. Not a few, mind you, but all,—every one,—with portraits from photographs taken specially for this great work. Did you know, sir,"—and he drew himself up as if for the communication of some all-important message,—"*that of all these men more than two thirds had the course of their lives changed by the influence of books—books, sir, of people and about people who had succeeded? Our great Emer-*

son said that biography was the best guide for youth, and you remember that Carlyle declared that biography was the only true history. Why, sir, our biggest millionaires owed their rise to fortune to what they read, and what would have become of our Presidents if they had missed the books that launched them on the tide which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune?" This came forth with all the happy eloquence of a man unfettered by fact or the ethics of quotation.

"You want this book. You must have it. It's the last copy, and as I feel an interest in the success of your son, I'm going to let you have it for only three dollars, although every other copy of the edition sold for four. Take it, sir, and you will see the day when you will thank me for having brought it to you."

Poor Daniel Green! Fortune had cut out great things for him, but he had not measured up to his destiny. It might have been different if circumstances had been less hostile; but monopolies were so insolent, taxation was so unequal, politics were so corrupt, and the world was so utterly out of joint, that he grew tired of striving, and let the farm run down, and his debts run up, while he railed at fate and wasted his time and substance in letters to the county paper. He dreamed of what he could do if he had the power; but while government and national development and iridescent possibilities of high offices seeking good men claimed his thoughts and his speculations, the whitewash faded from his house, the gates dropped from their hinges, and the fences began to fall away, as if in sympathy with his own discouragement.

The trouble, too, was that his apathy in material things had affected his son Abner. Mrs. Green had died when the boy was ten years old. This good woman, when in health, kept order on the farm by the force of her practical common sense. But when she was gone Mr. Green's few energies drooped into those fine intentions which see much and accomplish nothing. Abner was now twenty-two, a man in age without a man's education and experience. He had been to school only ten months. There his ambition began to take wings, and he wished to do something; but he could not leave his father, and that was the end of it. Even John, who as a waif had come to the farm, and had grown to the dignity of the only hired man on the place, shared the common restraint; but it must be said, in justice to him, that he was the most useful

of the three, because he was not bothered by either imagination or ambition. Content with wages that were never paid, he existed in the full satisfaction of all he wanted to eat and a comfortable place to sleep.

Mr. Green was nursing the book on his lap when Abner and John came from the field: Abner a fine, sturdy fellow, nearly six feet tall, manly in bearing and bright in countenance; John more round than erect, older in years, yet a child in comparison with Abner.

"Abner," said Mr. Green, after John had passed on to the house, "one of the sorrows of my life has been my inability to give you a good education."

"That 's all right, father," Abner replied cheerfully.

"My son, it is n't all right. I see now that I have been selfish. I might have allowed you to go to school. I can never forgive myself for not allowing you to go; but what 's past is past—we cannot recall it." And then, changing his voice, he added in a more practical way: "I have bought this book for you. It is a book on the success of successful men. It tells how they rose from even humbler circumstances than those that surround you. My son, I want you to read it. Study it. You will find practical examples of what I have often told you—that success is the grasping of opportunity, the reaching out. When I am gone—"

"Now, father, you must not say that."

"Yes, I must, my son. It will soon be time for me to go. I feel it more and more every day."

He had been saying this for ten years, but Abner listened as if he had never heard it before. He always humored his father in that way.

"When I am gone," repeated the old gentleman, "I want you to strike out in the world. It's the only way you can conquer. The soldier who never fights never wins battles, and the mightiest battle that ever was fought is the battle of life. Take the book, Abner, and read it, and remember that no circumstance is too small for your attention. Look to the little things, and you will be great in big things."

For once Mr. Green was right. Two weeks afterward he died. In those two weeks the book had been read and re-read by the son, who found in it a hope he had never felt before, an inspiration that had never moved him. Away down in his soul were longings for something broader and better than the sunrise-to-sunset toil on the farm, but they had not dared to find expression until the words that he had read gave them voice and opened his eyes to the possibilities of achievement. At

first it looked so big that his courage faltered, but when he read how boys as poor as himself had started on nothing, and moved up the plane of life to the elevations of fame and fortune, his heart grew stronger.

After the funeral came the public sale. There were more debts than assets, and the creditors pounced upon the little property as soon as the law permitted. The people crowded the house and filled the yard, for November was a dull month, and they had nothing better to do. Abner and John had wandered about bidding good-by to everything. Then came the auctioneer with his blatant voice and coarse wit, turning the long silence of the old place into a bedlam of noise and laughter. After the farm had been bought in by Mr. Anthony Cobb, who held a mortgage on it, Abner's emotions began to get the better of him, and he walked around the corner and turned toward the big poplar-tree, where he hoped to find a bit of solitude.

As he did so a young woman approached from the opposite direction. She was tall, but not so tall as he; she was dressed plainly, but very attractively. She had the clear, clean, kindly comeliness that belongs to sound health and a good home. She was not beautiful, but she had a gentle, graceful, amiable appearance that invited confidence and rewarded admiration. Her face in repose looked practical, but there was in it an indefinable sweetness, and her large eyes were as serene as the quiet blue of the autumn sky.

Jane Cobb! Many a time had she disturbed Abner's thoughts, and many a struggle had he had with himself to forget her. He had been with her at school, he had watched her at church, he had composed unwritten messages of which she never knew; and now of all persons she was standing face to face with him, and a big lump was in his throat.

"How are you, Abner? I did not think I'd come; but as everybody else was here, and the day was so fine, I changed my mind. I want to tell you that I am very sorry."

"Thank you." And then, with a forced smile that partly dislodged the choking sensation, he added, "I hope you will enjoy it."

"No, Abner," she replied seriously; "I do not enjoy it. It is the saddest thing in life, this breaking up of a home; and when I said I was sorry I meant that you have my deepest sympathy. Are you going to move away from the neighborhood?"

"I don't know," he answered; "I have not any plans—have n't had time to think of plans."

She extended her hand to him, and said,

"You will believe me, won't you, when I say I'm sorry?"

"I do believe you," he replied; "and God bless you for it. It's the only kind word I've heard to-day."

And then, feeling the lump coming back, he hurried on around the house, and left Jane standing there as if she did not exactly understand the young man. Abner walked slowly along the side of the yard, and summoned all his will power to repress the emotion which he felt to be unworthy of him as a man. Finally he turned the other corner and mingled with the crowd.

A half-hour later the people saw Abner and John go down to the barn, but they did not see them making their way over the field under cover of the fence, nor did they hear Abner saying: "I guess they expect us to stay in the house all night; but, John, I just can't do it. It's not ours any longer."

"That's how I feel, Abner; but where are we goin' to sleep to-night?"

"I'm blessed if I know," he answered, and both became thoughtful.

They walked along at a good gait until they came to the fence at the edge of the woods, and, as if controlled by a common impulse, they halted on the top rail and sat there in solemn meditation.

"Anyhow, I'm glad it's over," said Abner, with a sigh.

"It was worse than a funeral," said John.

There was another pause, but presently Abner brought back his far-away thoughts.

"John," he said, "how would you like to go to store-keeping?"

"What on?"

"Nothing; that's what all these millionaires began on."

"We don't know nothin' about keepin' store."

"We'll learn."

"Who's goin' to start us?"

"I was thinking if we could get old man Cobb to let us have that house down at the cross-roads, we could borrow a dollar or two and start in just for luck. There ain't any store in this neighborhood, and I believe we could make enough, anyhow, to live on. We've got to do something."

"No doubt about that. Where are we goin' to get our supper and lodgin'?"

"John," replied Abner, with a slight tone of resentment, "all these rich men had to go round hungry before they struck luck. If you're going to give in like this you'll be poor the rest of your days."

John was silent. He propped his boot-heels

on the second rail, and, bending his body forward, placed his elbows on his knees and his chin in the palms of his hands.

Abner was disposed to argue the point.

"I've read all about these rich men," he said; "and I tell you that some of them, when they started out, were no better off than we are."

Only a few lingering rays of daylight were left, but from beneath his ill-fitting coat Abner drew the precious volume.

"You brung it, did you?" asked John, in evident disappointment.

"Of course I brought it. This book is worth more to me than the old farm."

"I guess it's mighty nice to know how to read," said John—"mighty nice; but I wish the old book had never come to the house. You're not half as sociable as you used to be. Course the book can talk to you; but who's goin' to talk to me?"

Abner laughed one of his cheery old laughs, the first since the day of his father's death; and he followed it with a slap on John's shoulder that threatened to upset his equilibrium.

"Well, anyhow, it's good to hear a laugh once more," John declared. "I'd begun to think we'd gone into the long-faced business for good."

Abner became serious. "I feel, John, as if we'd escaped from somewhere—just like a bird must feel when it gets out of the cage." He was turning the leaves as he spoke, and when he came to the page he wanted he held it up. "Do you see that man?"

"Yes, I see him. He's pretty enough to balk a mule."

"That man's worth forty million dollars. Think of it! Forty millions! Lots of them in here are worth millions too, and they were all poor. Some of them were barefooted, and you know we're not that bad off. I like this man the best because he did n't do everything all at once. He started a little store, and worked up and up and up till he owned about everything in sight; and he says—I can't see to read it, but I remember his words—he says: 'Begin modestly, deal honestly, take good risks, and keep eternally at it, and you'll succeed.' And I tell you, John, that the reason these fellows got along was because they had the nerve to strike out. One over in the back part of the book—he's worth twenty millions—says: 'No young man will accomplish anything or is worth anything unless he has confidence in himself'; and the one next to him in the book says, 'Nerve is better than genius, and pluck will beat luck every day in the week.'"

"That's all right, Abner; but have you got the nerve to ask old man Cobb?"

Abner hesitated, and John had to repeat the question.

"Yes, I have. As the fellow who made ten millions said, 'Never put off anything. If it's worth doing, do it at once.' I'll do it this very night."

He sprang from the fence, and called to John to follow. Night had come on, but they knew the woods as well as they did the public highway. They proceeded in single file until they reached the mill-dam, and they went over it to the house of Mr. Anthony Cobb. John remained at the gate, and Abner proceeded up the path. Before he reached the door a sudden weakness came upon him; he paused as if to breathe a prayer. "Just so she don't come to the door I can pull through," he muttered to himself.

But she did come. "Why, Abner! Walk right in," she said. "We are very glad to see you."

"No—no—thank you, Jane—thank you—I just wanted to see Mr. Cobb."

"I'm very sorry, but he went to town after the sale." The light shone through the open door and disclosed John with his elbows on the gate. "John, is that you?" she asked; and then she added, "Both of you come in and have some supper."

John's listlessness disappeared as if by magic, and he opened the gate and started forward, but he was stopped by Abner's words.

"We are very much obliged, but you must excuse us."

Then, with a good night, he went on down the path, and John followed him over the dam in melancholy silence.

"Abner," he said presently, "when them there millionaires of yours were goin' round hungry, did they throw away chances and starve for the fun of the thing, or did they do it just 'cause they had to?"

"John, you have n't any pride."

"Maybe not, but I got an appetite as big as this mill-pond."

IN that part of the country there is a stream not large enough to be a river, almost too small to be a creek, that winds in and out for many miles; and wherever it dips between ridges of high ground there is a dam to intercept its progress and to store up water-power for a mill. The dam at this point was a big embankment of earth with a grist-mill at one end and a sawmill at the other, and with a great rude trough of thick timber in the middle for a flood-gate to carry off the surplus

water. The machinery of this gate was a primitive and cumbrous contrivance of thick boards that to be operated had to be raised by main force.

For more than a year the sawmill had been idle. It was not much of a building at best, being simply a plain shed of ample proportions, with windows concealed by big board shutters, and a roof of old shingles that had grown tired of one another and parted company, and turned their faces to a hundred different angles, as if inviting the sun to warp them from their fastenings, and allow them to drop to the ground and decay in peace.

Abner plunged through the darkness, with John following. When they reached the sawmill he stopped.

"John," he said, "we've got to sleep somewhere, and I guess we'd better try this."

"But how about supper?"

Abner replied, with a slight tone of disgust, "Oh, go over into the orchard and get some apples, and while you are gone I'll pick out a place for a bed."

When John came back with his hat full, Abner had selected the spot for the night's rest. In all truth, John was not happy, and he even said that he did not want to be a millionaire; and then he sank into a sleep that many a millionaire would have given his millions to enjoy.

Abner was sleepy, but at first he could not sleep. The face of Jane haunted him. It had in it something he had never seen before. Much as he had liked her, he had never felt what had come to him that day. When she spoke so sweetly the few kind words, it seemed—she seemed—altogether different. And yet he knew it was foolish for him to think of her; she was beyond him. Her father had fully ten thousand dollars; he was n't worth a cent, and he was going to ask her father, who was not an approachable man, the biggest favor he ever asked anybody in his life. "But I'll do it," he said—"I'll do it; that's how they all succeeded. They struck out." And he forgot about the sale, and thought of Jane; and as he thought of her he fell asleep, and dreamed that he was at the supper-table, and she was helping him to hot biscuit and steaming coffee, and fried chicken smothered in rich brown gravy.

When Abner awoke the next morning John was standing over him. "Breakfast is ready," he said, and Abner looked and saw two biscuits and a piece of cold chicken. Before he could recover from his astonishment, John explained.

"I've been up more 'n a' hour. I thought I'd go over and see if old man Cobb had got

back. Miss Jane asked me if I'd been to breakfast. I did n't ask to be excused,—I did n't,—but set right down and paralyzed things. When she went out of the room I put the two biscuits and the chicken leg in my pocket, and I'm sorry it's not more.»

The incongruity of the thing began to dawn upon Abner. He had forsaken the old home because Mr. Cobb had bought it, and here he was occupying Mr. Cobb's sawmill and eating his apples, and John had literally stolen a breakfast for him from the Cobb home! The only excuse he could make to himself was that nobody was using the mill, and he could not think of going back to the farm. Worse than all was the fact that Mr. Cobb was not at home, and would probably not return until the next day. This meant more waiting and more loss of time.

Indeed, Mr. Cobb did not return that night, and the next day a heavy rain set in. John trudged again to the Cobb house, only to find that they did not expect him until late at night, as he had sent word that important business detained him in town.

All through the afternoon the rain came down dismally. It was very tiresome waiting in the old mill, but there was nothing else to do, and Abner and John spent the time as comfortably as they could, Abner reading from his book, and John falling regularly to sleep as he read.

When nightfall came the steady pattering on the roof did not disturb them; the sighing of the wind among the trees did not bother them; the creaking of the loose boards, the rattling of the old shutters, did not interfere with their slumbers: but just before the break of day Abner awoke, and he suddenly realized that it was a very unusual storm. He sat up and listened, and then nudged his companion, who also sat up and listened.

«I wonder if it's been going on all night?»

«Don't know,» replied John; «but if it has we'd better be moving. This old dam won't stand much of a strain.»

Abner made his way to the front of the mill. By the first murky light of the dawn he saw that the water had risen considerably in the pond. John joined him, and together they watched the downpour.

«If it keeps on the upper dam will break sure as thunder,» said John. «They're not running the mill now, and there's nobody to look out for it, and if it breaks it's good-by here.»

«Look, John!» exclaimed Abner—«look! It's getting higher. I'll bet she's broke. This end is all right; come on to the other side to see how it is there.»

They found everything safe as far as the flood-gates. They tried to lift the gates and thus relieve the pressure, but they could not budge the huge timbers. Several times they threw all their weight into the work, but it was of no use. Then Abner started on a run toward the grist-mill. They had not gone fifty yards when they saw that the break had begun. They reached the place as soon as they could, and found a stream of water cutting a small channel across the sand. In an instant Abner was on his knees digging with his hands and throwing the dirt to check it, and John was helping him with all his might and main. But the stream was running faster than they were hindering it. Abner looked around for something to use—for a shovel or a board or a log, but there was nothing in sight.

«We can't do it,» said John; «it's no use to try.»

But Abner did not heed him. His mind was working with an intensity it had never known. As if in a flash the stories in the book of how men had saved railroad trains or stopped machinery or risen to a crisis which involved life and property went through his brain. If he could only do something, what a satisfaction it would be! Perhaps this was his first great opportunity. But what could he do? Suddenly the idea came. His ingenuity met the occasion. Spreading his coat-tails so that they would do the most good, he sat down in the middle of the channel, and with a voice more imperious than John had ever heard, he shouted:

«Pile the dirt back of me! Pile the dirt back of me!» Without a word John began the work. The stream was checked. There was a barrier to its flow, and John strengthened it by more sand, by pebbles, by everything he could lay his hands on. The emergency had been met, but it was by no means past. The water was chilling Abner to the bone.

«Do you think I can get up?» he asked.

«If you do she'll start again,» John replied.

«Then I suppose I'll have to stay till somebody comes.»

It was not a cheerful situation, but Abner took matters as patiently as he could with chills chasing through every nerve and fiber. But there was no help. Even when John began work again, and piled in more dirt with his hands, all that he could do was insufficient to take the place of the broad back that stayed the water's flow.

«It's just this way, Abner,» he said; «if you get up the dam's gone.»

Abner commanded him again: «Run up to the other end and turn the water through the mill.»

Off John went as fast as his fat legs could carry him. He threw the gate open, letting the water through, and starting the buzz of machinery. Then, as if frightened at what he had done, he hurried back to the place where his luckless companion was struggling with cramps and chills. This time the situation seemed to impress him humorously, and he asked Abner if he felt like a millionaire.

"If it's all the same to you," replied Abner, "I don't want to sit here more than a week. If you've got any sense run up to Cobb's and tell the old man if he don't hurry down and help me out, I'll let his old dam go to smash and sue him for damages to boot."

Again John started, and after he had gone Abner closed his eyes, as if sinking under the strain and the cold, and he kept them closed until he thought he heard the sound of approaching footsteps. When he opened them his body moved in a sudden start that threatened the safety of the earthworks which it supported. Coming toward him rapidly, with hands occupied with a tin pot and an umbrella, was Jane Cobb.

It is curious how surprise acts upon human vanity. Abner ought to have thought of something worthy of the occasion; but the truth was that the first emotion that went through him was the remembrance that he had not been shaved for three days, and, worse still, that his face had not been washed or his hair combed since the morning before. But he did not have time to dwell upon such things. Jane was approaching rapidly. He had never seen her excited; she was always calm, self-possessed. Now she was flushed and trembling. Before he could speak she began to send, between her gasps, words across the distance between them—a distance which she was quickly diminishing.

"Oh, Abner, is n't it awful! You'll catch your death of cold. Father had started for the upper dam; I put John on the horse to overtake him. He'll be here soon. My! but you are brave! Is n't it cold sitting down there?"

"I've been in warmer places; but it won't hurt me. I'm never sick, you know. Why, Jane, what's that?"

She had quickly poured some coffee from the pot into a cup, and handed it to him.

"I thought you'd be awfully chilly inside," she said, "so I brought it; but I'm afraid it's not good. I was in such a hurry that I forgot all about the sugar. Drink it right down."

She was standing at his side, holding the umbrella over him—so far over him that she was not fully protecting herself.

"I'll not drink a drop," he said, "until you

get under the umbrella. Don't bother about me; I'm wet anyhow."

But she did bother, and although she took a step closer, she did not leave him unprotected. He put the cup to his mouth, and then, more nervously than before, she exclaimed, "Oh, wait a minute! Here are some quinine pills. Take all of them," and she poured half a dozen into his hand. Obedient to her commands, he washed them down with the coffee.

"That's the best coffee I ever drank in all my life," he said.

"Why, Abner!"

"Yes," he said, bending forward and looking up, "because you made it and because you brought it."

She gave a quick scream. "Don't move! don't move!" she exclaimed; and throwing down umbrella and coffee-pot, she jumped behind him and with her hands repaired the little break in the sand that his movement had made. Then she took the umbrella once more, and stood at his side.

"I beg your pardon; I won't do it again," he said; and then added, "Jane, you are the most thoughtful person I ever knew. At the sale you were the only one who said a kind word to me, and now—"

"Do you think the water will get any higher?" she quickly asked.

"No; but I don't care—just so you are here."

"Hold the umbrella, Abner, and I'll pour you another cup of coffee. It's not very warm, but it's better than nothing."

He held the umbrella over her as far as he could hold his arm, and wished that his arm were longer. Somehow as she poured the coffee Abner forgot about his unwashed and unshaven face and uncombed hair, and admired the girl at his side, her graceful ways, her sweet, earnest face. It made him glad that his better intentions had conquered, and that he had saved the dam, if only for the few moments of her devoted attention. When a young man feels that a good woman is regarding him as a hero, martyrdom is easy and pain is naught. Abner felt that he might like the saving of dams as a steady occupation, provided Jane would rush to his rescue. An inexpressible something surged through his heart, and in the warmth it brought the cramps were forgotten and he was happy. He did not know what it was, but he did not know what love was; and he took the coffee as if it had been brought down between the raindrops by an angel, instead of being poured from a tin pot by a girl enveloped in a red

shawl that in all candor was not becoming to her purple dress.

"Jane," he said, "I'll never be able to thank you for this. You are so good and kind."

He might have said more, but from the distance came the sound of horses urged to their utmost speed.

It was true that Abner had never been ill, but his experience that morning was too much even for his fine health. It was pneumonia, and for several days the doctor feared the worst; but the worst stopped at the narrow line that separates life from death, and when the recession began the patient returned safely to consciousness and strength. When he came to himself—it was an afternoon when the sun of early winter was flooding the room with its warmth and beauty—he saw Jane sitting near the open fire, busily knitting. Before he could speak she had glanced toward him, and had interpreted his wondering look. She arose and went to the bedside.

"You must not talk," she said; "you are not strong enough yet. You're getting well now; you know the doctor said you must be quiet."

In his weakness and helplessness her domination of him seemed the sweetest tyranny he had ever known.

But returning health brought its blessing speedily, and then came days when he was allowed to speak, and the only sorrows of those days were the absences of Jane from the room—absences which she tried to make, and which Abner with every resource at his command tried to unmake. One afternoon she had read to him, and he had asked her to stop.

"I've something to say, Jane; and I'll get better faster if you'll let me say it now. I think you are the loveliest girl that ever lived in this world."

She smiled slightly, but instead of replying picked up her knitting and began to work. She had taken several stitches when Abner spoke again.

"Jane, I love you."

The smile went away and a warmth of sweetness and roses—the old roses that in summer bloomed out in the yard—came into her cheeks.

"I love you so much, Jane, that if you can't love me I don't think I care to get well."

Then the smile came back, only it was fuller and brighter now, and she turned her chair so as to face her patient.

"Abner," she said, "if a man loves anybody, do you think it's right for him to talk

about it to others before he tells *her*?" And she put a significant accent on the word.

"I don't understand," he said.

"Then I'll tell you. The second day after we brought you to the house you became delirious, and got to talking about being a millionaire, and—other things. I did not feel it was exactly right for me to nurse you; but father had to be away, and John did n't know one medicine from another, and we could n't get anybody, and so it seemed that I had to do it."

This hurt Abner's pride. He wished she had explained it some other way.

"And you began to talk about other things that I did not care for anybody else to hear, and so I sat here through the days."

"What other things, Jane?"

"Well, you went over all your plans about the store, and about getting rich, and then about getting married. You wanted a room where the sun shone in, and where after you got through your work you could come and sit and watch your wife while she was knitting, and you said that you would love her more and more every day."

She suddenly changed. "Father heard you going over your plans about the store, and he thinks it's a good idea and a fine opportunity, and I rather think that when you get up he will be willing to help you. In fact, I believe John has been at work down at the cross-roads getting the old house ready for you."

Abner could not find words, his thoughts were so confused, his emotions so confusing. At last he was able to ask:

"Jane, when my mind came back, and I could see and know, were you not knitting?"

"Yes, Abner; I've been knitting nearly all the time; but really it had to be done, it's so long since there has been any knitting done in the house."

MORE than a year after a man came into the store, and after a few remarks on the weather took from a mysterious region of his innocent-looking coat a volume stamped in gilt letters.

"My friend," he said to John, "I want to show you a book that you need—a book that will add to the joys of life as long as you stay upon the earth."

"What is it about?"

"It tells of the happiness of married people. It is a guide to content, founded on the experience of successful matrimony."

"In the first place," replied John, "I'm not a married man; and secondly, there is just about as much happiness around this store now as we can accommodate."

Lynn Roby Meekins.



DRAWN BY GEORGE RICHMOND, LONDON.

REPRODUCED FROM THE STEEL ENGRAVING BY FRANCIS HOLL.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, 1853

THE AUTHOR OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

IN any brief sketch of the personality and career of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, it is proper to regard her chiefly as the creator of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a novel which had its share in changing the Constitution of the United States, and which, as Emerson has it, "encircled the globe, and was the only book that found readers in the parlor, the nursery, and the kitchen of every household."

Harriet Beecher came of a most distinguished American family, Lyman Beecher's name speaking for itself, while his first wife, Rosanna Foote, Harriet's mother, was a remarkable woman, of stock than which Connecticut can boast no better. That a girl thus born should have had a predisposition to books and, even more, to the things of the spirit was, one might say, foreordained, if there is aught in ancestry. Her home nurture and her educational advantages were such as to fit out a future writer of intense moral earnestness. Yet with these distinctly superior and cultivated antecedents went the New England plainness, the Puritan simplicity, even a touch of Spartan deprivation. Lyman Beecher became a famous man, a shining light of the American pulpit; but he was a very poor and obscure one in 1811, when in the flower month of June, and in the beautiful old Connecticut hill-town of Litchfield, his sixth child, Harriet, was born.

The little daughter early showed her bookishness, and at the age of six was finding delight in the "Arabian Nights." At ten she was fascinated with the more often dreaded task of theme-writing, and at twelve she produced a paper with the following title: "Can the Immortality of the Soul be Proved by the Light of Nature?"—a thesis gravely answered in the negative. Her schooling was obtained at the Litchfield Academy, and then at her sister Catherine's noted school at Hartford, where, at thirteen, we find her turning Ovid into English verse. Lyman Beecher's removal to Boston in 1826, ostensibly to combat the new heresy of Unitarianism, had the incidental advantage of offering to his family a wider and richer social life; and the same is true of the new experiences which came a few years later when he was called to the presidency of Lane Seminary near Cincinnati, in what then seemed the very West. Harriet taught for a while

in the seminary in Cincinnati of which Catherine, who had moved thither with her kith and kin, was the head. Playful fancy, quick sensibility, keen intelligence, and, underlying all, fullness of religious experience, characterized Harriet Beecher, when, in 1836, at the age of twenty-five, she was married to Professor Calvin Stowe, professor of Biblical Theology in the Lane Seminary. Mrs. Stowe was at that period of her life, and for years thereafter, a woman of delicate health, reminding one, indeed, of Mrs. Browning in smallness and fragility.

Two years before she had won a literary prize of fifty dollars, which turned her thought toward writing as a possible work. This tentative effort, a tale called "Uncle Lot" (a half prophecy in title), induced the embryo writer to devote her rather scant leisure time thereafter to her pen. Gradually, too, the great theme which was later to enlist all the sympathy of her woman's soul was suggested by local happenings. Antislavery agitations in Cincinnati during these years were stirring, and at times even spectacular. We get in letters a vivid picture of the mobbing of a newspaper office when Henry Ward Beecher was the editor of "The Journal," and, with pistols in his pocket, fulminated against slavery. In 1839 a colored domestic was taken into the family, and it was found necessary to spirit her away some miles into the country, in order to prevent her recapture by her former Southern owner. But even when health permitted, home duties sadly interfered with literary work, of which little was accomplished. Yet there was small doubt in the Stowe household that she was called to literature, and when, in 1849, her husband accepted a professorship in Bowdoin College, Maine, and the family removed to New England, Mrs. Stowe knew herself to be ripe to write the epic of the slave. In 1850 she took a burning interest in the Fugitive Slave Law, and when the suggestion came from her brother's wife, Mrs. Edward Beecher, to make a story on slavery, she was ready for the task. It was a time of moment to the world when, in the little Brunswick parlor, the young wife and mother, after reading the letter, crushed it in her hand, rose from her chair, and exclaimed: "I will write something. I will if I live!" Never was fiction

: Offering with meanness she came forward
 & delivered her basket. — it was of pale might as
 •Seymour you could but affecting anger he said
 What you lazy beast! shoot again! stand aside
 you could it pretty soon
 The woman gave a groan & utter despair
 & sat down on a board

FROM THE MANUSCRIPT OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN," OWNED BY MISS E. T. STOWE.

born more directly and honestly of ethical interest and indignation. It was, as her son says, the cry of a woman's heart, not of her head at all. The supereminent merits, the artistic defects, of the work are thus explained. There was behind it an American mother sensitive to liberty, with memories of Bunker Hill and Concord in her mind, who had loved and lost children of her own, and who came of a stock dedicate by principle and practice to the pursuit of righteousness. These are things to consider in any estimate of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," whether as a work of art or as a power in the world.

It has been emphasized of late that in 1849 a certain colored man was brought a number of times to the Stowe house at Walnut Hill, Cincinnati, where he told his piteous story of escape, capture, and cruel privation, and this man is pointed to as the prototype of the hero in the great novel. The «original» Uncle Tom and the «original» Topsy seem to some to be of supreme importance. Concerning this Uncle Tom of Walnut Hill, it is sufficient to say that while no doubt such a man appeared there, talked with the mistress, and moved her to pity for his misfortunes, his story is by no means that of the character immortalized by the writer. The simple truth is that this incident, like many another, acted as a suggestion to Mrs. Stowe, as she brooded over her work; it is a misconception of her methods of literary labor (and, indeed, of almost all such labor which proves potent) to imagine that her Uncle Tom was starkly taken from life. In the same way, discussion has arisen concerning Lewis Clark of Lexington, Ky., a venerable colored man, describing himself as the original study for George Harris in the tale. That Mrs. Stowe did make use of one Lewis Clark in limning the character of Harris may be ascertained by any one who reads her «Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin», a book written explicitly to show the sources whence she drew the data for her fiction. The only question is, then, whether the Clark spoken of in the «Key» is the Kentucky Clark, with whom an alleged interview has recently been published. It is not only possible, but probable, that they are one and the same. A brother of the original Lewis, a well-known character in Boston, employed in the office of the assistant treasurer, affirms stoutly that his kinsman is alive in Lexington. The whole matter is one of the difference between Tweedledum and Tweedledee, and would have no interest were it not that a letter from one of Mrs. Stowe's daughters, which

has been printed, has been interpreted to deny the existence of such an impostor as Lewis Clark of Lexington. In fact, the letter did nothing of the kind; it only declared that a rumor about a certain Lewis Clark, printed in a periodical in 1891, was untrue, so far as it had any connection with Mrs. Stowe.

It may be repeated that the whole ques-

tribute something to its columns. This periodical was in those days of much literary merit, Whittier being a corresponding editor, and Mrs. Southworth, Alice and Phoebe Cary, and Grace Greenwood, among its contributors. Mrs. Stowe began upon the story, writing first the scene on the Legree plantation where Uncle Tom is so brutally misused. She then penned the opening chapters, and



DRAWN BY CHARLES HERBERT WOODBURY.

THE HOUSE AT BRUNSWICK, MAINE, WHERE «UNCLE TOM'S CABIN» WAS WRITTEN.

tion as to the prototypes of the book is hardly worth mooted. It was the frequent assertion of the author in her prime that the character of Uncle Tom was drawn from no particular person, and she is perfectly frank in the «Key» in stating her sources and suggestions when any exist. This is in no way incompatible with the concessions first made. The fiction was essentially a product both of the outer experiences and the inward life of the writer; its types, figures, and scenes came of the creative imagination, differing from the raw material offered by objective facts, because of the selective instinct and transmuting touch of the born story-teller. Mrs. Stowe threw off the book in a moral white heat,—an improviser like Walter Scott, Dumas the elder, and George Sand,—and the magical influence of her first novel is largely explained in this way.

Thus instigated by her kinsfolk to write on a subject her soul was full of, an additional incentive came in the shape of a letter from Dr. Gamaliel Bailey, editor of the Washington «National Era», requesting her to con-

sent them to Dr. Bailey, writing instalment after instalment at Brunswick, as the successive parts appeared—a dangerous method of procedure, but in this case not seeming to injure the quality or power of the tale. The story was published serially from June, 1851, to April, 1852. The account of its instant and immense success reads almost like a fairy-tale. The shy, modest wife of the country professor awoke, like Byron, to find herself famous: the days of poverty were over; in four months her royalties were ten thousand dollars; within a year three hundred thousand copies were sold in the United States alone, while in England forty editions appeared within the same time. Thus was the most widely sought book of modern times, within the domain of literature, started on its course of unprecedented popularity. It was dramatized the same year of its publication, and the foreign translations also began at once, extending to twenty lands, beginning with France. Nor was «Uncle Tom's Cabin» merely a popular success. Letters received by the author from the leading

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writers of America and England added welcome critical appreciation. One or two such may be cited. Longfellow wrote: "I congratulate you most cordially upon the immense success and influence of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' It is one of the greatest triumphs recorded in literary history, to say nothing of the higher triumph of its moral effect." Perhaps no criticism ever received by Mrs. Stowe was keener, more authoritative, and kinder than that of Mr. Lowell, in a letter written mainly in reference to another story,—"The Minister's Wooing,"—but touching on the earlier book. "From long habit," he says, "and from the tendency of my studies, I cannot help looking at things from an æsthetic point of view, and what I valued in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' was the genius and not the moral. That is saying a good deal, for I never use the word *genius* at haphazard and always (perhaps too) sparingly." This dictum from a truly great critic may be taken as an antidote by those who in their zeal for pointing out technical defects in the novel fail to see its very palpable merits—the vivid realization of scene and character, and the dramatic instinct for story-telling. Needless to say that the effect of the story upon public

thought both here and abroad was electric; the air was surcharged with feeling, and ready to become impassioned. Call "Uncle Tom's Cabin" special pleading or no, as we will, after its reading the Missouri Compromise was felt to be a monstrous, an impossible thing.

At the age of forty-one, then, Harriet Beecher Stowe found herself a writer of transatlantic reputation, whose every future book would be an event in the literary world. Her first novel was written at forty, when she was a mature woman, acquainted with grief, and had lived widely and well in the best sense. It may be recalled that George Eliot (between whom and Mrs. Stowe a sincere friendship was destined to spring up) wrote her "Scenes of Clerical Life" at thirty-seven—another example of a comparatively late turning to fiction by a writer of power. Henceforth Mrs. Stowe's experiences were to be broader, richer, more varied. In 1852 she went to Europe for the first of her three foreign trips, which extended her horizon in all ways, and brought her precious friends among the chosen of England and elsewhere. Her travel was almost a royal progress in respect to the attention paid her by the pop-



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

MRS. STOWE'S HOUSE AT MANDARIN, FLORIDA, 1878.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



DRAWN BY ALBERT ABENDSCHEIN.

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY HASTINGS, BOSTON.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, 1888.

ulace, while affectionate ties were formed with the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, Charles Kingsley, Lady Byron, John Ruskin, George Eliot, the Brownings, and many more. Throughout her wanderings, and in her contact with all classes in her own country, Mrs. Stowe remained what she always was—the simple, unpretending American woman, who regarded her gift as a trust from God, and was weighed down with a sense of its responsibility. Naturally of a retiring, even shrinking, disposition, she steadily preferred the quiet of the home-circle to all else the world could offer. A letter in which she describes her personal appearance is an index of her modest estimate of herself in

general: "I am a little bit of a woman, rather more than forty, as withered and dry as a pinch of snuff; never very well worth looking at in my best days, and now a decidedly used-up article." For many years her work in the United States was not only that of a *littérateur*, but of lecturer and propagandist as well, until the war with its wiping off of the blot of slavery gave her liberty to rest from her labors in that hard-fought field. The long crescendo of work in this kind found its climax in the publication in the "Atlantic," in 1863, of the reply which she wrote in response to the address to the women of America by the sister-women of Great Britain and Ireland, signed, it will be

remembered, by a shining list of great names. In her own person in that pronouncement she stood for and summed up the womanhood of her nation.

"Dred," intended by the writer to be in some sort a complement to the earlier novel, appeared in 1856, and one hundred thousand copies were sold in England within four weeks. Harriet Martineau thought it superior to "Uncle Tom," and the work certainly contains some vivid scenes, and, moreover, has the merit of depicting the normal social conditions in the South during slavery days. Then two years later came "The Minister's Wooing," which most critics will agree with Mr. Lowell in considering her best work, technically viewed. "The Minister's Wooing," "The Pearl of Orr's Island," and "Old Town Folks," produced during the fourteen years between 1855 and 1869, although by no means on a level of workmanship, constitute pioneer fiction in an important field, fruitfully developed in later days by Mrs. Cooke, Miss Jewett, Miss Wilkins, and others. These tales are no slight part of the author's literary creation, and historically are of significance in the evolution of American story-making. Half a dozen books were written by Mrs. Stowe after 1869, the last so late as 1881. But it is best to regard her major activity as closed with the year 1870.

In 1863 the family moved from Andover, Mass., with whose seminary Professor Stowe had long been connected, to Hartford, Conn. It was natural that Mrs. Stowe should come to the Connecticut city where she had studied as a school-girl, and where her sister

Isabella Beecher Hooker was living. In the course of a decade the growth of manufacturing interests had so encroached upon her property that the place was disposed of, and the Stowes moved a short distance to Forest street, and bought a cottage, the houses of Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner being hard by. Here she lived for more than twenty-two years. In the old days active with her pen, and often seen in the society of the little city, for the last dozen years she had been in entire seclusion from social duties and pleasures, and incapacitated from literary labor. Her last public appearance as a woman of letters was on June 14, 1882, on the occasion of a garden party, given by her publishers at Newtonville, Mass., in honor of her seventieth birthday. In 1865 Mrs. Stowe purchased and fitted up an attractive Southern home in Mandarin, Fla., and thither she repaired for twenty years, giving up the wonted south-faring in 1885 because of her husband's failing health.

Mrs. Stowe's experiences were exceptional, her achievements conspicuous. The ethical was dominant in her career—the world of spirits, ideas, ideals, and aspirations was the world of her chief interest. In the making of her mightiest book she regarded herself as a medium—in the noble sense of that much misused word. "Are you not thankful, Mrs. Stowe," said a neighbor of late, "that you wrote 'Uncle Tom's Cabin?'" With a flash of the old fire she replied, "I did not write that book: God put a pen into my hand; he wrote it."

Richard Burton.



DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE.

BRACELET MADE IN IMITATION OF THE MANACLES OF A SLAVE.

Presented to Mrs. Stowe by Harriet Elizabeth Georgiana, second Duchess of Sutherland, in 1853, at a reception at Stafford House, London. The links bear, with certain antislavery dates, the following inscription: "562848, March 19, 1853" (the date and number of signatures to the address by the women of England to the women of America). The sheets of this address were sent to all the English colonies, and wherever British residents could be found. It was presented to Mrs. Stowe by the Duchess of Sutherland, and is now bound in twenty-four large volumes.



DRAWN BY CHARLES KNIGHT.

BY PERMISSION OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE SEMI-AQUATIC PATRIOFELIS OF THE BRIDGER LAKE.

From a mounted skeleton in the museum.

PREHISTORIC QUADRUPEDS OF THE ROCKIES.

BY PROF. HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN,

Curator of Vertebrate Paleontology in the American Museum of Natural History.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES KNIGHT.

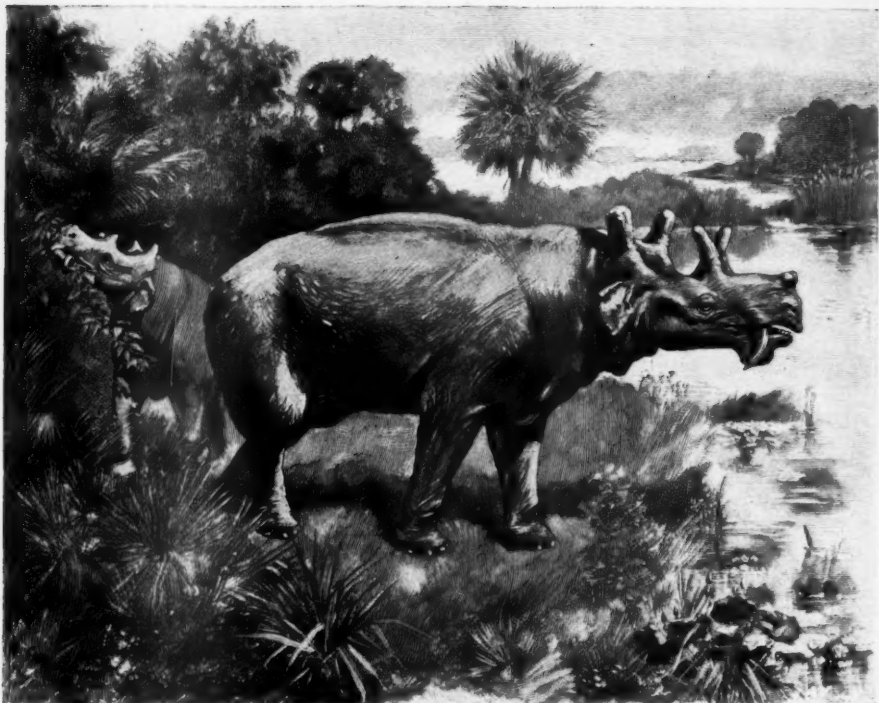
... And reconstructed there
From those same bones an animal
That was extremely rare.—BRET HARTE.

IN the American Museum of Natural History, and in the office of *THE CENTURY*, the writer has been exhorted somewhat as follows: «We appreciate all that is said of life in the great West a million or so years ago, and understand your enthusiasm; but will you not tell us about these animals in every-day language, avoiding *Loxolophodon*, *Titanotherium*, and other polysyllabled words, and calling them by their familiar names?»

Full of this well-meant advice, we look over the nine ancient beasts which have been so cleverly pictured by Charles Knight¹ under our direction, and observe that death has played havoc in their noble families. Only one has survived the wrecks of time: the four-toed horse, by far the smallest of the nine. Two others have been dead, say, a million years each, about three miles of rock lying vertically over their graves; but happily

¹ Several months have been given by Mr. Knight to the water-colors from which these pictures have been made, under the direction of the writer and Dr. Wortman of the American Museum of Natural History, Central Park, New York City. They are designed to give

an idea of the living forms of the remarkable extinct animals which are being collected for the museum, to be exhibited to the public in October. The water-colors are a gift to the museum from Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan.



DRAWN BY CHARLES KNIGHT.

BY PERMISSION OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE GREAT FOUR-HORNED UINTATHERE OF THE BRIDGER REGION, SOUTHERN WYOMING AND UTAH.

From a skull and skeleton in the museum.

for the reader, a distant strain of rhinoceros blood coursed in their veins, and we may speak of one as the aquatic or «swimming rhinoceros» (*Metamynodon*), and of the other as the cursorial or «running rhinoceros» (*Hyracodon*). A fourth animal, the *Elothere*, might be described as the «giant two-toed pig»—if the reader will remember that the animal is emphatically not a pig. Here the possibilities of familiarity come to a sudden stop, for the remaining brutes are absolutely without the most remote living kinship, and the use of such terms as elephant, wolf, deer, or others which may be suggested by the illustrations, would violate one of the first canons of popular science—namely, never to seek clearness at the expense of truth. So we must Anglicize the Greek terms, which are, fortunately, euphonious and intelligible, and recognize the *Uintathere* (*Uintah* beast) as the great quadruped whose bones are found buried about the base of the *Uintah* Mountains of southern Wyoming, and the *Titanother* (giant beast) as the largest inhabitant of the great lakes east of the Rockies.

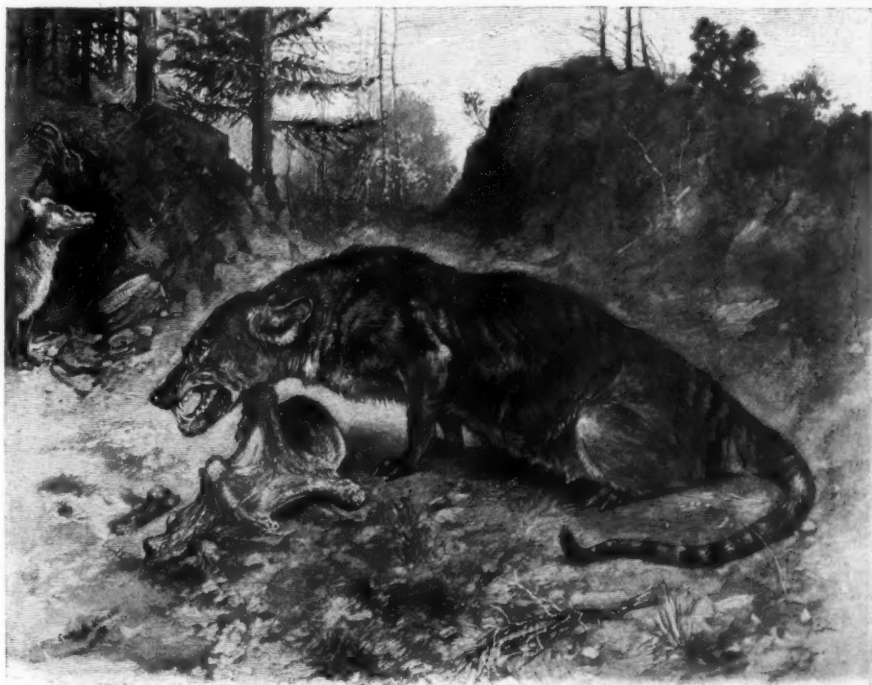
Before describing the animals themselves,

we may stop to note what our present knowledge of them has cost in human skill and endurance. Every one of these pictures is drawn from a complete skeleton hewn out of the solid rock, and each of these skeletons represents years and years of arduous exploration in which Wortman, Hatcher, Peterson, and others sent out by the American Museum, by Princeton, or by Yale, have become famous. Our party found the *Titanother* in a broiling alkali cañon of South Dakota. Its head was protruding from a hard sandstone cliff, and the chest, limbs, and trunk were chiseled out by the men under a rude shelter which lowered the noon temperature to 106°. They were encouraged to think that the whole beast had been mired in a standing position. This was probably the case originally but suddenly they came across a fault: it appeared that the hind limbs had been swept away; and it required two years' more searching before bones of an animal of a corresponding size were secured. Every other skeleton has its own story of determination, disappointment, and surprise.

The old lake-basins, once on sea-level, and

enriched by the moist, balmy winds of the Pacific, are now elevated from four to five thousand feet. The only redeeming feature of their present aspect of absolute barrenness is that the absence of vegetation leaves the old graves and burying-grounds bare. Fossil bones and skeletons are not plentiful—far from it; but a trained eye sees a great distance along the bare gullies, cliffs, and cañons, and your daily scramble of fifteen to twenty miles enables you to prospect over a vast stretch. You are off in the morning, stiffened by a frosty night. You know by sad experience that the ice in the basins does not promise a cool day. Your backbone is still freezing while the sun begins to broil and blister your skin, and you are the living embodiment of the famous dessert served by the Japanese—a hot crust without, an ice within. Your trail begins on the upland, which may be the actual level of the old lake-bottom; and as if walking through a graveyard, you never look for bones until the land breaks away by erosion. When you reach the edge of this upland, you look off into a sea of rock, sometimes wild beyond

description, and you plunge down the slope to a certain level. Then you follow this level round and round and in and out. Here you are on a seam which bears fossils. Above and below it are other similar fossiliferous seams, and between them are barren seams where you will not find a bone if you search till doomsday. This level, perhaps, represents the delta of a great mountain river which swept the animals out with coarse sand, pebbles, and debris. Sometimes you walk miles and miles, up and down, day after day, and see nothing but common turtle bones, which are so deceptive and tempting at a distance that the fossil-hunter profanely kicks them aside. Turtles are found everywhere because they swam out, basked in the sunshine of the mid-lakes, and occasionally sank to the bottom, while the carcasses of land animals were buried in the deltas or nearer shore. In such a fossil-barren land the heat seems twice as torrid, on the buttes your muscles and back ache doubly, your tongue lies parched from the last gulp of alkali water, your soul abhors a fossil, and longs for the green shade of the East, and the watermelon,



DRAWN BY CHARLES KNIGHT.

BY PERMISSION OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE LARGEST CARNIVORE, MESONYX, OF THE UTAH LAKE, NORTHERN UTAH.

From a skull in the museum and a skeleton in the Princeton Museum.

when, all of a sudden, a little projecting bone strikes your wearied eye. You fall on your knees, and breathe gently on the loose sand; a little scraping, and you see the signs of a skull—perhaps of some missing link. The thrill of discovery spreads like an elixir through your frame, and two or three hours later, after carefully cutting out the prize, you walk vigorously back to camp, every inch a man. Thus fossil-hunting is a life of vicis-

and turtles, precisely like those of to-day, pushed their way among the rushes, ferns, and palmettos. In spring the Judas-tree and the acacia bloomed; in the autumn the persimmon sweetened. Canes and palms gave shade along the alkali levels, while upon the hills the birch, chestnut, ash, linden, hickory, and sumac passed their vernal and autumnal phases of color. A Louisianian from the Teche country would feel quite at home in



DRAWN BY CHARLES KNIGHT.

BY PERMISSION OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE FOUR-TOED HORSE, FOUR HANDS HIGH, FOUND IN THE WASATCH LAKE OF THE BIG HORN MOUNTAINS, NORTHERN WYOMING.

From a mounted skeleton in the museum.

situdes and emotions. The fossil-hunter is predestined to his work, like the sportsman. He returns East in the autumn, vowing he will never go back to the Bad Lands; but as the favorable months of spring come round he becomes more and more restless until he is off.

The country that is as hot as Hades, watered by stagnant alkali pools, is almost invariably the richest in fossils. Here, in fact, as you find the greatest variety and number of bones, you enjoy the most delightful flights of the scientific imagination; when parched and burned, you conjure before you the glories of these ancient lakes. About their shores alligators

such a vision of one or two million years back, so far as his eye fell only upon the alligator and the garpike, and upon equally conservative trees and plants, which have not changed from that day to this. The streams and bayous would seem familiar. The only landscape features strange to his eye would be the low ranges of hills, the embryonic Uintah and Rocky Mountains. We can imagine his repose beside a Bridger stream rudely disturbed by the spring of a huge, otter-like animal upon a half-grown alligator dozing upon the bank. This beast (destined to yield the first fragment of his jaw-bone some eons later to the veteran Joseph Leidy, and to be



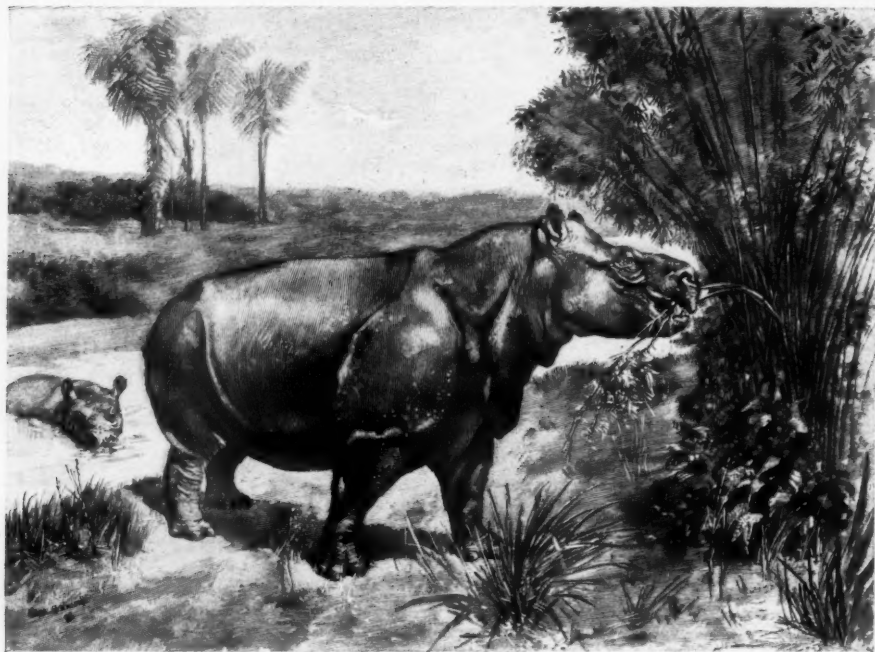
DRAWN BY CHARLES KNIGHT.

TTANOTHERE FAMILY—BULL, COW, AND CALF—OF THE SOUTH DAKOTA LAKE BASIN.
From a mounted skeleton and skulls in the museum.

BY PERMISSION OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

termed *Patriofelis*) shows broad feet with spreading toes, probably webbed between, as best shown in his mate snarling upon the bank. A short forehead, a few sharp teeth like those of the cat, a very long body, and an extremely powerful tail indicate that he is a swimmer, and could follow the alligator into the water if necessary. The animal's chief distinction, however, is its extremely small brain: for, while his whole frame nearly equals

our imagination from the point where we witnessed the capture of the alligator downstream, as the sluggish river broadens into the Bridger Lake, with the low Uintah hills in the distance. Coming round a turn, we observe a huge quadruped with a very long, narrow skull surmounted by four horns—a larger pair just over the ears, and a smaller pair just above the eyes; the snout terminates in two knobs; the lower jaw is very shallow



DRAWN BY CHARLES KNIGHT.

BY PERMISSION OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

AQUATIC RHINOCEROS, METAMYNODON, OF THE SOUTH DAKOTA LAKE BASIN.

From a mounted skeleton in the museum.

that of a tiger, his brain is little larger than that of a terrier dog, the impression of a well-rounded head being entirely due to the large masses of jaw-muscles between the ears. This lack of brain-power was apparently a costly deficit in the *Patriofelis* family income; for fine as these animals were in frame and muscular development, they appear to have gone under in the struggle for existence.

As the archæologist among the ruins of Nineveh measures his progress by his ability to restore the ancient palaces and temples, dress, habits, and conversation of the Ninevites, so the paleontologist strives to place himself back upon the borders of these old lakes; bones and fossil plants are his cuneiform characters. Let us, therefore, follow

behind, but dips in front into two deep flanges which seem to protect the two great upper tusks. Coming up behind this brute is his female companion, distinguished by shorter horns and smaller tusks. She is using her tusks to tear down a branch, when, with a rapid side motion of the head, she rips off the leaves into the broad gape of the mouth. The body is longer, but otherwise like that of an elephant, the limbs and feet being heavy and clumsy. The eye is small and inexpressive, and below the hollow of the space back of it lies relatively the smallest brain known in any warm-blooded animal. The body weighs perhaps two tons, while the brain is about the size of that of a dog, and weighs less than a pound. The ratio of brain weight to body



DRAWN BY CHARLES KNIGHT.

BY PERMISSION OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

CURSorial RHINOCEROS, HYRACODON, OF THE SOUTH DAKOTA LAKE BASIN.

From a skeleton in the Princeton Museum.

weight is therefore about $\frac{1}{1000}$,¹ and this gigantic Uintathere² is heavily handicapped by his stupidity, and by the very small size of his grinding-teeth. At all events, he is the last of a long-race of animals which arose back in the reptilian period.

The next animal one sees is up among a grove of young sequoias, standing over the skull of a Uintathere. He has a very long, low body, somewhat like that of the Tasmanian wolf, terminating in a powerful tail, short limbs, and flattened nails (hence the name Mesonyx, or half-claw, given him by Cope). The wide gape of his mouth exposes a full set of very much blunted teeth, which prove that this huge flesh-eater could himself hardly have killed the Uintathere, but has driven away some other beast from the carcass. Perhaps, like the bear, he had a taste for all kinds of food, or, as Cope has suggested, by his fondness for terrapin he may have blunted his teeth in breaking through the

soft-shelled turtles (Trionyx) which are so abundant in this lake. This is another animal with a very small brain, and is also the very last of his race.

The modern game exterminator, who shoots everything he sees, and robs Nature of what she has been ages in evolving, may claim that Nature herself sets the example of destruction when he learns that the Uintathere, the Patriofelis, and the Mesonyx were doomed, and never fed or browsed upon the borders of the great Nebraska-Dakota Lake which succeeded the Wyoming-Utah, or Bridger, Lakes which we have been exploring. But the case is really not parallel, for, whereas the wanton hunter leaves no life in his trail, Nature always replaces one form of life by another.

If we leave the lake shore, and pass into the drier upland, we discover the clever little four-toed horse, swift, alert, intelligent. He is, to use the modern measure, only four hands, or sixteen inches, high, so he would not reach the knee of the Uintathere, and could be devoured at one sitting by the Patriofelis. His limbs are as slender as pencils.

¹ In the fishes this ratio is the lowest, $\frac{1}{1000}$. In man it is the highest, $\frac{1}{15}$.

² *Uintatherium cornutum*, Cope. The animal was first named by Leidy.

His large eyes are much farther forward than in the horse. He could readily hide among the taller stalks, and it is possible that he had the beginning of protective stripes imitating reed shadows upon his neck and mane. In his hair and coloring, however, we pass into pure conjecture. His well-worn chisel-shaped front teeth indicate that he was already a cropper or browser, and the evident secret of his triumphant persistence over his ponderous

about the subsidence of his Atlantic coastline. If he had explored to the north he would have found the dry bottom of the old Wasatch Lake there. But this prophetic warning of the approaching drainage of the Bridger Lake would have given him little uneasiness, because the recession of the waters was so inconceivably slow. Yet the mountains were irresistibly rising in the north, and tilting this beautiful Bridger sheet toward the



DRAWN BY CHARLES KNIGHT.

BY PERMISSION OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE SIX-HORNED PROTOCERAS OF THE ANCIENT BLACK HILLS, SOUTH DAKOTA LAKE.

From a skeleton in the Princeton Museum.

contemporaries is that he learned to browse just about the time that grasses began to appear. He was the animal for the times.

The Louisianian would probably not have been more disturbed by earth tremors if he had taken up his residence in Wyoming 2,000,000 B. C., than our New Jerseyman is

south into the Uintah Lake of Utah. As this lake was also drained off by the Colorado, and converted into a river-basin, wherein no fossil records are kept, a blank chapter would have occurred in our history but for a decree of Nature which should make every paleontologist grateful to the Creator. By this



DRAWN BY CHARLES KNIGHT.

ELOTHERE, OR GIANT PIG, OF THE SOUTH DAKOTA LAKE.
Drawn from a skeleton in the Princeton Museum.

BY PERMISSION OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

decree, while the Uintah Lake to the west of the Rockies was still drying, the great lakes along the eastern slopes of the Rockies began to form as a new burial ground upon a grand scale from Canada to the Gulf.

This newer cemetery of vast age was first made known to us, in 1847, by the discovery of part of the lower jaw of an animal akin to the attractive family group represented at noonday rest upon page 709. Thirty years of almost continuous exploration have brought us to the point where we can restore these beasts with some degree of confidence.

The Titanotheres, although the reigning plutocrat of the South Dakota Lake, as we may call it, was no feral parvenu or upstart. He boasted a family tree branching back to a small tribe which lived in a modest way beside the Wasatch Lake some half million years before. These small but hardy ancestors had seen the Uintatheres swell in size, take on horns, and disappear. Apparently no record of this fact was preserved, for hardly had the Uintatheres gone to earth when the Titanotheres family, unmindful of the fate attending horns and bulk, began to develop horns which sprouted like humps over the eyes, as may be seen in the little calf. For a while the males and females had humps of the same moderate size, but as the premium upon horns rose, the old bulls made great capital of them, fighting each other, and butting the females who would not return their courtship—a fact attested by broken ribs. Finally these horns attained a prodigious size in the bulls, branching off from the very end of the snout, unlike anything in existing nature. In the mean time this "Titan-beast," as Leidy well named him, acquired a great hump upon his back nearly ten feet above the ground, while he stretched out to a length of fourteen feet, and expanded to a weight of two tons. He increased in number also, as one sees in the scores of his petrified bones. This prosperity was, however, fatal, for in the stratum above not a trace of this family remains. It is difficult to assign the cause of this sudden exit; it was certainly not lack of brains. Vast floods, extensive droughts, cold waves, epidemics, suggest themselves as possible causes, but change of flora seems the more probable. The Titanotheres grinding-tooth was not of a type which could adapt itself even to a slight change of vegetation, and this animal died out at the very climax of his greatness.

He made way for the interregnum of the swimming or aquatic rhinoceros (*Metamynodon*), which appears in numbers in the over-

lying strata. It was when we undertook to place the muscles, hide, and features upon this strange beast in this painting that we discovered that he was probably a water-lover. The first suggestion came when we located the eyes, and recognized that they were placed very high upon the face, apparently to keep them out of water, as in the hippopotamus. Then the high nostrils opening upward, the recurved tusks adapted to the uprooting of plants along the river banks, the four-toed, spreading front feet, entirely unlike those of the modern rhinoceros, and effective in swimming, all seemed to confirm the aquatic theory. The forefathers of this brute also roamed or swam along the Bridger Lake, while his descendants went abroad, and the family passed its declining years in France not far from the site of Paris. We should remember, in this connection, that a journey to Europe in those days was not made across the Atlantic, but overland by way of the Isthmus of Bering Strait, and thence across Asia.

As remarked at the beginning, this *Metamynodon* was not a bona-fide rhinoceros, but a side branch from the same stock. The thoroughbred rhinoceros was, however, abundant. In fact, after the Titanotheres had been gathered to his fathers, you or I would not have felt nearly so strange in South Dakota as our Louisiana friend did along the Bridger Lake. Most of the queer archaic beasts had given up the struggle. We would have recognized the rhinoceroses immediately; also the tapirs, the llamas, or ancestral camels, fierce cats of the size of the puma, the dogs, and the monkeys. The little four-toed horses would have perhaps puzzled us for a moment because of their small size, short heads and limbs, but several other quadrupeds would have made us feel that we had given too much attention to the classics, and that our own zoölogical education had somehow been deficient.

For instance, leaving the swimming rhinoceros at the lake border, and the true rhinoceros in the grasses and shrubbery of the lower meadows, and climbing up among the lower Black Hills, we might have seen a large herd of *Hyracodonts*, or cursorial rhinoceroses, galloping by, frightened by a crouching ancestor of the saber-tooth tiger. As Scott has demonstrated, these light-limbed animals were horse-like to a surprising degree in the shoulders, haunches, and limbs. So we feel that we are not far from the truth in giving them the awkward gallop of the instantaneously photographed horse. They were, however, in no real sense horses,—ex-

cept in this wonderful mimicry of habit,—for the teeth prove them to be rhinoceroses, small, light, and swift-footed, in extreme contrast of structure with the swimming type.

Still farther up among the hills we startle a pair of animals (Protoceras) which are beautifully graceful, except in the head and snout. The buck (for they are very remotely related to the deer family) proudly displays a profusion of bony horns, a pair between the ears, a much smaller pair between the eyes, and two very prominent bony plates behind the nostrils, below which spring two sharp tusks, as in the musk-deer. The doe lacks the tusks and all the horns. This much is certain. Here is a favorable chance to take the reader into our confidence, and admit that the form of the snout, the shape of the ears, the coloring of the back and belly, the rings of dark hair about the neck and ankles, are in the highest degree uncertain. In this case they are all studied from the antelope. The rocks preserve only bones and teeth, the position of the eyes, ears, nose, mouth, the strength and position of the muscles. All else in such restoration is pure conjecture, in which we reason and depict only by analogy.

So with our giant pig, or Elothere, which we might suddenly confront when returning after our mountain climb to the river and lake-level. His bristles, his great shaggy mane, the dewlaps swinging from the great bony knobs under his chin and jaws—all these are inferences from the remote kinship

of this beast to the pig family which one must also take with a mental reservation.

There is no doubt that the Elothere was a pig of the first rank, and thoroughly cosmopolitan in his range. While the Titanotheres were extant he maintained the humble size of the tapir, but when these rivals and the swimming rhinoceroses passed away the reign of the giant hogs began. They acquired skulls nearly four feet long, armed with huge cheek bones and under jaw-plates, powerful upper limbs, and narrow, stilted feet, differing from those of the pig in the absence of dew-claws; the shoulders rose into a hump, but the chest was shallow and feeble. The open mouth displayed a row of pointed front teeth used in rooting and grubbing, as shown in the animal on the bank.

Thus we conclude a glimpse of two phases of ancient life in the Western lakes, two brief episodes out of hundreds in the long history of the great West.

All these monsters had their day, while the sun shone, the birds warbled, the insects hummed over thousands of miles of water and luxuriant sub-tropical bloom. Meanwhile the Western continent slowly rose, the Sierra shut off more and more of the sweet influences of the Pacific, and before the arrival of man this splendid assemblage of life was finally replaced by the hardy animals of the hills, the small and colorless denizens of the desert, and the ruminants of the plains. The complete restoration of the glories of that earlier era is the dream and ambition of the fossil-hunter.

Henry Fairfield Osborn.

IN ABSENCE.

AS one who turns from waves upon the shore
To dream a distant ocean in the sky,
Thine absent presence sways my spirit more
Than all the human voices thronging nigh.

How visible, yet how removed, are these
Strong hands I touch, these kisses on my face,
When sunset, smiling wistful through the trees,
Again enslaves me to thy vanished grace!

My thoughts outrun the senses slow, to share
In some unfettered realm our old delight,
As if a vibrant chord had thrilled the air
And loosed wide wings a-quivering for flight.

I breathe thy hidden fragrance, feel thee near,
Disdainful of each barrier's control,
Till all my world becomes thy symbol, dear,
And parting but a gateway of the soul.

Martha Gilbert Dickinson.

THE GOLD-FIELDS OF GUIANA.

AN ARIZONA MINER'S ADVENTURES IN THE DISPUTED TERRITORY.



HAD been mining for gold and silver in Arizona, and having had indifferent success, decided to take a run through the mining regions of Mexico. In Culiacan I met a California prospector named Joseph Beardsley. While we were in the State of Chiapa, Beardsley received a letter from an old mining partner in Nicaragua, stating that he had found a rich lode, and inviting Beardsley to join him. When Beardsley arrived at his friend's cabin he was just in time to bury him, he having been murdered by some Nicaraguans, presumably for the gold in his possession. Beardsley, who was unable to find the lode, was virtually chased out of its vicinity. A letter giving me an account of this adventure stated that he was on his way to the States of Colombia. He went up the Magdalena River to the Andes, and from there wrote me that he had discovered a rich quartz ledge, and urged me to meet him at Bogota. I set out to join him; but at Colon I met some miners returning from that region, who told me that he had been drowned. That was the last I ever heard of him.

Instead of going to Colombia, where a paper dollar was worth only thirty cents and a silver dollar fifty cents, I took passage for Venezuela. At Porto Cabello the first man I met was the American consul, to whom I explained my plans, which included a prospecting tour in the district of Valencia, north of the Orinoco. He advised me strongly not to go into the interior of Venezuela, explaining that two men sent out by him to prospect were in jail, and he was having a hard time getting them out. This was in 1892.

Owing to the unsettled state of affairs in Venezuela, I departed for British Guiana, where life and property were secure. On arriving at Georgetown, the beautiful capital of the colony, with about sixty thousand inhabitants, I found a hundred California miners stranded and full of indignation. They had been lured to Guiana by a letter which had found wide circulation in the newspapers of the Pacific coast. A man who had served as cook in a California mining-camp had gone to Guiana, and had found a good position as

manager of a placer-mine on the Barima River. Elated by his good fortune, he wrote a glowing account of his prospects to his wife in California. She showed the letter to the editor of the local paper, who published it as an item of important mining news. This letter within a short time had the effect of starting groups of men from the coast mining-fields, some of them even from British Columbia. It was a time of depression in the mining industries of the Pacific coast, and a great many miners were out of employment. Though the writer of the letter had no intention of attracting others to his El Dorado, the Californians, who had assumed that it would be as easy to prospect for gold in Guiana as in California, regarded him as the author of their misadventure, and indulged freely in threats of vengeance. No harm came to him, however, because it is not a light matter to violate the laws in British Guiana. As these stranded miners had no money, they were unable to prospect, which requires a more or less expensive outfit; and they could not find employment in the diggings for the reason that white men are not employed on the placers, except as managers; and in fact nearly all the managers, like the laborers, are colored men. The Californians had great difficulty in getting away; some of them reached home as stowaways; a very few obtained situations. One of them was engaged for six months as manager of a placer-mine on the Potaro River, owned by a syndicate of colored men, which produced from three hundred to four hundred ounces of gold a month. He fell ill just as his time was up. When he recovered he invested his savings in an outfit, and started up the Cuyuni River, but found nothing. Another man secured a situation partly through the fact of his being a freemason.

When I discovered that the only way of obtaining employment on a placer was to own one, in the fall of 1894 I joined fortune with another miner, and started for the Barima River. We arranged to stay two or three months, and our provisions for that time cost two hundred and fifty dollars. Taking passage on a steamer, we entered the Barima through the Moro passage, and at Mount Everard were taken into a boat which, pro-



MAIN STREET IN GEORGETOWN, BRITISH GUIANA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THOMAS DALGISH.

pelled by paddles, was carrying provisions and men to a placer-mine near Arakaka, the English government station eight or nine days up.

On the way up the river I noticed mud reefs crossing the Barima every few miles, and ranging in width from a few feet to forty. I prospected some of them, and found a few specks of fine gold, which miners called "eyes." I think these reefs indicate fissure veins. We passed by several placer-mines, but visited none until we came to the Warembea Syndicate, about four miles below Arakaka, and the same distance in from the river on the west bank. While prospecting inland we lost ourselves in one of the swamps which abound in that region. On our search for camp we crossed fully twenty times a creek running through the swamp, and finally came to a gigantic cypress-tree which served as a landmark. Each attempt that we made to get out of the swamp brought us back to the cypress-tree. Finally we succeeded in reaching higher ground, where we found an old line cut through the undergrowth in the manner of marking a mining-claim. By following this we succeeded in getting out. It is impossible to travel through the thick undergrowth of that region without a compass, and, as in this instance, even a compass proves to be almost useless.

At our camp near Arakaka we hewed a boat out of a tree, and paddled twenty-five miles up the stream to the first rapids. There

I was taken ill with dysentery, which was prevalent thereabouts, and was compelled to return to the hospital at Arakaka. While there I visited the Arakaka Development Company's mines, under the management of Mr. Owens, an American. This company was working both quartz- and placer-claims, which were very rich. The region is of volcanic formation. The quartz ledges are not so well defined as on the Cuyuni, but eventually, I think, the Barima will abound in quartz-mines. The ledges run invariably from northeast to southwest.

The Arakaka Development Company own sixty placer-claims, the operations in one of them being shown in the accompanying photograph. I may explain that placer-claims are located on watercourses, and are five hundred feet wide by fifteen hundred in length. The method of working them is simple. The ground is cleared of brush, and the first covering of clay is removed, until the gold-bearing gravel is exposed. This is called "stripping a pit" on the creek. Then a sluice is put in, to which the water of the creek is confined. Men are stationed on each side of the sluice to shovel in the gravel. This is washed by the water, and the gold is caught by the quicksilver in the riffles at the bottom of the sluice. A "clean-up" occurs every night, and therefore the miners know just what they are making from day to day. A section of the sluice is moved forward as they advance up the creek.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MRS. FREDERICK WHITE.

A PLACER OF THE ARAKAKA IMPROVEMENT COMPANY NEAR THE BARIMA RIVER.

When I fell ill I turned my outfit over to my partner, who found another companion, and went still farther up the river. Afterward he reported that the Barima rose so rapidly one night that the boat was swamped and the provisions flooded. Still he claimed that he found some placers, but I have reason to believe, on the contrary, that his efforts were fruitless. To restore my health it was necessary to return to Georgetown, where I went to the hospital.

In the fall of 1895 I set forth again with another companion, this time going up the

Cuyuni River. We took a small outfit. A prospector's first duty at Georgetown is to obtain a license from the colonial government. He must engage his men for four months, and advance them from five to eight dollars per man. Their wages are two shillings a day (about half a dollar in our money), and their rations, like the wages, are regulated by the government. A prospector on the Cuyuni usually employs from five to ten colored laborers. By steamer he proceeds from Georgetown to the Essequibo River, and a few miles above the junction of that river

with the Cuyuni he arrives at Bartaca Grove, where a British gold station is situated. There he engages a boat, with a captain, who steers, a bowman, who stands at the bow to avoid rocks, and four boatmen, unless he has enough laborers in his party to dispense with the boatmen. It takes from fourteen to twenty men to man one of these open boats.

seven or eight houses, we saw no Indians. On our approach they had fled, for they are exceedingly timid. They had about forty or fifty acres planted with the cassava-bush, from which tapioca is made. On returning to camp for supper one of the black laborers kept the camp lively with songs and stories in English, a kind of entertainment for which he showed



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THOMAS DALGLEISH.
 «STREAKING» A BOAT OVER THE TONOMO RAPIDS OF THE CUYUNI RIVER.

The government regulations compel a prospector to hire a captain and a bowman, the former's wages being fixed at three dollars a day, and the bowman's at a dollar and a half.

At Bartaca Grove, instead of hiring a boat for ourselves, we found passage with a Mr. Murray, a colored man who owned a placer on the Wayarima River, twenty miles back from the Cuyuni. When we left Bartaca Grove his boat was loaded to the government limit, leaving not more than six inches clear below the gunwale. It carried three or four tons of provisions, eighteen paddlers, and the same number of «tarpaulin men,» as they are called—laborers intended for the placers, who sit on the cargo, which is covered with tarpaulins. Setting out on a Saturday, we camped at the junction of the Mazaruni and Cuyuni Rivers. A few miles back there was an Indian village, which the captain of the boat, Murray, and I visited for the purpose of buying some cassava bread. Though we found

great talent. He would relate the «Arabian Nights» tales, slightly varied to give them the air of being his own adventures. Monday at noon we reached the rapids of the Little Ematu, at the head of tide-water, probably fifty miles above Bartaca Grove. There the boat was lightened by the «tarpaulin men,» who packed the greater part of the load on their heads, to a point above the rapids. The other men were two and a half days «streaking» with a rope the boat and the remainder of the provisions over the falls. On our return we shot the same rapids in one hour.

Above the next rapids, called the Big Ematu Falls, we took dinner at an old Dutch mine, where the stamp-mill and machinery were still to be seen, covered in their decay with creeping vines. On the top of the hill was a shaft about a hundred feet deep. I was told that at the bottom of the shaft there was a drift into the hill several hundred feet in length. Nobody could tell me when the mine



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. BROWN.

A PLACER OF THE BARNARD SYNDICATE NEAR THE POTARO RIVER.

was originally worked or why it was abandoned. A quartz reef crosses the river at that point, and in the river-bed I found rich indications of gold, where a cradle could be used to advantage. The origin of the mine was what is called a volcanic «blow-out,» and I think it was owing to the ignorance of geology of the original workers that they failed to find the ore-chute, or volcanic chimney. The present owners, who are among the most enterprising men in the colony, are now searching for it.

After ten days' paddling up the Cuyuni, with considerable difficulty in passing the Karamoo rapids, and afterward the Tonomo rapids, we reached a place called Quartzstone, near the mouth of the Wayarima River, where Mr. Murray's storehouse was situated. Then we traveled twenty miles up the Wayarima, where I prospected for a month. In the mean time my companion fell ill, and had to go back to Georgetown.

At this time I met C. C. Edwards, an old Arizona acquaintance. He and I joined outfits, and went five or six miles farther in, where we made camp. It rained nearly every day for two weeks, it being the autumn rainy season, and for that length of time we never

saw the sun. Everything in camp was covered with green mold. As we were in need of men and provisions, I made a journey back to Georgetown, where alone they could be obtained. I had barely got men and provisions together when Edwards appeared at Georgetown, elated at having found a fine placer. On applying at the gold commissioner's office we learned, to our chagrin, that it had been taken up by a syndicate years ago, and sold to another syndicate, although not entered on the government books. It is still in dispute between Edwards and the present claimants. The colonial laws with respect to claims are so stringently enforced that claim-jumping, where the English authorities are in control, is almost unheard of.

After this disappointment we purchased from a colored man three claims located fifteen miles from Quartzstone. We then got together a bigger outfit, and proceeded to our diggings in the manner previously described. This was in September, 1895. At the time we were at the Tonomo rapids (which are shown in the accompanying photograph) twenty-two men were drowned from one boat; only six escaped. Since then the government has prohibited captains from running those rapids,

and now oblige them to streak the boat down as well as up.

When we reached Quartzstone, Edwards took the men and went in from the river about fifteen miles to our placers on a tributary of the Wayarima. Being short of one hand, I stayed at the landing to supply the carrier with the provisions. Every placer has a man who does nothing else but pack provisions from the riverside to the placer. The government limit for the load is fifty pounds, but sometimes a hundred pounds, or even more is carried, but of course for extra pay. The colored boy Manuel whom I employed—not yet a grown man—on one occasion carried seventy pounds, while I, carrying two tents weighing about fifteen pounds, became very weary after traveling half the distance; thereupon he took one of the tents on top of his load. Probably he could have made the distance in four hours, but owing to my slowness it took us all day, and I arrived at our destination completely worn out. It is certainly impossible for a white man to labor in that swampy country.

I had been about three weeks at the river, forwarding our provisions, when I found that chills and fever were getting a hold on me; so I concluded to return to Georgetown. On arriving there I went out to pay some bills, and that night lay down on my cot feeling very tired. When I returned to consciousness I was in the hospital, and a colored man was standing beside my bed offering me some milk. A week elapsed before I could walk, and then the doctor told me I must have a change; so I took ship for New York.

The first fine placer on the Cuyuni was found in 1893 by a Frenchman named Jacobs. His outfit was furnished by two Portuguese named Carrara and Rosa. They took out from two hundred to three hundred pounds a month for two or three years, the gold being worth one hundred and ninety-five dollars a pound. When I reached there, in 1893, the placer was in full working order. Jacobs is said to have disposed of his gains at Monte Carlo; Carrara died insolvent; Rosa left a few thousands: that is, in brief, the history of the owners of one of the richest placer-mines in that country. The mine was sold in 1895 for fifteen hundred dollars, and Jacobs is now simply an employee in the placer.

The Barnard Syndicate has taken out a great deal of gold from placers situated on the Potaro River; but it is my impression that placer-mining is about over unless new

territory is opened up. Quartz-mining is still in its infancy. There are at present two quartz-mines in operation on the Barima River with a good showing; but they are in the disputed territory, and, I think, have been obliged to shut down. Quartz on the Cuyuni is finely defined, although there is not a quartz-mine on the river at present; but in all probability good quartz-mines will yet be worked in British Guiana.

At present it is impossible for a poor man to prospect to advantage in that country. He must purchase all his provisions at Georgetown; buy or hire a boat; pay big wages to his captain and bowman; and give security for the wages of his men, and pay for their food. I have known only one or two poor men who have made a stake out there.

After prospecting three or four months, which is very fatiguing and trying to the constitution of the strongest, a man may find nothing; but he will have learned a good deal. Then he may take a notion, if he has a few hundreds left, to buy another outfit. This time he may find a creek that will pay him one or two ounces a day in the tom. When that much is got in the tom sluices are soon put in, which yield two or three times as much gold. If he has the good fortune to keep his health and to find gold, he has to carry his yield to Bartaca Grove, where he passes through the gold station. Here every man, both laborer and master, is searched. Some think this very disagreeable, but I see nothing objectionable in the law, which is a great protection to the placer owner, the object being to prevent laborers and others from stealing gold. At Georgetown he must carry his gold to the commissioner's office, where he gets a permit to pay the royalty at another government office, after which he may sell it to the banks. Miners are not allowed to sell gold in the bush or in Georgetown. Each day a miner must enter his find in his gold-book, and if an inspector should come along and find gold that was not entered he might confiscate it. This is why a miner must buy his entire outfit in Georgetown, and have money enough to see himself through before he starts. All the British colonial officials, at least all that I came in contact with, are polite and gentlemanly. I have met foreigners who think their laws are very stringent, but I would rather be where there is some law than on the other side of the Yuruan, where there is none.

Thomas Dalgleish.

SIR GEORGE TRESSADY

• By Mrs Humphry Ward

Author of "Robert Elsmere" "The History of David Grieve"
"Marcella" etc

[BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.]

XXI.

"MY dear, you don't mean to say you have had her here for ten days?"

The speaker was Betty Leven, who had just arrived at Maxwell Court, and was sitting with her hostess under the cedars in front of the magnificent Caroline mansion which it was the never-ending task of Marcella's life to bring somehow into a democratic scheme of things.

A still September afternoon, lightly charged with autumn mists, lay gently on the hollows of the park. Betty was in her liveliest mood and her gayest dress. Her hat, a marvel in poppies, was perched high upon no less ingenious waves and frettings of hair. Her straw-colored gown, which was simple only for the untrained eye, gave added youth even to her childish figure, and her very feet, clothed in the smallest and most preposterous of shoes, had something merry and provocative about them as they lay crossed upon the wooden footstool Marcella had pushed toward her.

The remark just quoted followed upon one made by her hostess, to the effect that Lady Tressady would be down to tea shortly.

"Now, Betty," said Marcella, seriously, though she laughed, "I meant to have a few words with you on this subject first thing; let's have them. Do you want to be very kind to me, or do you ever want me to be very nice to you?"

Betty considered.

"You can't do half as much for me now as you once could, now that Frank's going to leave Parliament," she remarked, with as much worldly wisdom as her face allowed. "Nevertheless the quality of my nature is such that sometimes I might even be nice to you for nothing. But information before benevolence; why have you got her here?"

"Because she was fagged and unhappy in

London, and her husband had gone to take his mother abroad, after first doing Maxwell a great kindness," said Marcella,—not, however, without embarrassment, as Betty saw,—"and I want you to be kind to her."

"Reasons one and two no reasons at all," said Betty, meditating; "and the third wants examining. You mean that George Tressady went after Ancoats?"

Marcella raised her shoulders and was silent.

"If you are going to be stuffy and mysterious," said Betty, with vivacity, "you know what sort of a hedgehog I can be. How can you expect me to be nice to Letty Tressady unless you make it worth my while?"

"Betty, you infant! Well, then, he did go after Ancoats, got him safely away from Trouville, brought him to Paris to join Mrs. Allison, and in general has laid us all under very great obligations. Meanwhile, she was very much tired out with nursing her mother-in-law—"

"Oh, and such a mother-in-law—such a jewel!" ejaculated Betty.

"And I brought her down here to rest till he should come back from Wildheim and take her home. He will probably be here to-night."

The speaker reddened unconsciously during her story, a fact not lost on Betty.

"Well, I knew most of that before," said Betty, quietly. "And what sort of a time have you been having this ten days?"

"I have been glad to have her here," came the quick reply; "I ought to have known her long ago."

Betty looked at the speaker with a half-incredulous smile.

"You have been 'collecting' her, I suppose, as Hallin collects grasses. Of course, what I pine to know is what sort of a time *she's* had. You're not the easiest person in the world to get on with, my lady."

"I know that," said Marcella, sighing; "but I don't think she has been unhappy."

Betty's green eyes opened suddenly to the light.

"Are you ever going to tell me the truth? Have you got her under your thumb? Does she adore you?"

"Betty, don't be an idiot!"

"I expect she does," said Betty, thoughtfully, a myriad thoughts and conjectures passing through her quick brain as she studied her friend's face and attitude. "I see exactly what fate is going to happen to you in middle life. Women could n't get on with you when you were a girl—you did n't like them, nor they you; and now everywhere I hear the young women beginning to talk about you, especially the young married women; and in a few years you will have them all about you like a cluster of doves, cooing and confessing and making your life a burden to you."

"Well, suppose you begin," said Marcella, with meaning. "I'm quite ready. How are Frank's spirits since the great decision?"

"Frank's spirits?" said Betty. She leisurely took off her glove. "Frank's spirits, my dear, if you wish to know, are simply an affront to his wife. My ruined ambitions appear to affect him as Parrish's food does the baby. I prophesy he will have gained a stone by Christmas."

For the great step had been taken: Betty had given way, and Frank was to escape from politics. For three years Betty had held him to his task—had written his speeches, formed his opinions, and done her very best to train him for a statesman. But the young man had, in truth, no opinions, save, indeed, whatever might be involved in the constant opinion that Heaven had intended him for a country gentleman and a sportsman, and for nothing else. And at last a mixture of revolt and melancholy had served his purpose. Betty was subdued; the Chiltern Hundreds were in sight. The young wife, with many sighs, had laid down all dreams of a husband on the front bench. But, in compensation, she had regained her lover, and the honeymoon shone once more.

"Frank came to see me yesterday," said Marcella, smiling.

Betty sprang forward.

"What did he say? Did n't he tell you I was an angel? Now, there's a bargain! Repeat to me every single word he said, and I will devote myself, body and bones, to Letty Tressady."

"Hush!" said Marcella, laying two fingers on the pretty mouth. "Here she comes."

Letty Tressady, in fact, had just emerged from a side door of the house, and was slowly approaching the two friends on the terrace.

Lady Leven's discerning eye ran over the advancing figure. Marcella heard her make some exclamation under her breath. Then she rose with little, hurrying steps, and went to greet the newcomer with a charming ease and kindness.

Letty responded rather nervously. Marcella looked up with a smile, and pointed to a low chair, which Letty took with a certain stiffness. It was evident to Marcella that she was afraid of Lady Leven, who had, indeed, shown a marked indifference to her society at Castle Luton.

But Betty was disarmed. The "minx" had lost her color and, for the moment, her prettiness. She looked depressed, and talked little. As to her relation to Marcella, Betty's inquisitive brain indulged itself in a score of conjectures. "How like her!" she thought to herself; "to forget the wife's existence, to begin with, and then to make love to her by way of warding off the husband."

Meanwhile, aloud, Lady Leven professed herself exceedingly dissatisfied with the entertainment provided for her. Where were the gentlemen? What was the good of one putting on one's best frock to come down to a Maxwell Court Saturday to find only a "hen tea-party" at the end? Marcella protested that there were only too many men somewhere on the premises already, and more, with their wives, were arriving by the next train. But Maxwell had taken off such as had already appeared for a long cross-country walk.

Betty demanded the names, and Marcella gave them obediently. Betty perceived at once that the party was the party of a political chief obliged to do his duty. She allowed herself a good many shrugs of her small shoulders. "Oh, Mrs. Lexham—very charming, of course; but what's the good of being friends with a person who has five hundred people in London that call her 'Nelly'?" Lady Wendover? I ought to have had notice. A good mother? I should think she is! That's the whole point against her. She always gives you the idea of having reared fifteen out of a possible twelve. To see her beaming on her offspring makes me positively ashamed of being in the same business myself. Don't you agree, Lady Tressady?"

But Letty, whose chief joy a month before would have been to dart in on such a list with little pecking proofs of acquaintance, was leaning back listlessly in her chair, and could summon only a forced smile for answer.

"And Sir George, too, is coming to-night, is n't he?" said Lady Leven.

"Yes; I expect my husband to-night," said Letty, coldly, without looking at her questioner. Betty glanced quickly at the expres-

sion of the eyes, which were bent upon the farther reaches of the park; then, to Letty's astonishment, she bent forward impulsively and laid her little hand on Lady Tressady's arm.

"Do you mind telling me," she said in a loud whisper, with a glance over her shoulder, "your candid opinion of *her* as a country lady?"

Letty, taken aback, turned and laughed uneasily; but Betty went rattling on: "Have you found out that she treats her servants like hospital nurses; that they go off and on duty at stated hours; that she has workshops and art schools for them in the back premises; and that the first footman has just produced a cantata, which has been sent in to the committee of the Worcester Festival (be quiet, Marcella; if it is n't that, it's something near it); that she teaches the stable-boys and the laundry-maids old English dances, and the *pas de quatre* once a fortnight, and acts showman to her own pictures for the benefit of the neighborhood once a week? I came once to see how she did it, but I found her and the Gairsley ironmonger measuring the ears of the Holbeins—it seems you can't know anything about pictures now unless you have measured all the ears and the little fingers, which I hope you know. I did n't; so I fled, as she had n't a word to throw to me, even as one of the public. Then, perhaps, you don't know that she has invented a whole, new, and original system of game-preserving,—she and Frank fight over it by the hour,—that she has upset all the wage arrangements of the county,—that, perhaps, you do know, for it got into the papers,—and a hundred other trifles. Has she revealed these things?"

Letty looked in perplexity from Betty's face, full of sweetness and mirth, to Marcella's.

"She has n't talked about them," she said, hesitating. "Of course I have n't understood a good many things that are done here—"

"Don't try," said Marcella, first laughing and then sighing.

Nothing appeased, Lady Leven chattered away, while Letty watched her hostess in silence. She had come down to the Court gloating somewhat, in spite of her very real unhappiness, over the prospect of the riches and magnificence she was to find there. And to discover that wealth might be merely the source of one long moral wrestle to the people who possessed it, burdening them with all sorts of problems and remorse that others escaped, had been a strange and, on the whole, jarring experience to her. Of course there must be rich and poor; of course there must be servants and masters. Marcella's rebellion against the barriers of life had been

a sort of fatigue and offense to Letty ever since she had been made to feel it. And daily contact with the simple, and even Spartan, ways of living that prevailed—for the owners of it at least—in the vast house, with the overflowing energy and humanity that often made its mistress a restless companion, and led her into a fair percentage of mistakes, had roused a score of half-scornful protests in the small, shrewd mind of her guest. Nevertheless, when Marcella was kind, when she put Letty on the sofa, insisting that she was tired, and anxiously accusing herself of some lack of consideration or other; when she took her to her room at night, seeing to every comfort, and taking thought for luxuries that in her heart she despised; or when, very rarely, and turning rather pale, she said a few words—sweet, hopeful, encouraging—about George's return, then Letty was conscious of a strange leap of something till then unknown—something that made her want to sob, that seemed to open to her a new room in the house of life. Marcella had not kissed her since the day of their great scene; they had been "Lady Maxwell" and "Lady Tressady" to each other all the time, and Letty had but realized her own insolences and audacities the more as gradually the spiritual dignity of the woman she had raved at came home to her. But sometimes when Marcella stood beside her, unconscious, talking pleasantly of London folk or Ancoats, or trying to inform herself as to Letty's life at Ferth, a half-desolate intuition would flash across the younger woman of what it might be to be admitted to the intimate friendship of such a nature; to feel those long, slender arms pressed about her once more, not in pity or remonstrance, as of one trying to exorcise an evil spirit, but in mere love, as of one asking as well as giving. The tender and adoring friendship of women for women, which has become so marked a feature of our self-realizing generation, had passed Letty by. She had never known it. Now, in these unforeseen circumstances, she seemed to be trembling within reach of its emotion, divining it, desiring it, yet forced onward to the question, "What is there in me that may claim it?"

Marcella, indeed, after their first stormy interview, had once more returned to the subject of it. She had told the story of her friendship with George Tressady very gently and plainly, in a further conversation held between them at the elder Lady Tressady's house during that odd lady's very odd convalescence, till, indeed, she reached the last scene. She could not bring herself to deliver

the truth of that. Nor was it necessary. Letty's jealousy had guessed it near enough long ago. But when all else was told, Letty had been aware at first of a half-sore resentment that there was so little to tell. In her secret soul she knew very well what had been the effect on George. Her husband's mind had been gradually absorbed by another ideal in which she had no part; nor could she deny that he had suffered miserably. The memory of his face as he asked her to forgive him when she fled past him on that last wretched night was enough. But suffered for what? A few talks about politics, a few visits to poor people, an office of kindness after a street accident that any stranger must have rendered, a few meetings in the House and elsewhere!

Letty's vanity was stabbed anew by the fact that Lady Maxwell's offense was so small. It gave her a kind of measure of her own hold upon her husband.

Once, indeed, Marcella's voice and color had wavered when she made herself describe how, on the Mile End evening, she had been aware of pressing the personal influence to gain the political end. But good heavens! Letty hardly understood what the speaker's evident compunction was about. Why, it was all for Maxwell! What had she thought of all through but Maxwell? Letty's humiliation grew as she understood, and as, in the quiet of Maxwell Court, she saw the husband and wife together.

Her anger and resentment might very well have transferred themselves only the more hotly to George. But this new moral influence upon her had a kind of paralyzing effect. The incidents of the weeks before the crisis excited in her now a sick, shamed feeling whenever she thought of them. For contact with people on a wholly different plane of conduct, if such persons as Letty can once be brought to submit to it, will often produce effects, especially on women, like those one sees produced every day by the clash of two standards of manners. It means simply the recognition that one is unfit to be of certain company, and perhaps there are few moral ferments more penetrating. Probably Letty would have gone to her grave knowing nothing of it but for the accident which had opened to her the inmost heart of a woman with whom, once known, not even her vanity dared measure itself.

George and she had already met since the day when he had gone off to Paris in search of Ancoats. The telegram sent to him by Marcella on the night of his mother's violent illness had, indeed, been recalled next day.

Lady Tressady, following the idiosyncrasies of her disease, sprang from death to life—and life of the sprightliest kind—in the course of a few hours. The battered, gray-haired woman—so old, do what she would, under the betraying hand of physical decay—no sooner heard that George had been sent for than she at once, and peremptorily, telegraphed to him herself to stay away. «I'm not dead yet,» she wrote to him afterward, «in spite of all the fuss they've made with me. I was simply ashamed to own such a cadaverous-looking wretch as you were when you came here last; and if you take my advice you'll stay at Trouville with Lord Ancoats and amuse yourself. As to that young man, of course it's no good, and his mother's a great fool to suppose that you or anybody else can prevent his enjoying himself. But these High-church women are so extraordinary.»

Letty, indeed, remembering her mother-in-law's old ways, and finding them little changed as far as she herself was concerned, was puzzled and astonished by the new relations between mother and son. On the smallest excuse or none, Lady Tressady, a year before, would have been ready to fetch him back from furthest Ind without the least scruple. Now, however, she thought of him or for him incessantly. And one day Letty actually found her crying over an official intimation from the lawyer concerned that another instalment of the Shapetsky debt would be due within a month. But she angrily dried her tears at sight of Letty, and Letty said nothing.

George, however, came back within about ten days of his departure, having apparently done what he was commissioned to do, though Letty took so little interest in the Ancoats affair that she barely read those portions of his letters in which he described the course of it. His letters, indeed, with the exception of a few ambiguous words here and there, dealt entirely with Trouville, Ancoats, or the ups and downs of public opinion on the subject of his action and speech in the House. Letty could only gather from a stray phrase or two that he enjoyed nothing; but evidently he could not yet bring himself to speak of what had happened.

When he did come back the husband and wife saw very little of each other. It was more convenient that he should stay in Upper Brook street, while she remained at her mother-in-law's, and altogether he was hardly three days in London. He rushed up to Market Malford to deliver his promised speech to his constituents, and immediately afterward, on the urgent advice of the doctors, he went

off to Wildheim with his mother and the elderly cousin whose aid he had already invoked. Before he went he formally thanked his wife, who hardly spoke to him unless she was obliged, for her attention to his mother, and then lingered a little, looking no less «caddaverous» certainly, than when he had gone away, and apparently desiring to say more.

«I suppose I shall be away about a fortnight,» he said at last, «if one is to settle her comfortably. You have n't told me yet what you would like to do. Could n't you get Miss Tulloch to go down with you to Ferth, or would you go to your people for a fortnight?»

He was longing to ask her what had come of that promised visit of Lady Maxwell's; but neither by letter nor by word of mouth had Letty as yet said a word of it. And he did not know how to open the subject. During the time that he was with his wife and mother nothing was seen of Marcella in Warwick Square, and an interview that he was to have had with Maxwell, by way of supplement to his numerous letters, had to be postponed because of overcrowded days on both sides. So he was still in the dark.

Letty at first made no answer to his rather lame proposals for her benefit; but just as he was turning away with a look of added worry she said:

«I don't want to go home, thank you, and I still less want to go to Ferth.»

«But you can't stay in London. There isn't a soul in town, and it would be too dull for you.»

He gazed at her in perplexity, praying, however, that he might not provoke a scene, for the carriage that was to take him and his mother to the station was almost at the door.

Letty rose slowly, and folded up some embroidery she had been playing with. Then she took a note from her work-basket, and laid it on the table.

«You may read that if you like. That's where I'm going.»

And she quickly went out of the room.

George read the note. His face flushed, and he hurriedly busied himself with some of his preparations for departure. When his wife came into the room again he went up to her.

«You could have done nothing so likely to save us both,» he said huskily, and then could think of nothing more to say. He drew her to him as though to kiss her, but a blind movement of the old rage with him or circumstance leaped in her, and she pulled herself away. The thought of that particular moment had done more, perhaps, than anything else to thin and whiten her since she had been at Maxwell Court.

And now he would be here to-night. She knew both from her host himself and from George's letters that Lord Maxwell had specially written to him, begging him to come to the Court on his return, in order to join his wife, and also to give that oral report of his mission for which there had been no time on his first reappearance. Maxwell had spoken to her of his wish to see her husband without a tone or a word that could suggest anything but the natural friendliness and good will of the man who has accepted a signal service from his junior. But Letty avoided Maxwell when she could; nor would he willingly have been left alone with this thin, sharp-faced girl, whose letter to him had been like the drawing of an ugly veil from nameless and incredible things. He was sorry for her, but in his strong, deep nature he felt a repulsion for her he could not explain, and to watch Marcella with her amazed him.

IMMEDIATELY after tea Lady Leven's complaints of her entertainment became absurd. Guests poured in from the afternoon train, and a variety of men, her husband foremost among them, were soon at her disposal, asking nothing better than to amuse her.

Lady Tressady, meanwhile, looked on for a time at the brilliant crowd about her on the terrace with a dull sense of being forgotten and of no account. She said to herself sullenly that of course no one would want to talk to her; it was not her circle, and she had even few acquaintances among them.

Then, to her astonishment, she began to find herself the object of an evident curiosity and interest to many people among the throng. She divined that her name was being handed from one to the other, and she soon perceived that Marcella had been asked to introduce to her this person and that, several of them men and women whose kindness a few weeks before would have flattered her social ambitions to the highest point. Color and nerve returned, and she found herself sitting up, forgetting her headache, and talking fast.

«I am delighted to have this opportunity of telling you, Lady Tressady, how much I admired your husband's great speech,» said the deep and unctuous voice of the gray-haired Solicitor-General, as he sank into a chair beside her. «It was not only that it gave us our bill: it gave the House of Commons a new speaker. Manner, voice, matter—all of it excellent. I hope there'll be no nonsense about his giving up his seat. Don't you let him! He will find his feet and his right place before long, and you'll be uncommonly proud of him before you've done.»

«Lady Tressady, I'm afraid you've forgotten me,» said a plaintive voice, and on turning Letty saw the red-haired Lady Madeleine asking, with smiles, to be remembered. «Do you know, I was lucky enough to get into the House on the great day? What a scene it was! You were there, of course?»

When Letty unwillingly said, «No,» there was a little chorus of astonishment.

«Well, take my advice, my dear lady,» said the Solicitor-General, speaking with lazy patronage somewhere from the depths of comfort (he was accustomed to use these paternal modes of speech to young women), «don't you miss your husband's speeches. We can't do without our domestic critics. But for the bad quarters of an hour that lady over there has given me I should be nowhere.»

And he nodded complacently toward the wife, as stout as himself, who was sitting a few yards away. She, hearing her name, nodded back, with smiles aside to the bystanders. Most of the spectators, however, were already acquainted with a conjugal pose which was generally believed to be not according to facts, and no one took the cue.

Then presently Mr. Bennett, the workmen's member from the North, was at Letty's elbow, saying the most cordial things of the absent George. Bayle, too, the most immaculate and exclusive of private secretaries, who was at the Court on a wedding visit with a new wife, chose to remember Lady Tressady's existence for the first time for many months, and to bestow some of his carefully adapted conversation upon her.

While, last of all, Edward Watton came up to her with a cousinly kindness she had scarcely yet received from him, and, drawing a chair beside her, overflowed with talk about George, and the bill, and the state of things at Market Malford. In fact, it was soon clear, even to Letty's bewildered sense, that till her husband should arrive she was, perhaps for the moment, the person of most interest to this brilliant and representative gathering of a victorious party.

Meanwhile she was made constantly aware that her hostess remembered her. Once, as Marcella passed her after introducing some one to her, Letty felt a hand gently laid on her shoulder and then withdrawn. Strange waves of emotion ran through the girl's senses. When would George be here? About seven, she thought, when they would all have gone up to dress. He would have arrived from Wildheim in the morning, and was to spend the day doing business in town.

XXII.

LETTY was lying on a sofa in her bedroom. Her maid was to come to her shortly, and she was impatiently listening to every sound that approached or passed her door. The great clock in the distant hall struck seven, and it seemed to her intolerably long before she heard movements in the passage, and then Maxwell's voice outside:

«Here is your room, Sir George. I hope you don't mind a few ghosts. It is one of the oldest bits of the house.»

Letty sprang up. She heard the shutting of the passage door, then immediately afterward the door from the dressing-room opened, and George came through.

«Well!» she said, staring at him, her face flushing. «Surely you are very late?»

He came up to her, and kissed her hurriedly on the brow. «The train was a little late, but the horses made up for it.»

Then it suddenly struck her that she had never seen him look so white and worn. Still, after all this holiday-making! Why? For love of a woman who never gave him a thought except of pity. Bitterness possessed her. She turned away indifferently.

«Well, you'll only just have time to dress. Is some one unpacking for you?»

He looked at her.

«Is that all you have to say?»

She threw back her head, and was silent.

«I was very glad to come back to you,» he said, with a sigh, «though I—I wish it were anywhere else than here. But, all things considered, I did not see how to refuse. And you have been here the whole fortnight?»

«Yes.»

«Have you?»—he hesitated—«have you seen a great deal of Lady Maxwell?»

«Well, I suppose I have—in her own house.» Then she broke out, her heart leaping visibly under her light dressing-gown: «I don't blame her any more, if you want to know that; she does n't think of any one in the world but him.»

The gesture of her hand seemed to pursue the voice that had just been speaking in the corridor.

He smiled.

«Well, at least I'm glad you've come to see that,» he said quietly. «And is that all?»

He had walked away from her, but at his renewed question he turned back quickly, his hands in his pockets. Something in the look of him gave her a moment of pleasure, a throb of possession; but she showed nothing of it.

«No, it's not all.» Her pale-blue eyes pierced him. «Why did you go and see her

that morning, and why have you never told me since?"

He started, and shrugged his shoulders.

"If you have been seeing much of her," he replied, after a pause, "you probably know as much as I could tell you."

"No," she said steadily; "she has told me much about everything—but that."

He walked restlessly about for a few seconds, then returned, holding out his hands.

"Well, my dear, I said some mad and miserable things. They are as dead now as if they had never been spoken. And they were not love-making—they were crying for the moon. Take me, and forget them. I am an unsatisfactory sort of fellow, but I will do the best I can."

"Wait a bit," she said, retreating, and speaking with a hard incisiveness. "There are plenty of things you don't know. Perhaps you don't know, for instance, that I wrote to Lord Maxwell? I sat up writing it that night—he got it the same morning you saw her."

"You wrote to Maxwell!" he said in amazement; then, under his breath, "to complain of her. My God!"

He walked away again, trying to control himself.

"You did n't suppose," she said huskily, "I was going to sit down calmly under your neglect of me? I might have been silly in not—not seeing what kind of a woman she was; that's different; besides, of course she ought to have thought more about me. But *that's* not all!"

Her hand shook as she stood leaning on the sofa. George turned and looked at her attentively.

"The day you left I went to Hampton Court with the Lucys. Cathedine was there. Of course I flirted with him all the time, and as we were going through a wood near the river he said abominable things to me, and kissed me."

Her brows were drawn defiantly. Her eyes seemed to be riveted to his. He was silent a moment, the color dyeing his pale face deep. Then she heard his long breath.

"Well, we seem to be about quits," he said in a bitter voice. "Have you seen him since?"

"No. That's Grier knocking; you'd better go and dress."

He paused irresolutely; but Letty said, "Come in," and he retreated into his dressing-room.

Husband and wife hurried down together without another word to each other. When George at last found himself at table between Lady Leven and Mr. Bayle's new and lively wife, he had never been so grateful before to the ease of women's tongues. Nor had he ever

yet been so conscious as now—here in Maxwell's splendid house, at *her* very table—of an inner exhaustion and revolt which made all surrounding circumstance, even the remembrance of past feeling, unwelcome—almost odious.

Why was he here? It was barely a month since in that flower-filled room—on the mental retina there was a constant teasing image of her head and pale dress distinct against a background of scarlet poppies—he had found words for an emotion, a confession, it now burned him to remember. And here he was breaking bread with her and Maxwell a few weeks afterward, as though nothing lay between them but a political incident. Oh, the smallness, the triviality, of our modern life!

Was it only four weeks, or nearly? What he had suffered in that time! An instant's shudder ran through him during an interval while Betty's unwilling occupation with her left-hand neighbor left memory its chance. All the fitting scenes of the past month, Ancoats's half-vicious absurdities, the humors of the Trouville beach, the waves of its gray sea, his mother's whims and complaints, the crowd and heat of the little German watering-place where he had left her—was it he, George Tressady, that had been really wrestling with these things and persons, walking among them or beside them? It seemed hardly credible. What was real, what remained, was merely the thought of some hours of solitude beside the Norman sea, or among the great beech-woods that swept down the hills about Bad Wildheim. Those hours—they only—had stung, had penetrated, had found the shrinking core of the soul.

What in truth was it that had happened to him? After weeks of a growing madness he had finally lost his self-command, had spoken passionately, as only love speaks, to a married woman who had no thought for any man in the world but her husband; a woman who had immediately—so he had always read the riddle of Maxwell's behavior—reported every incident of his conversation with her to the husband, and had then tried her best, with an exquisite kindness and compunction, to undo the mischief her own charm had caused. For that effort in the first instance George, under the shock of his act and her pain, had been speechlessly grateful to her; all his energies had gone into pitiful, eager response. Now her attempt, and Maxwell's share in it, seemed to have laid him under a weight he could no longer bear. His acceptance of Maxwell's invitation had finally exhausted his power of playing the superhuman part to which she had

invited him. He wished with all his heart he had not accepted it. From the moment of her greeting, with its mixture of shrinking and sweetness, he had realized the folly, the humiliation even, of his presence in her house. He could not rise—it was monstrous, ludicrous almost, that she should wish it—to what she seemed to ask of him.

What had he been in love with? He looked at her once or twice in bewilderment. Had not she herself, her dazzling, unconscious purity, debarred him always from the ordinary hopes and desires of the sensual man? His very thought had moved in awe of her, had knelt before her. Sometimes it had idly occurred to him to wonder what the common French or other chronicler of the situation *à trois* would have made of his plight. Fool and reptile! Thank God! there are more shades in human relation, more varieties, and nobler, in moral circumstance, than some minds dream of. He had been in love with love, with grace, with tenderness, with delight. He had seen too late a vision of the *best*; had realized what things of enchantment life contains for the few, for the chosen—what woman at her richest can be to man. And there had been a cry of personal longing, personal anguish.

Well, it was all done with. As for friendship, it was impossible, grotesque. Let him go home, appease Letty, and mend his life. He constantly realized now, with the same surprise as on the night before his confession, the emergence within himself—independent, as it were, of his ordinary will, and parallel with the voice of passion or grief—of some new moral imperative. Half scornfully he discerned in his own nature the sort of paste that a man inherits from generations of decent dull forefathers who have kept the law as they understood it. He was conscious of the same "ought" vibrating through the moral sense as had governed their narrower lives and minds. It is the presence or the absence, indeed, of this dumb, compelling power that in moments of crisis differentiates one man from another. He felt it; wondered, perhaps, that he should feel it, but knew, nevertheless, that he should obey it. Yes, let him go home, make his wife forgive him, rear his children,—he trusted to God there would be children,—and tame his soul. How strange to feel this tempest sweeping through him, this iron stiffening of the whole being, amid this scene, in this room, within a few feet of that magic, that voice—

"THANK goodness! I have got rid of my man at last," said Betty's laughing whisper in his

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ear. "Three successive packs of hounds have I followed from their cradles to their graves. Make it up to me, Sir George, at once! Tell me everything I want to know!"

George turned to her, smiling.

"About Ancoats?"

"Of course. Now don't be discreet! I know too much already. How did he receive you?"

George laughed, first at her eagerness, then at the memory the words called up. It was a relief to throw himself into the story.

"To begin with, he invited me to fight—coffee and pistols before eight on the following morning, in the garden of his chalet, which would not have been at all a bad place, for he is magnificently installed. I came from his enemies, he said. They had prevented the woman he loved from joining him, and covered him with ridicule. As their representative I ought to be prepared to face the consequences like a man. All this time he was storming up and down, in a marvelous blue embroidered smoking-suit—"

"Of course; to go with the hair," put in Betty.

"I said I thought he'd better give me some dinner before we talked it out. Then he looked embarrassed, and said there were friends coming. I replied, 'Tant mieux!' He inquired fiercely whether it was the part of a gentleman to thrust himself where he was n't wanted. I kept my temper, and said I was too famished to consider. Then he haughtily left the room, and presently a servant came and asked for my luggage, which I had left at the station, and showed me a bedroom. Ancoats, however, appeared again to invite me to withdraw, and to suggest the names of two seconds who would, he assured me, be delighted to act for me. I pointed out to him that I was unpacked, and that to turn me out dinnerless would be simply barbarous. Then, after fidgeting about a little, he burst out laughing in an odd way, and said, 'Very well; only, mind, I did n't ask you.' Sure enough, of course, I found a party."

George paused.

"You need n't tell me much about the party," said Betty, nervously, "unless it's necessary."

"Well, it was n't a very reputable affair, and two young women were present."

"No need to talk about the young women," said Betty, hastily.

George bowed submission.

"I mentioned them only because they are rather necessary to the story. Anyway, by the time the company was settled, Ancoats suddenly threw off his embarrassment, and, with some defiant looks at me, behaved himself, I imagine, much as he would have done without

me. When all the guests were gone I asked him whether he was going to keep up the farce of a *grande passion* any more. He got in a rage, and vowed that if (she) had come, of course all those creatures, male and female, would be packed off. I did n't suppose that he would allow the woman he loved to come within a mile of them? I shrugged my shoulders, and declined to suppose anything about his love-affairs, which seemed to me too complicated. Then, of course, I had to come to plain speaking, and bring in his mother."

"That she should have produced such a being!" cried Betty; "that he should have any right in her at all!"

"That she should keep such a heart for him!" said George, raising his eyebrows. "He turned rather white, I was relieved to see, when I told him from her that she would leave his house if the London affair went on. Well, we walked up and down in his garden, smoking, the greater part of the night, till I could have dropped with fatigue. Every now and then Ancoats would make a dash for the brandy and soda on the veranda, and in between I had to listen to tirades against marriage, English prudery, and Englishwomen; quotations from Gautier and Renan; and Heaven knows what. At last, when we were both worn out, he suddenly stood still, and delivered his ultimatum. 'Look here; if you think I've no grievances, you're much mistaken. Go back and tell my mother that if she'll marry Fontenoy straight away I'll give up Marguerite.' I said I would deliver no such impertinence. 'Very well,' he said; 'then I will. Tell her I shall be in Paris next week, and ask her to meet me there. When are you going?' 'Well,' I said, rather taken aback, 'there is such an institution as the post. Now I've come so far, suppose you show me Trouville for a few days?' He muttered something or other, and we went to bed. Afterward he behaved to me quite charmingly, would not let me go, and I ended by leaving him at the door of a hotel in Paris where he was to meet his mother. But on the subject of Fontenoy it is an *idée fixe*. He chafes under the whole position, and will yield nothing to a man who, as he conceives, has no *locus standi*. But if his pride were no longer annoyed by its being said that his mother had sacrificed her own happiness to him, and if the situation were defined, I think he might be more amenable. I think they might marry him."

"That's how the man puts it!" said Betty, tightening her lip. "Of course *any* marriage is desirable for *any* woman!"

"I was thinking of Mrs. Allison," said

George, defensively. "One can't think of a Lady Ancoats till she exists."

"*Merci!* Never mind. Don't apologize for the masculine view. It has to be taken with the rest of you. Do you understand that matrimony is in the air here to-night? Have you been talking to Lady Madeleine?"

"No, not yet. But how handsome she's grown! I see Naseby's not far off."

George turned, smiling, to his companion; but as he did so something cold and lifeless in his own face, and in the expression underlying the smile, pricked little Betty painfully. Marcella had made her no confidences, but there had been much gossip, and Letty Tressady's mere presence at the Court set the intimate friend guessing very near the truth.

She did her best to chatter on, so as to keep him at least superficially amused; but both became more and more conscious of two figures, and two figures only, at the crowded table—Letty Tressady, who was listening absently to Edward Watton with oppressed and indrawn eyes, and Lady Maxwell.

George, indeed, watched his wife constantly. He hungered to know more of that first scene between her and Lady Maxwell, or he thought with bitter repulsion of the letter she had confessed to him. Had he known of it, he could hardly have come as a guest to Maxwell's house. As for her revelations about Cathedine, he felt little resentment or excitement. For the future a noxious brute had to be kept in order; that was all. It was his own fault, he supposed, much more than hers. The inward voice, as before, was clear enough. "I must just take her home, and be good to her. She shirked nothing; now, no doubt, she expects me to do my part."

"Do you notice those jewels that Lady Maxwell is wearing to-night?" said Betty, at last, unable to keep away from the name.

"I imagine they are a famous set."

"They belonged to Marie Antoinette. At last Maxwell has made her have them cleaned and reset. What a pity to have such desperate scruples as she has about all your pretty things!"

"Must diamonds and rubies, then, perish out of the world?" he asked her, absently, letting his eyes rest again upon the beautiful head and neck.

Betty made some flippant rejoinder, but as she watched him she was not gay.

GEORGE had had but a few words with his hostess before dinner, and afterward a short conversation was all that either claimed. Whatever she may have hoped or intended, it was clear that she felt, now that they were

face to face, the pressure of the same necessities, the same ineluctable facts, that he did, and tacitly they met and answered each other, in the common avoidance of a companionship which could, after all, avail nothing. Once or twice, as they stood together after dinner, he noticed, amid her gracious kindness, her inquiries after Mrs. Allison or his mother, the search her eyes made for Letty; and presently she began to talk with nervous, almost appealing, emphasis—with a marked significance and intensity, indeed—of Letty's fatigue after her nursing, and the need she had for complete change and rest. George found himself half resenting the implications of her manner as the sentences flowed on. He felt her love of influence, and was not without a hidden sarcasm. In spite of his passionate gratitude to her, he must needs ask himself, did she suppose that a man or a marriage was to be remade in a month, even by her plastic fingers? Women envisaged these things so easily, so childishly, almost.

When he moved away, a number of men who had already been talking to him after dinner, and some of the most agreeable women of the party besides, closed about him, making him, as it were, the center of a conversation which was concerned almost entirely with the personalities and chances of the political moment. He was scarcely less astonished than Letty had been by his own position among the guests gathered under Maxwell's roof. Never had he been treated with so much sympathy, so much deference, even. Clearly, if he willed it so, what had seemed the dislocation might only be the better beginning of a career. Nonsense! He meant to throw it all up as soon as Parliament met again in February. The state of his money affairs alone determined that. The strike was going from bad to worse. He must go home and look after his own business. It was a folly ever to have attempted political life. Meanwhile he felt the stimulus of his reception in a company which included some of the keenest brains in England. It appealed to his intelligence and virility, and they responded. Letty once, glancing at him, saw that he was talking briskly, and said to herself, with contradictory bitterness, that he was looking as well as ever, and was going, she supposed, to behave as if nothing had happened.

"WHAT is the matter with you to-night, my lady?" said Naseby, taking a seat beside his hostess. "May I be impertinent and guess? You don't like your gems? Lady Leven has been telling me tales about them. They are

the most magnificent things I ever saw. I condole with you."

She turned rather listlessly to meet his bantering look.

"Come you in friendship, or come you in war?" she said, pointing to a seat beside her. "I have no fight in me, but I have a great many things to say to you."

He reddened for an instant, then recovered himself.

"So have I to you," he said briskly. "In the first place, I have some fresh news from Mile End."

She half laughed, as who should say, "You put me off," then surrendered herself with eagerness to the pleasure of his report. At the moment of his approach, under pretense of talking to an elderly cousin of Maxwell's, she had been lost in such an abstraction of powerless pity for George Tressady—whose fair head somehow never escaped her, wherever it moved—that she had hardly been able to bear with her guests or the burden of the evening.

But Naseby roused her. And, indeed, his story so far was one to set the blood throbbing in the veins of a creature who, on one side pure woman, was on the other half poet, half reformer. Since the passage of the Maxwell Bill, indeed, Naseby and a few friends of his, some "gilded youths" like himself, together with some trade-union officials of long experience, had done wonders. They had been planning out the industrial reorganization of a whole district, through its two staple trades, with the enthusiastic coöperation of the work-people themselves, and the result so far struck the imagination. Everywhere the old workshops were to be bought up, improved, or closed; everywhere factories in which life might be decent and work more than tolerable were to be set up; everywhere the prospective shortening of hours, and the doing away with the most melancholy of the home trades, were working already like the incoming of a great, slowly surging tide, raising a whole population on its breast to another level of well-being and of hope.

Most of what had been done or designed was, of course, already well known to Maxwell's wife; she had, indeed, given substantial help to Naseby throughout. But Naseby had some fresh advances to report since she was last in East London, and she drank them in with an eagerness which somehow assuaged a hidden smart, while he wondered a little, perhaps, in his philosopher's soul, at the woman of our English day, with her compunctions and altruisms, her entanglement with the old scheme of things, her pining for

a new. It had often seemed to him that to be a Nihilist nurse among a Russian peasantry would be an infinitely easier task than to reconcile the social remorse and compassions that tore his companion's mind with the social pageant in which her life, do what she would, must needs be lived. He knew that intellectually she did not see, any more than did Maxwell, any way out of unequal place, unequal spending, unequal recompense, if civilization were to be held together; but he perceived that morally she suffered. Why? Because she, and not some one else, had been chosen to rule the palace and wear the gems that yet must be? In the end Naseby could but shrug his shoulders over it. Yet even his skeptical temper made no question of sincerity.

When all his budget was out, and her comments were made, she leaned back a little in her chair, studying him. A smile came to play about her lips.

"What do you want to say to me?" he asked her quickly.

She looked round to see that they were not overheard.

"When did you see Madeleine last?"

"At her brother's house a fortnight ago."

"Was she nice to you?"

He bit his lip, and drew his brows a little together under her scrutiny.

"Do you imagine I am going to be cross-examined like this?"

"Yes—reply!"

"Well, I don't know what her conception of (niceness) may be; it did n't fit mine. She had got it into her head that I (pitied) her, which seemed to be a crime. I did n't see how to disprove it, so I came away."

He spoke with a dry lightness, but she perceived anxiety and unrest under his tone. She bent forward.

"Do you know where Madeleine is now?"

"Not in the least."

"In the Long Gallery. I sent her there."

"Upon my word!" he said, after a pause.

"Do you want to rule us all?" His cheek had flushed again; his look was half rebellious.

A flash of pain struck through her brightness.

"No, no!" she said, protesting. "But I know—you don't."

He rose deliberately, and bowed with the air of obeying her commands. Then, suddenly, he bent down to her:

"I knew perfectly well that she was in the Long Gallery! But I also knew that Mrs. Bayle had chosen to join her there. The coast, you may perceive, is now clear."

He walked away. Marcella looked round,

and saw an elegant little bride, Mr. Bayle's new wife, rustling into the room again. Marcella leaned back in her chair, half laughing, yet her eyes were wet. The new joy brought a certain ease to old regrets. Only that word "rule" rankled a little.

THE night was warm and still, and the windows were open to it, as they had been on that May night at Castle Luton. Maxwell came to look for Tressady, and took him out upon a flagged terrace that ran the length of the house.

They talked first of the Ancoats incident, George supplementing his letters by some little verbal pictures of Ancoats's life and surroundings that made Maxwell laugh grimly from time to time. As to Mrs. Allison, Maxwell reported that Ancoats seemed to have gained his point. There was talk of the marriage coming off some time in the winter.

"Well, Fontenoy has earned his prize," said George.

"There are more than twelve years between them; but she seems to be one of the women who don't age. I have seen her go through griefs that would kill most women, and it has been like the passage of a storm over a flower."

"Religion, I suppose, carried to that point, protects one a good deal," said George, not, in truth, feeling much interest in the matter, or in Mrs. Allison, now that his task was done.

"And especially religion of the type that allows you to give your soul into some one else's keeping. There is no such anodyne," said Maxwell, musing. "I have often noticed how Catholic women keep their youth and softness. But now, do allow me a few words about yourself. Is what I hear about your withdrawal from Parliament irrevocable?"

George's reply led to a discussion in which Maxwell, without any attempt at party proselytism, endeavored to combat all that he could understand of the young man's twofold disgust—disgust with his own random convictions no less than with the working of the party machine.

"Where do I belong?" he said. "I don't know myself. I ought never to have gone in. Anyway, I had better stand aside for a time."

"But evidently the Malford people want to keep you."

"Well, and of course I shall consult their convenience as much as I can," said George, unwillingly, but would say no more.

Nothing, indeed, could be more flattering, more healing, than all that was implied in Maxwell's earnestness, in the peculiar sympathy and kindness with which the elder man

strove to win the younger's confidence; but George could not respond. His whole inner being was too sore, and his mind ran incomparably more upon the damnable letter that must be lying somewhere in the archives of the memory of the man talking to him than upon his own political prospects. The conversation ended, for Maxwell, in mere awkwardness and disappointment. He said to himself that, after all, Marcella had been but dreaming dreams, and beguiling him to share them.

When the ladies withdrew, a brilliant group of them stood for a moment on the first landing of the great oak staircase, lighting candles, and chattering. Madeleine Penley took her candle absently from Marcella's hand, saying nothing. The girl's curious face, under its crown of gold-red hair, was transformed somehow to an extraordinary beauty. The frightened parting of the lips and lifting of the brows had become rather a look of exquisite surprise, as of one who knows at last "the very heart of love."

"I am coming to you presently," murmured Marcella, laying her cheek against the girl's.

"Oh, do come!" said Madeleine, with a great breath, and she walked away unsteadily by herself into the darkness of the tapestried passage, her white dress floating behind her.

Marcella looked after her, then turned with shining eyes to Letty Tressady. Her expression changed.

"I am afraid your headache has been very bad all the evening," she said penitently. "Do let me come and look after you."

She went with Letty to her room, and put her into a chair beside the wood fire that, even on this warm night, was not unwelcome in the huge place. Letty, indeed, shivered a little as she bent toward it.

"Must you go so early?" said Marcella, hanging over her. "I heard Sir George speak of the ten-o'clock train."

"Oh, yes," said Letty; "that will be best."

She stared into the fire without speaking. Marcella knelt down beside her.

"You won't hate me any more?" she said in a low, pleading voice, taking two cold hands in her own.

Letty looked up.

"I should like," she said, speaking with difficulty, "if you cared—to see you sometimes."

"Only tell me when," said Marcella, laying her lips lightly on the hands, "and I will come." Then she hesitated. "Oh, do believe," she broke out at last, but still in the same low voice, "that all can be healed! Only show

him love,—forget everything else,—and happiness must come. Marriage is so difficult—such an art—even for the happiest people, one has to learn it afresh day by day."

Letty's tired eyes wavered under the other's look.

"I can't understand it like that," she said. Then she moved restlessly in her chair. "Ferth is a terrible place! I wonder how I shall bear it!"

AN hour later Marcella left Madeleine Penley, and went back to her own room. The smile and flush with which she had received the girl's last happy kisses disappeared as she walked along the corridor. Her head drooped, her arms hung listlessly beside her.

Maxwell found her in her own little sitting-room, almost in the dark. He sat down by her, and took her hand.

"You could n't make any impression on him as to Parliament?" she asked him, almost whispering.

"No; he persists that he must go. I think his private circumstances at Ferth have a great deal to do with it."

She shook her head. She turned away from him, took up a paper-knife, and let it fall on the table beside her. He thought that she must have been in tears before he found her, and he saw that she could find no words in which to express herself. Lifting her hand to his lips, he held it there silently, with a touch all tenderness.

"Oh, why am I so happy!" she broke out at last, with a sob, almost drawing her hand away. "Such a life as mine seems to absorb and batten upon other people's dues, to grow rich by robbing their joy—joy that should feed hundreds, and comes all to me! And that, besides, I should actually bruise and hurt—"

Her voice failed her.

"Fate has a way of being tolerably even at last," said Maxwell, slowly, after a pause.

"As to Tressady, no one can say what will come of it. He has strange stuff in him—fine stuff, I think. He will pull himself together. And for the wife—probably already he owes you much! I saw her look at you to-night—once as you touched her shoulder. Dear, what spells have you been using?"

"Oh, I will do all I can—all I can!" Marcella repeated in a low, passionate voice, as one who makes a vow to her own heart.

"But after to-morrow he will not willingly come across us again," said Maxwell, quietly. "That I saw."

She gave a sad and wordless assent.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

Mary A. Ward.

LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY WILLIAM M. SLOANE.

THE EXILE AND HIS RETURN.

THE STRUGGLES OF EXHAUSTION—THE FALL OF PARIS—NAPOLEON'S FIRST ABDICATION—THE EMPEROR OF ELBA—NAPOLEON THE LIBERATOR OF FRANCE.



DRAWN BY H. A. OGDEN
NAPOLEON IN THE UNIFORM
OF CHASSEUR-À-CHEVAL, COM-
MONLY WORN ON CAMPAIGN.

THE STRUGGLES OF EXHAUSTION.

THOUGH futile as to the ultimate result, the capture of Rheims was a telling thrust. On receipt of the news from Laon, Schwarzenberg immediately set his army in motion against Macdonald, and Blücher, after waiting two days to restore order among his worried troops and insubordinate lieutenants, advanced and laid siege to Compiègne. The capture of Rheims checked the move-

ments of both Austrians and Prussians, dismay prevailed in both camps, and both armies began to draw back. «This terrible Napoleon,» wrote Langeron in his memoirs, «they thought they saw him everywhere. He had beaten us all, one after the other; we were always frightened by the daring of his enterprises, the swiftness of his movements, and his clever combinations. Scarcely had we formed a plan when it was disconcerted by him.» Besides this, in obedience to Napoleon's call, the peasantry began an organized guerrilla warfare, avenging the pillage, incendiarism, and military executions of the allies by a brutal retaliation in kind which made the marauding invaders quake. Finally the momentary consternation of the allies verged on panic when the report reached headquarters that Bernadotte, lying inactive at Liège, with 23,000 Swedes, had permitted a flag of truce from Joseph to enter his presence. Could it be that the sly schemer, for the furtherance of

his ambition to govern France, was turning traitor to the coalition?

Reinforcements from Paris, slender as they were, flowed steadily into Napoleon's camp, and when he learned that both Schwarzenberg and Blücher had virtually retreated, he believed himself able to cope once more with the former. Leaving Marmont with 7000 men at Berry-au-Bac, and Mortier with 10,000 at Rheims and Soissons, he enjoined them both to hold the line toward Paris against Blücher at all hazards, and himself set out, on March 17, for Arcis on the Aube. This he did, instead of marching direct to Meaux for the defense of Paris, because it would, in his own words, «give the enemy a great shock, and result in unforeseen circumstances.»

Schwarzenberg's movements during the next three days awakened in Napoleon the suspicion, which he was only too glad to accept as a certainty, that the Austro-Russian army was on the point of retreating into the Vosges or beyond; and on the 20th he announced his decision of marching farther eastward, past Troyes, toward the frontier forts still in French hands. That very day he was undeceived, for news was received within the lines he had established about Arcis that the enemy, far from retreating, was advancing. Soon the French cavalry skirmishers appeared galloping in flight, and were brought to a halt only when the Emperor, with drawn sword, threw himself across their path. A short, sharp struggle ensued—16,000 French with 24,500 of their foe. It was irregular and indecisive, but Napoleon held his own. The neighboring hamlet of Torcy had also been attacked by the allies, and before their onset the French had at first yielded. But they were rallied, and at nightfall the position was recaptured. This sudden exhibition of courage by Schwarzenberg puzzled Napoleon; after long deliberation he concluded that the hostile troops were in all probability only a rear-guard covering the enemy's re-

treat. He was not very far wrong, but far enough to make all the difference to him.

Thanks to Caulaincourt's supreme exertions, the congress at Châtillon was still sitting, and on the 13th a last despairing appeal to the Emperor was written by that minister. The messenger was delayed three days by the military operations, but when he arrived, on the 16th, Maret wrung from Napoleon concessions which included Antwerp, Mainz, and Alessandria. In the despatch announcing this, and written on the 17th to Caulaincourt, Maret made no reservation except one: that Napoleon intended, after signing the treaty, to secure for himself whatever the military situation at the close of the war might entitle him to retain. The return of the messenger was likewise delayed for three days, and it was the 21st before he reached the outskirts of Châtillon. He arrived to find Caulaincourt departing; the second «carte blanche» had arrived too late. With all his adroitness, the minister had been unable to protract negotiations longer than the 18th. His appeal having brought no immediate response, he had, several days earlier, despatched a faithful warning, and this reached Napoleon at La Fère Champenoise simultaneously with the departure of the messenger for Châtillon. The day previous the Emperor had received bad news from southern France: how Bordeaux had opened its gates to a small detachment of English under Hill; how the Duke of Angoulême had been cheered by the people as he publicly proclaimed Louis XVIII king of France. Apparently neither this bad news nor Caulaincourt's warning profoundly impressed Napoleon; he knew his Gascons well, his «carte blanche» he must have believed to be in Châtillon, and, in high spirits, he hastened on to Arcis, determined to make the most of the time intervening until the close of negotiations.

There was nothing short of panic at Schwarzenberg's headquarters in Troyes; the commander himself was on a sick-bed, having entirely succumbed to the hardships of winter warfare. No sooner had he ordered the first backward step than his army had displayed a feverish anxiety for farther retreat. As things were going, it appeared as if the different corps would, for lack of judicious leadership, be permitted to withdraw still farther in such a way as to separate the various divisions ever more widely, and expose them successively to annihilating blows from Napoleon, like those which had overwhelmed the scattered segments of the Silesian army. Such was the general terror that a false rumor of Alexander's

having expressed a desire to reopen the congress spread, and was believed.

Schwarzenberg's strange hesitancy since invading France was at the outset, and beyond his natural timidity, due to Metternich's politics, a desire to save France for his Emperor's son-in-law, and thus checkmate Prussian ambitions for leadership in Germany; but during the movements of February and March it appears to have been due almost exclusively to cowardice. The memoirs of Castlereagh, of Metternich, and of Schwarzenberg himself aim to give the impression that since the congress of Prague everything had been straightforward, and that Austria had no thought of sparing Napoleon or acting otherwise than she did in the end. Yet the indications of the time are quite the other way; the Russians in Schwarzenberg's army were furious, and, as one of them wrote, suspicious «of what we are doing and what we are not doing.» Alexander was in the crisis deeply concerned, not for peace, but for an orderly, concentrated retreat. With stubborn fatalism he never doubted the final outcome, and during his stay in Châtillon he had spent his leisure hours in excogitating a careful plan for the grand entry into Paris, whereby the honors were to be his own. Hastening, therefore, on the 19th to Schwarzenberg's bedside, he persuaded the Austrian commander to make a stand long enough to secure concentration in retreat, and it was agreed to do this still farther in the rear on the heights of Trannes. Such a course appeared to the more daring among the Austrian staff to smack of pusillanimity, and by the influence of some one, probably Radetzky, it was determined without consulting the Czar to concentrate near Arcis on the left bank of the Aube, in order to assume the offensive at Plancy. This independent resolution of Schwarzenberg's staff was the explanation of the meetings near Arcis and at Torcy. Alexander was much incensed, declaring that Napoleon's real purpose was to hold them while cutting off their connections on the extreme right at Bar and Chaumont. This was in fact a close conjecture. Napoleon had definitely adopted the plan of hurrying toward the Vosges, of summoning the peasantry to rise *en masse*, and of calling out the garrison troops from the frontier fortresses, to reinforce his army and enable him to strike the invaders from behind.

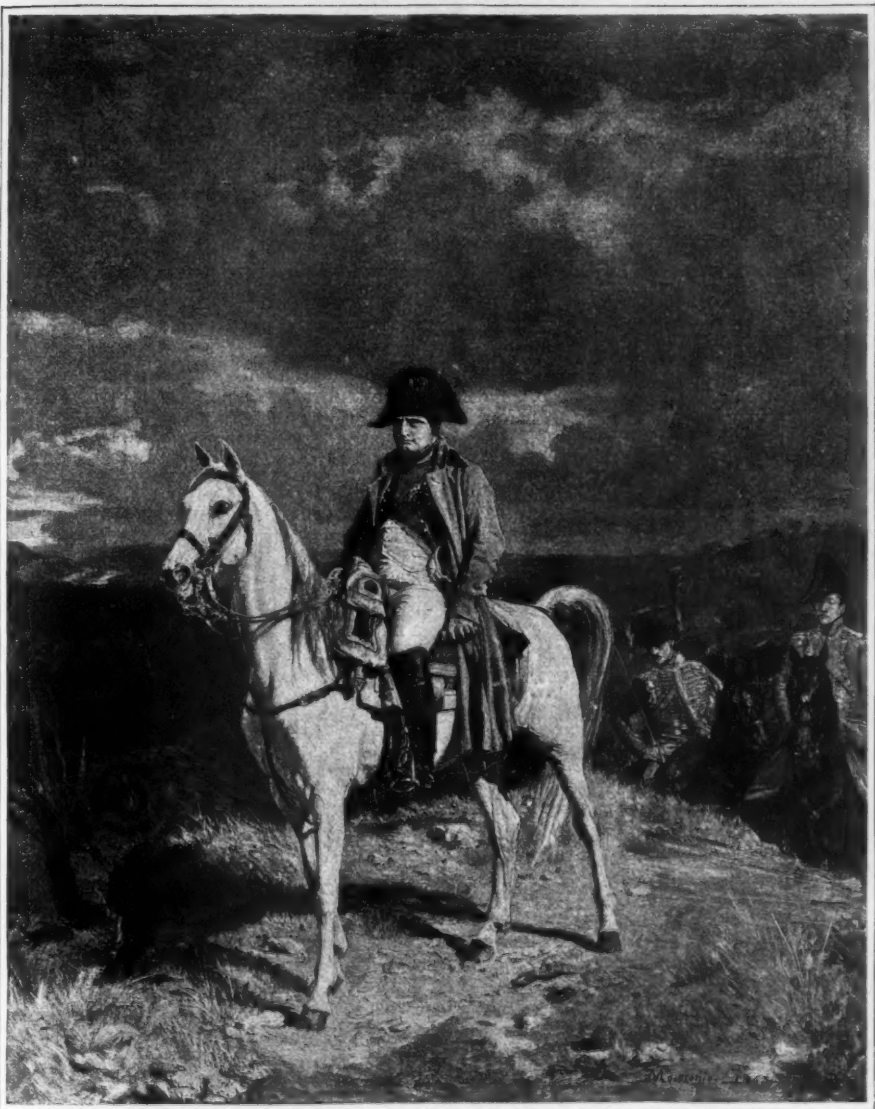
Yet once again the Austrian general was to stumble upon greatness. By his retreat to Troyes on February 22 he had avoided a decisive conflict, saving his own army, and leaving Napoleon to exhaust himself against the

army of Silesia; by his decision of March 19 he confirmed Napoleon in the conviction that the allies were overawed, and thus led his desperate foe into the greatest blunder conceivable, this chimerical scheme of concentrating his slender, scattered force on the confines of France, while the great army of invaders marched direct on Paris. Napoleon's movements of concentration had thus far met with no resistance, in spite of their temerity. On the 20th he announced to his minister of war, "I shall neglect Troyes, and betake myself in all haste to my fortresses." The same day he ordered Marmont, in case Blücher should resume the offensive, to abandon Paris and hasten to Châlons. This was not a sudden decision; the contingency had been mentioned in a letter of February 8 to Joseph, and again from Rheims emphatic injunctions to keep the Empress and the King of Rome from falling into Austrian hands were issued to the same correspondent. "Do not abandon my son," the Emperor pleaded; "and remember that I would rather see him in the Seine than in the hands of the enemies of France. The fate of Astyanax, prisoner to the Greeks, has always seemed to me the unhappiest in history." In this ultimate decision Napoleon showed how cosmopolitan he had grown; he had forgotten, if he ever understood, the extreme centralization of France; he should have known that, Paris lost, the head of the country was gone, and that the dwarfed limbs could develop little or no national vitality.

This bitter lesson he was soon to learn. On the afternoon of the 20th about 16,000 French had confronted nearly 25,000 of the allies in the sharp but indecisive skirmishes before Arcis; the loss of the former was 1800, that of the allies 2700. Napoleon remained firm in the belief that he had to do with his retreating enemy's rear-guard; Schwarzenberg was convinced that the French had a strength far beyond the reality. During the night both armies were strongly reinforced, and in the early morning Napoleon had 27,500 men, enough, he believed, to demoralize the retreating Austrians. It was ten o'clock when he ordered the attack, Ney and Sebastiani being directed to the plateau behind the town. What was their surprise and dismay to find Schwarzenberg's entire army, which numbered not less than 100,000, drawn up in battle array on the plain to the eastward, the infantry in three dense columns, cavalry to right and left, with 370 pieces of artillery on the central front. The spectacle would have been dazzling to any but a soldier—the bright array of gay accoutrements, the glittering bayonets,

the waving banners, and the serried ranks. As it was, the audacious French skirmishers instinctively felt the incapacity of a general who could thus assemble an army as if on purpose to display its numbers and expose it to destruction. Without a thought they began a sort of challenging rencounter with horse-artillery and cavalry. But the Emperor's hopes were dashed when he learned the truth; with equal numbers he would have been exultant; a battle with odds of four to one he dared not risk. Sebastiani was kept on the heights to mask the retreat which was instantly determined upon, and at half-past one it began. This ruse was so successful, by reason of the alarms and crossings incident to the withdrawal of the French, that the allies were again terror-stricken; even the Czar rejected every suggestion of attack; again force was demoralized by genius. At last, however, scouts brought word that columns of French soldiers were debouching beyond the Aube, and the facts were plain. Even then the paralyzed invaders feared to attack, and it was not until two thirds of Napoleon's force was behind the stream that, after fierce fighting, the French rear was driven from the town. Oudinot's corps was the last to cross the river, and, standing until sappers had destroyed the bridge, it hurried away to follow the main column toward Vitry. The divisions of Gérard and Macdonald joined the march, and there were then 45,000 men in line.

While Napoleon was thus neutralizing the efforts of armies and generals by the renown of his name, two of his marshals were finally discredited. Enfeebled as Blücher appeared to be, he was no sooner freed from the awe of Napoleon's proximity than he began to move. On the 18th he passed the Aisne, and Marmont, disobeying the explicit instructions of Napoleon to keep open a line of retreat toward Châlons, began to withdraw toward Fismes, where he effected a junction with Mortier. His intention was to keep Blücher from Paris by false manœuvres. Rheims and Épernay at once fell into hostile hands; there was no way left open toward Châlons except the long detour by Château Thierry and Étoges; and Blücher, it was found, was hurrying to effect a connection with Schwarzenberg. This was an assured checkmate. Meantime Augereau had displayed a similar incapacity. On the 8th he had begun a number of feeble, futile movements intended to prevent the allies from forming their Army of the South. But after a few aimless marches he returned to Lyons, and stood there in idleness until his opponents had completed their



REPRODUCED BY ARRANGEMENT WITH THE DUC DE MORNY, OWNER OF ORIGINAL PAINTING BY MEISSONIER.

« 1814. »

organization. On the 20th the place was assaulted. The French general had 21,500 men under his immediate command, 6800 Catalonian veterans were on their way from Perpignan, and at Chambéry were 7000 more from the armies of Tuscany and Piedmont. The assailants had 32,000, mostly raw troops. With a stout heart in its commander, Lyons could have been held until the reinforcements ar-

rived, when the army of the allies would probably have been annihilated. But there was no stout heart in any of the authorities; not a spade had been used to throw up fortifications; the siege-guns ready at Avignon had not been brought up. Augereau, at the very height of the battle, summoned the civil authorities, and the unwarlike burghers assented without a murmur to his suggestion of

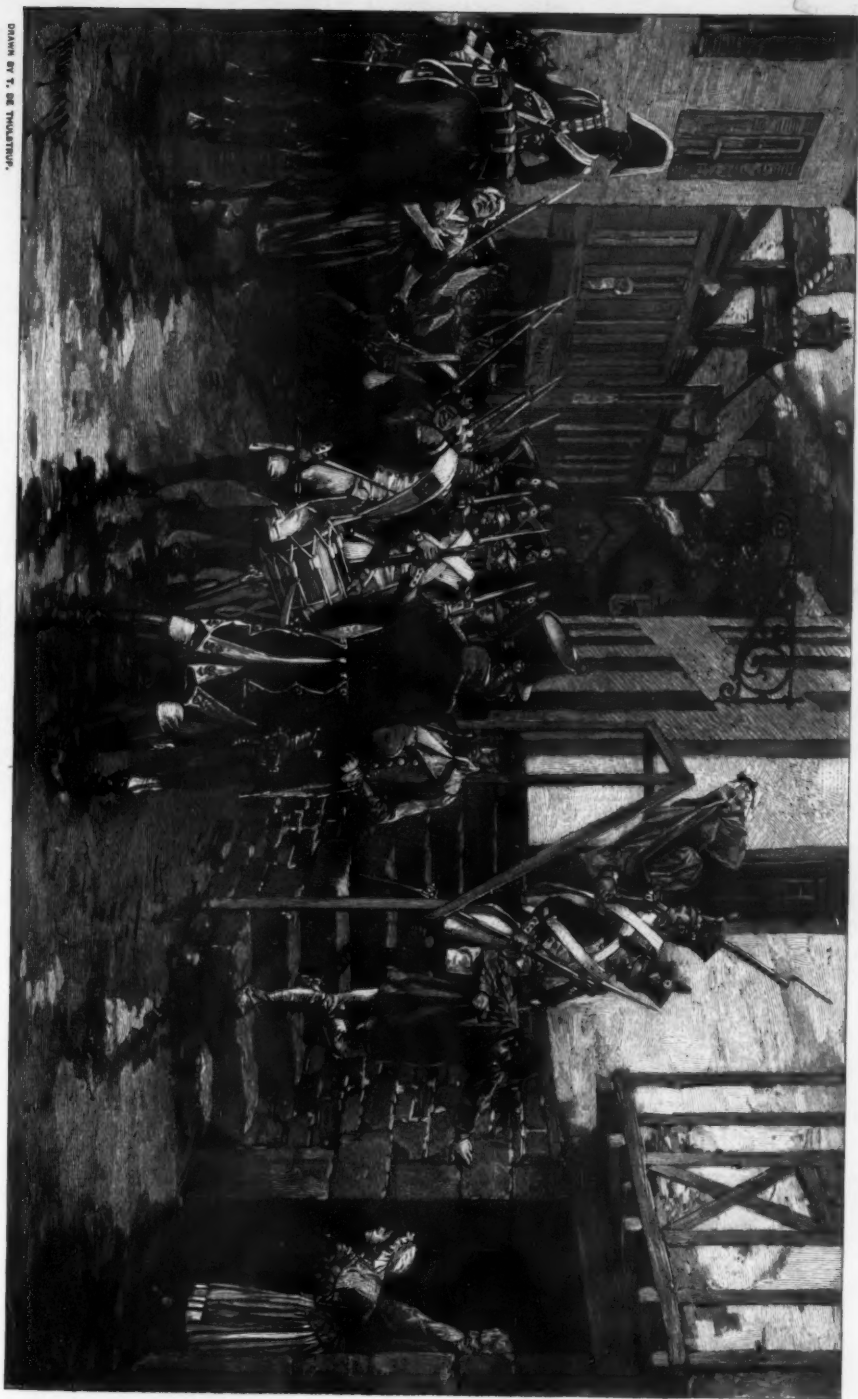
evacuation. The great eastern capital of France was delivered as a prize to those who had not earned it. Had Suchet been substituted for Augereau some weeks earlier the course of history might have been diverted. But although Napoleon had contemplated such a change, he shrank from disgracing an old servant, and again, as before Leipsic, displayed a kindly spirit destructive to his cause.

The night after his retreat from Arcis Napoleon sent out a reconnaissance to Vitry, and, finding it garrisoned by Prussians, he swerved toward St. Dizier, which, after a smart combat, he entered on the 23d. This placed him midway between the lines of his enemy's communication both from Strasburg and from Basel; which of the two, he asked himself, would Schwarzenberg return to defend? Thinking only how best to bait his foe, he set his army in motion northward; the anxious Austrian would certainly struggle to retain the line in greatest danger. This illusion continued, French cavalry scoured the country, some of the Chatillon diplomats were captured, and the Emperor of Austria had a narrow escape at Bar. It seemed strange that the country-side as far as Langres was deserted, but the fact was apparently explained when the news came that the enemy was in force at Vitry; probably they had abandoned Troyes and had disregarded Brienne for the purpose of diverting him from his purpose. Alas for the self-deception of a ruined man! The enemy at Vitry were a body of 8000 cavalry from the Silesian army, sent, under Winzengerode, to dog Napoleon's heels and deceive him, as they actually did. Thanks to Marmont's disobedience and bad judgment, Blücher had opened communications with Schwarzenberg, and both were marching as swiftly as possible direct to Paris. Of this Napoleon remained ignorant until the 28th. The Russian cavalry, having left Vitry, were on that day moving toward St. Dizier, when Napoleon, believing they formed the head of a powerful hostile column, fell upon them with needless fury, and all too easily put them to flight; 2000 were captured, and 500 killed. From his prisoners the Emperor first gained a hint of the appalling truth, and the same afternoon at Vitry the rumors were confirmed. Mounting his horse, the unhappy man spurred back to St. Dizier, and closeted himself in silent communing with his maps.

The allies had not at first divined Napoleon's purpose. Indeed, their movements in passing the Aube, and the day following, were little better than random efforts to fathom it. But on the morning of the 23d two important

messengers were captured, one a courier from Berthier to Macdonald with despatches stating exactly where Napoleon was, the other a rider with a short note from Napoleon to his Empress, containing a statement of its writer's plans. This famous paper was lost, for Blücher, after having read it, let the rider go. But the extant German translation is doubtless accurate. It runs: "My friend, I have been all day in the saddle. On the 20th I took Arcis on the Aube. The enemy attacked at eight in the evening. I beat him, killed four thousand men, and captured four cannon. On the 21st the enemy engaged in order to protect the march of his columns toward Brienne and Bar on the Aube. I have resolved to betake myself to the Marne in order to draw off the enemy from Paris and to approach my fortifications. I shall be this evening in St. Dizier. Adieu, my friend; kiss my boy." Savary declares that there was a final phrase: "This movement makes or mars me." The menace to their lines of communication at first produced consternation in the council of the allies, but a second calmer thought determined them to abandon both, and, opening a new one by way of Châlons into the Netherlands, to make the necessary detour and fall on Napoleon's rear. Francis, for the sake of keeping close touch with his own domains, was to join the Army of the South at Lyons. That night a package of letters to Napoleon from the imperial dignitaries at Paris fell into the hands of the invaders. Each and all the writers expressed a profound despondency, Savary in particular asserting that everything was to be feared should the enemy approach the capital. Next morning, the 24th, the junction between Blücher and Schwarzenberg was completed. Francis and Metternich having been removed from the military council, Schwarzenberg, listening to warlike advice, determined to start immediately in pursuit of Napoleon and seek a battle. The march was begun, and it seemed as if Napoleon's wild scheme was to be completely justified. He had certainly displayed a profound insight into the character of his foe.

But Alexander had been steadily hardening his purpose to annihilate Napoleon. For a week past Vitrolles, the well-known royalist agent, had been at his headquarters: the accounts of a steady growth in royalist strength, the efforts of Napoleon's lifelong foe, Pozzo di Borgo; and the budget of despondent letters from the Paris officials, combined to temper the Czar's mystical humor into a determination of steel. Accordingly, on the same day he summoned his personal mili-



DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTROP.

ARRESTING DESERTERS.

tary advisers, Barclay, Wolkonsky, Diebitsch, and Toll; then, pointing out on a map the various positions of the troops engaged in the campaign, he asked impressively whether it were best to pursue Napoleon or march on Paris. Barclay supported the former alternative; Diebitsch advised dividing the army and doing both; but Toll, with powerful emphasis, declared himself for the second course. The Czar listened enthusiastically to what was near his own heart, and expressed himself strongly as favoring it; the others yielded with the eagerness of courtiers, and Alexander, mounting his horse, spurred after Frederick William and Schwarzenberg. The new plan was unfolded, the Prussian king supported it, Schwarzenberg hesitated, but yielded. That night the orders were issued for an about-face, a long explanatory despatch was sent to Blücher, and on the 25th the combined armies of Bohemia and Silesia were hurrying with measured tramp toward Paris. For the first time there was general enthusiasm in their ranks. Blücher, who from his unparalleled ardor had won the name of Marshal Forward, was transported with joy.

The two armies marched on parallel lines, and met with no resistance of any importance, except as the various skirmishes displayed the desperate courage of the irregular French soldiers, both the untried «Marie Louises» coming out from Paris, and various bodies of the national guard conveying provision trains. It was the 25th before Marmont and Mortier effected their junction, and then, although about 16,000 strong, they were steadily forced back through Fère Champenoise and Allement toward Charenton under the very walls of Paris. Marmont displayed neither energy nor common sense on the retreat, his outlying companies were cut off, and strategic points which might have been held were utterly neglected. The army with which he reached Paris on the 29th would have formed an invaluable nucleus for the formation and incorporation of the numerous volunteers and irregular companies which were available, but it was entirely demoralized. Ledru des Essarts, commander of Meaux, was obliged, on the 27th, to abandon his charge, essential as it seemed to the safety of Paris, because in his garrison of 6000 men he had not more than 800 veterans, hastily collected from Marmont's stragglers, while the new conscripts, ill-conditioned and badly commanded, were overwhelmed with terror at the sight of Blücher's army. They fought gallantly enough, however, on their retreat throughout the 28th, but to no avail; one position after an-

other was lost, and they too bivouacked on the evening of the 29th before the gates of the capital. It is a weak curiosity, possibly, but we must wonder what might have been had Marmont, instead of retreating to Fismes on the 18th, withdrawn to Rheims, where he and Mortier could at least have checked Blücher's unauthorized advance, and perhaps have held the army of Silesia for a time, when the moral effect would probably have been to justify Schwarzenberg and confirm his project for the pursuit of Napoleon. In that case, moreover, the precious information of Napoleon's letter to his consort would not have fallen into his enemies' hands. Would destiny have paused in its career?

THE FALL OF PARIS.

THE pallid, silent Emperor at St. Dizier was closeted with considerations like these. He knew of the defeat which forced Marmont and Mortier back on Paris; the loss of the capital was imminent; parties were in a dangerous state; his marshals were growing more and more slack; he had failed in transferring the seat of war to Lorraine; the information he daily received was almost certainly colored by the medium of scheming followers through which it came. On the other hand, there was a single fact which might counterbalance all the rest: the peoples of northern and eastern France were at last aroused in behalf of his cause. For years all Europe had rung with outcries against the outrages of Napoleon's soldiery; the allied armies no sooner became invaders in their turn than they began to outstrip their foe in every deed of shame; in particular the savage bands from Russian Asia indulged their inhuman passions to the full, while the French peasantry, rigid with horror, looked on for the moment in paralysis. Now they had begun to rise in mass, and from the 25th to the 28th their volunteer companies brought in a thousand prisoners. Besides, all the chief cities of the district were now in the hands of more or less regular troops; Dunette was marching from Metz with 4000 men; Broussier, from Strasburg with 5000; Verdun could furnish 2000, and several other fortresses a like number. Souham was at Nogent with his division, Allix at Auxerre with his; the army at the Emperor's disposal could easily be reckoned at 70,000. Assisted by the partizan bands which now hung in a passion of hatred on the skirts of the invaders, and by the national uprising now fairly under way, could not the Emperor-general hope for another successful stand? He well



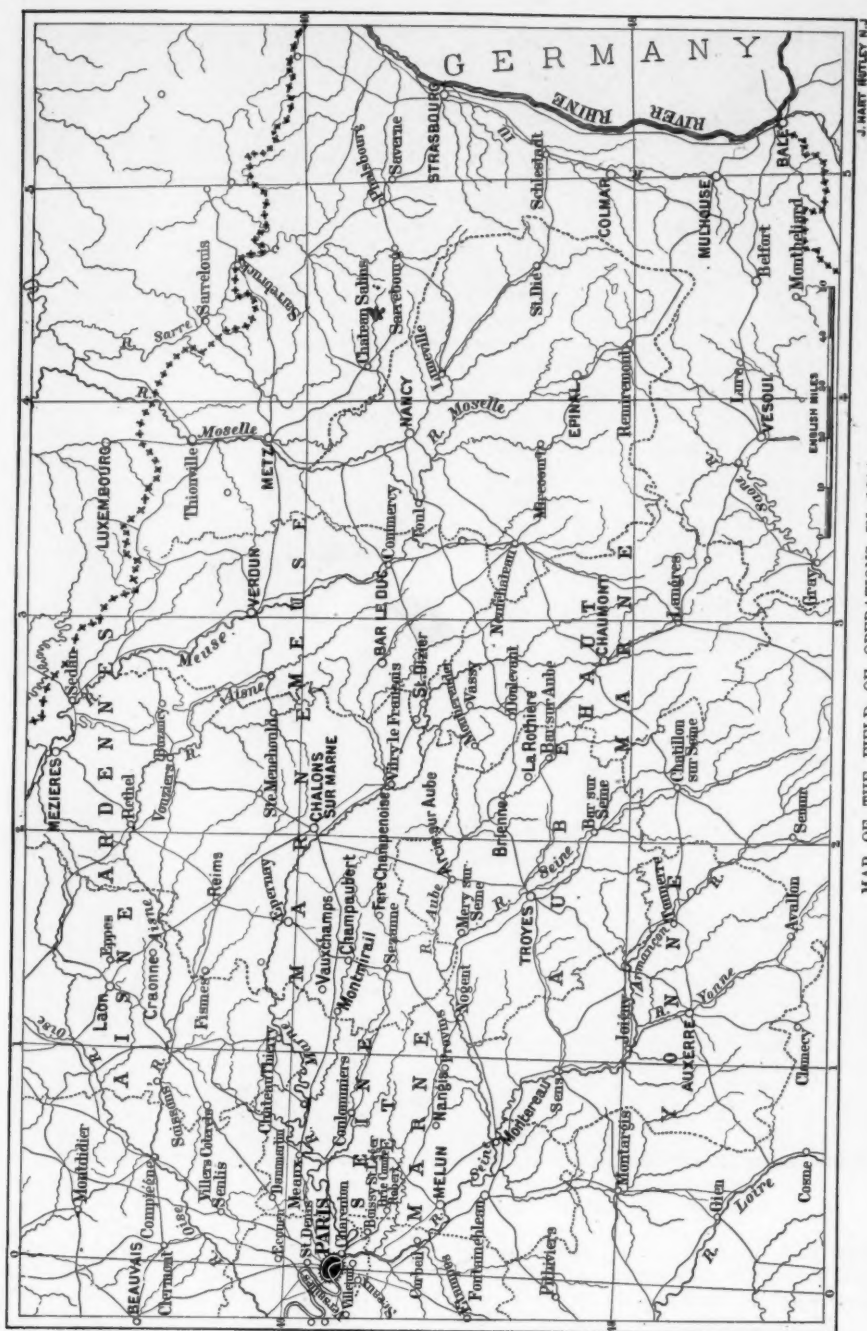
FROM THE PAINTING BY JEAN-LOUIS-ANDRÉ-THÉODORE GÉRICULT, IN THE LOUVRE.

ENGRAVED BY H. WOLF.

OFFICER OF THE MOUNTED CHASSEURS OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD CHARGING.

knew that the fear of what had happened was the specter of his enemy's council-board; they would, he reckoned, be rendered over-cautious, and give him at least a fortnight in which to manœuver before the fall of Paris could be expected. Counting the men about Vitry and the garrison reinforcements at

only 60,000, the combined armies of Suchet, Soult, and Augereau at the same number, that of Marmont at 14,000, and the men in the various depots at 16,000, he would have a total of 150,000, from which he could easily spare 50,000 to cut off every line of retreat from his foe, and still have left 100,000



MAP OF THE FIELD OF OPERATIONS IN 1814.

J. HART HUTLEY N.J.

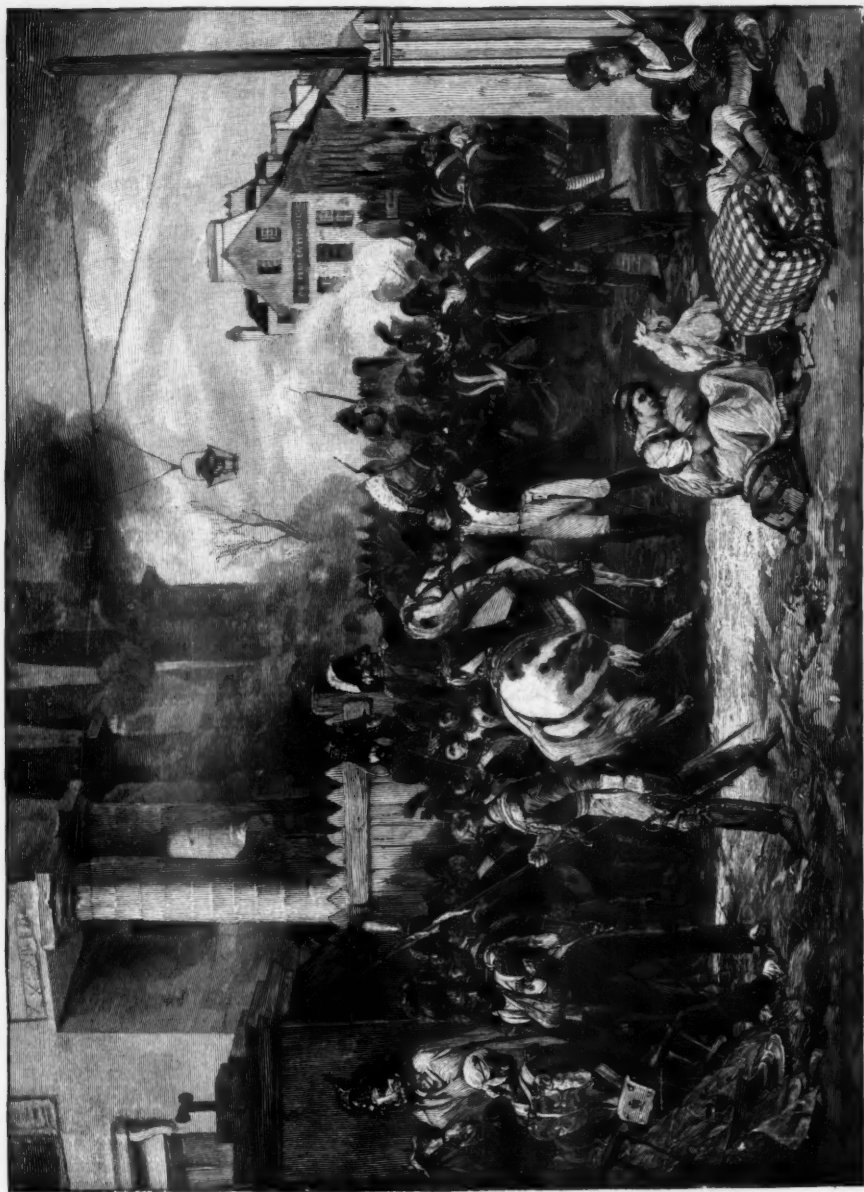
wherewith to meet their concentrated force on a basis of something like equality.

Of course in the crisis of his great decision he could not stand alone; he must be sure of his lieutenants. Accordingly, after a few hours of secret communings, he summoned a council, and laid before it his considerations substantially as enumerated. Those present were Berthier, Ney, Lefebvre, Caulaincourt, and Maret; Oudinot and Macdonald, at Bar on the Ornain and Perthes respectively, were too distant to arrive in time, but he knew their opinion, that the war should be continued either in Lorraine or from a center of operations to be established at Sens. Berthier was verging on desperation, and so was Caulaincourt, who, since leaving Chatillon, had been vainly struggling to reopen negotiations for peace on any terms; Ney, though physically brave, was not the stuff from which martyrs are made, and Lefebvre, naturally weak, was laboring under an attack of senility. The council was imperative for peace at any price; the Emperor, having foreseen its temper, had little difficulty in taking the military steps for carrying out its behests. Early in the morning of the 28th the army was set in motion toward Paris. The line of march was to be through Bar on the Aube, Troyes, and Fontainebleau, a somewhat circuitous route, chosen apparently for three reasons: because the region to be traversed would still afford sustenance to the men, because the Seine would protect its right flank, and because the dangerous point of Meaux was thus avoided. Such a conclusion is significant of the clearest judgment and the nicest calculation. Pages have been written about Napoleon's hallucinations at the close of his career; neither here nor in any of the courses he adopted is there aught to sustain the charge. At breakfast-time a squad of jubilant peasants brought in a prisoner whom they believed to be no less a person than the Comte d'Artois. In reality it was Weissenberg, an Austrian ambassador on his way to London. He was promptly liberated on parole and despatched with letters to Francis and Metternich. By a curious adventure Vitrolles was in the minister's suite disguised as a serving-man, but he was not detected.

At Doulevant Napoleon received ciphered despatches from La Valette, the postmaster-general in Paris, a trusted friend. The writer urged his Emperor to come quickly or all would be lost. This gave wings to Napoleon's impatience, and, as new couriers were met at Doulaincourt with messages of like import, the troops were spurred to fresh exertions,

their marches were doubled, and at nightfall of the 29th Troyes was reached. Snatching a few brief hours of sleep, Napoleon at dawn next morning threw discretion to the winds, and started with an insufficient escort, determined to reach Villeneuve on the Vanne before night. The task was performed, but no sooner had he arrived than at once he flung himself into a post-chaise, and, with Caulaincourt at his side, flew toward Paris; a second vehicle, with three adjutants, followed as best it might, and a third containing Gourgaud and Lefebvre brought up the rear. It will be remembered that Gourgaud was an able artilleryman; the doting Lefebvre, it was hoped, could rouse the suburban populations for the defense of Paris. At Sens Napoleon heard that the enemy was ready to attack; at Essonnes he was told that the decisive battle was raging; and about ten miles from the capital, at the wretched posting-station of La Cour de France, deep in the night, fell the fatal blow. Paris had surrendered. The terrible certainty was assured by the bearer of the tidings, Belliard, a cavalry officer despatched with his troop by Mortier to prepare quarters for his own and Marmont's men.

Marie Louise had played her rôle of Empress regent as well as her immature age and slender abilities would permit; only once in his letters did the Emperor chide her, and that was for a fault venial in European royalty, receiving a high official, in this case the arch-chancellor, in her bedchamber. On the whole, she had been dignified and conciliatory; once she rose to a considerable height, pronouncing with great effect a stirring speech composed by her husband and forwarded from his headquarters. About her were grouped a motley council: Joseph, gentle but efficient; Savary, underhanded and unwarlike; Clarke, working in the war ministry like a machine; Talleyrand, secretly plotting against Napoleon, whose title of vice-grand elector he wore with outward suavity; Cambacérès, wise but unready; Montalivet, adroit but cautious. Yet, while there was no one combining ability, enthusiasm, and energy, the equipment of troops had gone on with great regularity, and each day regiments of half-drilled, half-equipped recruits had departed for the seat of war. The national guards who garrisoned the city, some 12,000 in all, were ill-disposed and sensitive to the shafts of royalist wit; yet they had held their peace and performed the round of their duties. Everything had outwardly been so quiet and regular that Napoleon actually contemplated a new levy, but the emptiness of the arsenals compelled him to



FROM THE PAINTING BY ROMANUS SENEZ, IN THE LOUVRE.

THE BARRIÈRE DE CLICHY, OR THE DEFENSE OF PARIS IN 1814.

ENGRAVED BY PETER ATKEN.

dismiss the idea. Theoretically a fortified military depot, Paris was really an antiquated fortress with arsenals of useless weapons. Spasmodic efforts had been made to throw up redoubts before the walls, but they had failed from lack of energy in the military administration.

A close examination of what lay beneath the surface of Parisian society revealed much that was dangerous. Talleyrand's house was a nest of intrigue. Imperial prefects like Pasquier and Chabrol were calm but perfunctory. The Talleyrand circle grew larger and bolder every day. Moreover, it had influential members—De Pradt, Louis, Vitrolles, Royer-Collard, Lambrecht, Grégoire, and Garat, together with other high functionaries in all departments. Bourrienne developed great activity as an extortioner and briber; the old irreconcilables, Montmorency, Noailles, Delfort, Fitz-James, and Montesquieu, were less and less careful to conceal their activity. Jaucourt, one of Joseph's chamberlains, was a spy carrying the latest news from headquarters to the plotters. Napoleon was well aware of the increasing chaos, and smartly reproved Savary from Rheims. But Talleyrand was undaunted. At first he appears to have desired a violent death for Napoleon, in the hope of furthering his own schemes during a long imperial regency. At all events, he ardently opposed the departure of the Empress and the King of Rome from Paris. Nevertheless it was he who despatched Vitrolles, the passionate royalist, to Nesselrode with a letter in invisible ink which, when deciphered, turned out to be an inscrutable riddle capable of two interpretations. Lannes had long before stigmatized the unfrocked bishop as a mess of filth in a silk stocking; Murat said he could take a kick from behind without showing it in his face. His fellow-conspirators were scarcely less bitter in their dislike than his avowed enemies. Yet he pursued the even tenor of his course, scattering innuendos, distributing showers of anonymous pamphlets, smuggling English newspapers into the city, in fact working every wire of conspiracy. Surprised by the Minister of Police in an equivocal meeting with De Pradt, he burst out into hollow laughter, De Pradt joined, and even Savary himself found the merriment infectious. Toward the close of March the populace displayed a perilous sensitiveness to all these influences. The London *"Times"* of March 15, which was read by many in the capital, asked what pity Blücher and the Cossacks would show to Paris on the day of their vengeance, the editor suggesting that

possibly as he wrote the famous town was already in ashes. Such suggestions created something very like a panic, and on the 28th the imperial officials held a council, in which it was determined to send the Empress and her son to Rambouillet on the very next day. This fatal decision was taken partly through fear, but largely in deference to Napoleon's letter containing the classical allusion to Astyanax. The very men who took it believed that the Parisian masses would have died for the young Napoleon, and deplored the decision they had reached. "Behold what a fall in history!" said Talleyrand to Savary on parting. "To attach one's name to a few adventures instead of affixing it to an age. . . . But it is not for everybody to be engulfed in the ruins of this edifice." From that hour the restoration of the Bourbons was a certainty.

It was a mournful procession of imperial carriages which next morning filed slowly through the city, attracting slight attention from a few silent onlookers, and passed on toward Rambouillet. The baby king had shrieked and clutched at the doors as he was torn away from his apartments in the Tuileries, and would not be appeased; his mother and attendants were in consternation at the omen, and all thoughtful persons who considered the situation were convinced that the dissolution of the Empire was at hand. A deputation from the national guard had sought in vain to dissuade the Empress from her course; their failure and the distant booming of cannon produced wide-spread depression throughout the city, which was not removed by a spirited proclamation from Joseph declaring that his brother was on the heels of the invaders. All the public functionaries seemed inert, and everybody knew that there was no adequate means of resistance either in men or in arms should the populace rise. Clarke alone began to display energy; with Joseph's assistance, what preparations were possible at so late an hour were made: six companies were formed from the recruits at hand, the national guard was put under arms, the students of the polytechnic school were called out for service, communication with Marmont was secured, and by late afternoon Montmartre, Belleville, and St. Denis were feebly fortified. The allies had been well aware that what was to be done must be done before the dreaded Emperor should arrive, and on that same morning their vanguard had summoned the town; but during the parley their generals began to feel the need of greater strength, and further asked an armistice of four hours. This was granted on the usual condition that

within its duration no troops should be moved; but the implied promise was perfidiously broken, and at nightfall both Alexander and Frederick William, accompanied by their forces, were in sight of the far-famed city. Dangers, hardships, bygone insults and humiliations, all were forgotten in a general tumult of joy, wrote Danilevsky, a Russian officer. Alexander alone was pensive, well knowing that, should the city hold out two days, reinforcements from the west might make its capture impossible until Napoleon should arrive. Accordingly he took virtual command, and issued stringent orders preparatory for the assault early next morning.

From early dawn until midday on March 30 the fighting before Paris was almost continuous; the assailants displayed an assurance of victory, the defenders showed the courage of despair. Marmont and Mortier kept their ranks in order, and the soldiers fought gallantly; elsewhere the militia and the boys emulated each other and the regulars in steadfastness. But when, shortly after noon, it became evident that Paris was doomed to fall before superior force, Joseph, as deputy emperor, issued to Marmont full powers to treat, and followed the Empress, whom he overtook at Chartres, far beyond Rambouillet. She had determined, for greater safety, to cross the Loire. At four in the afternoon the Prussians captured Montmartre, and prepared to bombard from that height; at the same moment the last ranks of the allied armies came up. Marmont felt further resistance to be useless; his line of retreat was endangered, and he had special directions not to expose the city to a sack. There was still abundant courage in the citizens, who stood behind the barricades within the gates clamorous for arms and ammunition. A messenger came galloping in with the news that Napoleon was but half a day distant. The lookouts now and then espied some general riding a white horse, and called, "T is he!" But for all the enthusiasm the expected "he" did not appear, further carnage seemed useless, French honor had been vindicated, and when Marmont entered the town he was received as one who had done what man could do. Negotiations once opened, the allies displayed a sense of great relief, and were glad to make terms which provided for an armistice, assured kind treatment to the city, and permitted the withdrawal of the troops.

Throughout the afternoon and evening Marmont's house was the rendezvous of the negotiators and of the few political personages left in the city. There was the freest

talk: "Bonaparte" was conquered; the Bourbons would be restored; what a splendid man was this Marmont! Some weeks earlier the marshal had been told by his brother-in-law, Perregaux, a chamberlain of Napoleon's, that in case of a restoration he himself and Macdonald would be spared, whatever happened to the other great imperial leaders. Talleyrand had ostensibly taken flight with his colleagues, but by an interesting coincidence his coachman had sought the wrong exit, and had been turned back. That night he appeared in Marmont's presence with direct overtures from the Bourbons. His interview was short, and he seemed to have gained nothing; but he had left Marmont consumed with vanity, feeling that the destinies of France were in his hands alone, and this was much. Passing through the corridors, the sly diplomatist greeted Prince Orloff, and begged to lay his profound respect at the feet of the Czar. "I shall not forget to lay this blank check before his majesty," was the stinging retort. But Alexander said on hearing of it, "As yet this is but anecdote; it may become history."

The triumphal entry of the allies into Paris began next morning at seven. It was headed by Alexander and his satellite king; Francis was in Dijon. The soldiers were orderly, and there was no pillage or license. Crowds of royalists thronged the streets acclaiming the conquerors and shouting for Louis XVIII. Throughout the afternoon Talleyrand and Nesselrode were closeted in the former's palace; and when, toward evening, they were joined by the Czar and Frederick William, who had devoted the day to ceremony, the diplomats had agreed that France must have the Bourbons. A formal meeting was instantly arranged; there were present, besides the monarchs and their ministers, Schwarzenberg, Lichtenstein, Dalberg, and Pozzo di Borgo. Alexander assumed the presidency, but Talleyrand, with consummate skill, monopolized the deliberations. The Czar suggested, as various bases for peace, Napoleon under all guaranties, Marie Louise as regent for the King of Rome, the Bourbons, and, it is believed, hinted at Bernadotte or the republic as possibilities. Of all these there was but one which represented the principle of legitimacy with which Alexander had in the coalition identified himself, and by which alone he, with his shady title, could hope to assert authority in western Europe. This was expounded and emphasized by the wily Talleyrand with tremendous effect. There was little difficulty, therefore, in reaching the decision not to treat with Napoleon Bonaparte or with



FROM THE PAINTING BY JEAN-BAPTISTE-PAULIN GUÉRIN, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES.

ENGRAVED BY T. JONHREGG.

AUGUSTE-FRÉDÉRIC-LOUIS VIESSE DE MARMONT, DUKE OF RAGUSA.

any member of his family. This was the great schemer's first stroke; his second was equally brilliant: the servile senate was appointed to create a provisional government, and construct a new constitution, to be guaranteed by the allies. That body, however obsequious, was still French; even the extreme radicals, as represented by Lainé of Bordeaux, had to ac-

knowledge this. The new and subservient administration was at work within twenty-four hours; Talleyrand, with his two creatures, Dalberg and Jaucourt, Montesquiou the royalist, and Beurnonville, a recalcitrant imperialist, constituting the executive commission. The legislature was at once summoned, seventy-nine deputies responded, and after de-

bate they pronounced Napoleon overthrown for having violated the constitution. The municipal council and the great imperial offices, with their magistrates, gave their assent. The heart of the city appeared to have been transformed; on the street, at the theater, everywhere, the white Bourbon cockades and ribbons burst forth like blossoms in a premature spring. But outside the focus of agitation, and in the suburbs, the populace murmured, and sometimes exhibited open discontent. In proportion to the distance west and south the country was correspondingly imperial, obeying the imperial regency now established at Blois, which was summoning recruits, issuing stirring proclamations, and keeping up a brave show.

When, in the latest hours of March 30, Napoleon met Belliard, and heard the disastrous report of what had happened, he gave full vent to a frightful outburst of wrath. Forgetful of all his own shortcomings, he raged against others with a fury bordering on insanity, and could find no language vile or blasphemous enough to stigmatize Joseph and Clarke. In utter self-abandonment, he demanded a carriage, and rode out on the road toward Paris, questioning, storming, and denouncing Marmont and Mortier. His attendants reasoned in vain until, a mile beyond La Cour de France, Mortier's vanguard was met marching away under the terms of the convention, and Napoleon knew that he was face to face with doom; to advance farther would mean imprisonment or worse. General Flahaut was therefore sent to take Marmont's advice, and Caulaincourt hurried away to seek audience with the Czar. The reply from Marmont came as swiftly as only discouraging news can come; the situation, he said, was hopeless, the public depressed by the flight of the court, the national guard worthless; he was coming in with the twenty thousand troops still left to himself and Mortier. Napoleon, now calm and collected, left careful orders for the two marshals to take position between the Essonne and the Seine, the left on the former stream, the right on the latter, the whole position protected by these rivers on the flanks, and by the Yonne in the rear. It was clear there was to be a battle. Macdonald was the only general who had advised it; Berthier, Drouot, Belliard, Flahaut, and Gourgaud all wished to return into Lorraine; but the divisions were coming in swiftly, and in the short midnight hour, before returning to Fontainebleau, Napoleon's decision was taken.

On the afternoon of April 1 the Emperor

rode from Fontainebleau to Marmont's headquarters. While he was in the very act of congratulating Marmont on his gallantry the commissioners who had signed the capitulation arrived and opened their budget of news. Napoleon grew pensive and somber as he listened, and then, almost without speaking, rode sadly back to Fontainebleau. Next morning he was cheerful again, and as he stepped into the White Horse court of the palace at the hour of guard-mounting two battalions cheered him enthusiastically. His countenance lighted with the old fire; the on-lookers said, «It is the Napoleon of Potsdam and Schönbrunn.» But in the afternoon Caulaincourt returned and the sky seemed darkened; the Czar had listened to his eloquence only so far as to take into consideration once again the question of peace with the Empire under a regency; as a condition antecedent Napoleon must abdicate. The stricken man could not hear his faithful servant's report with equanimity. He restrained his violent impulses, but used harsh words. Soon it seemed as if ideas of a strange and awful form were mastering him, the gloomy interview was ended, and the Emperor dismissed his minister. For such a disease as his there was no remedy but action; on the 3d two divisions, one each of the old and young guard, arrived, and they were drawn up for review. Napoleon, in splendid garb and with a brilliant suite, including Ney and Moncey, went through the ceremony. At its close he gathered the assembled officers in a group, and explained the situation in his old incisive phrase and vibrating tones, closing with the words, «In a few days I am going to attack Paris; can I count on you?» There was dead silence. «Am I right?» rang out, in a final exhausting effort, the moving call of the great actor. Then at last came the hearty, ringing response so breathlessly expected. As the officers scattered to their posts, the old «growlers» as men had come to call the veterans of the Empire, gave a cheer, while the bands played the «Marseillaise» and the «Chant du Départ» as the ranks moved away.

Napoleon must now have certain clear conceptions. Except Mortier, Drouot, and Gérard, his great officers were disaffected; the ambitious minor generals were still his devoted slaves. The army was thoroughly imperialist, partly because they represented the nation as a whole, partly because they were under the Emperor's spell. Of such troops he appeared to have at hand 60,000, distributed as follows: Marmont, 12,500; Mortier, 6000; Macdonald, 2700; Oudinot, 5500; Gérard, 3000;



FROM THE PAINTING BY ROBERT LEFEVRE, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES.

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

PRINCESS PAULINE BONAPARTE.

Ney, 2300; Drouot, 9000; and about 11,600 guard and other cavalry. Besides these, there were 1600 Poles, 2250 recruits, and 1500 men in the garrisons of Fontainebleau and Méhun. Farther away were considerable forces in Sens, Tours, Blois, and Orléans, 8000 in all; and still farther the armies of Soult, Suchet, Augereau, and Maison. Although the allies had lost 9000 men before Paris, they had called up reinforcements, and had about 140,000 men in readiness to fight. This situation may not have been entirely discouraging to the devotee of a dark destiny, which in politer phrase he had recently been designating as Providence. Be that as it may, when Macdonald arrived on the morning of the 4th the dispositions for battle had been carefully studied and arranged; every corps was ordered to its station. As usual, Napoleon appeared about noon for the ceremony of guard-mounting, and the troops acclaimed him as usual. But a few paces distant from him stood the marshals and higher generals in a little knot, their heads close bunched, their tongues running, their glances averted. From out of this group rang the thunderous voice of Ney: "Nothing but the abdication can draw us out of this." Napoleon started, regained his self-control, pretended not to hear the crushing menace, and withdrew to his workroom.

Concurrent with the resolve of the marshals at Fontainebleau ran the actual treason of one who alone was more important to Napoleon's cause than all of them. "I am ready to leave, with my troops, the army of the Emperor Napoleon on the following conditions, of which I demand from you a written guaranty," are the startling words from a letter of Marmont to the Czar, dated the previous day. On April 1 agents of the provisional government had made arrangements with a discredited nobleman named Maubreuil for the assassination of Napoleon; the next day Schwarzenberg introduced into the French lines newspapers and copies of a proclamation explaining that the action of the senate and of all France had released the soldiers from their oaths. Marmont forwarded the documents he received to Berthier, and while most of the officers flung theirs away in contemptuous scorn, some read and pondered. On April 3 an emissary from Schwarzenberg appeared at Marmont's headquarters, and what he said was spoken to willing ears. Still under the influence of the homage he had received in Paris, the vain marshal saw himself repeating the rôle of Monk; he beheld France at peace, prosperity restored, social order

reëstablished, and himself extolled as a true patriot—all this if only he pursued the easy line of self-interest, whereby he would not merely retain his duchy, but also secure the honors and emoluments which would be showered on him. So he yielded on condition that his troops should withdraw honorably into Normandy, and Napoleon be allowed to enjoy life and liberty within circumscribed limits fixed by the allied powers and France. Next morning, the 4th, came Schwarzenberg's assent, and Marmont at once set about suborning his officers; at four in the afternoon arrived an embassy from Fontainebleau on its way to Paris. The officers composing it desired to see Marmont.

NAPOLÉON'S FIRST ABDICATION.

To Ney and those great officers who had laid their heads together in the courtyard at Fontainebleau Napoleon's abdication meant peace, with the continuance of the Empire, and the perpetuation of their dignities, with leisure to enjoy them. The prospect was irresistible, and the cry of the marshal was the expression of a grim determination. When Napoleon entered his cabinet he found there Berthier, Maret, Caulaincourt, and Bertrand. Concealing his agitation, he began the routine of such familiar labors as impend on the eve of battle. Almost instantly hurrying footsteps were heard in the corridor, the door was burst open, and on the threshold stood Ney, Lefebvre, Oudinot, and Macdonald. The leader of the company quailed an instant under the Emperor's gaze, and then gruffly demanded if there were news from Paris. No, was the reply—a deliberate falsehood, since the decree of the senate had arrived the night before. "Well, then, I have some," roared Ney, and told the familiar facts. At Nogent, six weeks earlier, Ney and Oudinot had endeavored to bully Napoleon in a similar way; then they were easily cowed. But now Napoleon's manner was conciliatory and his speech argumentative. Long and eloquently he set forth his situation and his certainty of victory. To no avail. Macdonald was the only one present not openly committed, and he too was sullen; within twenty-four hours he had received, through Marmont, a letter from Beurnonville, the contents of which, though read to Napoleon then and there, have not been transmitted to posterity. What happened or what was said thereafter is far from certain, so conflicting and so biased are the accounts of those present. Contemporaries thought that in the crisis, when Ney declared

the army would obey its officers and would not march to Paris in obedience to the Emperor, there were menacing gestures which betrayed a more or less complete purpose of assassination on the part of some. If so, Napoleon was never greater: for, commanding a calm by his dignified self-restraint, he dismissed the faithless officers one and all. They went, and he

to present the document to the Czar? Caulaincourt, of course, would necessarily be one; Ney, dangerous if thwarted, must be the second; and the third? Marmont certainly was Napoleon's first thought, and he ordered full powers to be made out for him. But on second thought he felt that his aide-de-camp in Egypt, his trusted friend from then on-



FROM THE PAINTING BY JACQUES-LOUIS DAVID, IN THE COLLECTION OF M. ROTHMAN.

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

ÉTIENNE-JACQUES-JOSEPH-ALEXANDRE MACDONALD, DUKE OF TARENTUM.

was left alone with Caulaincourt to draw up the form of his abdication.

The paper, as finally written and executed, runs as follows: «The allied powers having declared the Emperor Napoleon to be the sole obstacle to the reestablishment of peace in Europe, the Emperor Napoleon, faithful to his oath, declares that he is ready to descend from the throne, to leave France, and even to lay down his life for the good of the country, [which is] inseparable from the rights of his son, from those of the Empress's regency, and from the laws of the Empire.» Who should constitute the embassy

ward, his confidential adviser, «brought up in his tent,» as he said, might injure the cause as being too certainly influenced by personal considerations. Macdonald, therefore, was named in his stead. The embassy should, however, pass by Essonnes, and if Marmont desired to go he might send back for his credentials. This was the company which, arriving about four in the afternoon at Marmont's headquarters, presented Napoleon's message. The busy conspirator was stunned, but he had already won at least five of his generals—Souham, Merlin, Digeon, Ledru des Essarts, and Megnadier, his chief of

staff; the tide of treason was in full flow, and could not be stemmed. Should the Czar assent to the regency, where would Marmont be? Or, on the other hand, should Napoleon learn the truth, there was no question but that a few hours might see the emulator of Monk a corpse. In quick decision, the traitorous marshal confessed the steps already taken, and then at the loud cry of reprobation with which his statement was met, he falsely asserted that he was not yet committed, and demanded to join the embassy. The others, willing to remove their colleague from further temptation, assented, and Souham was left in command, with strict injunctions to inform the troops of Napoleon's abdication, but to take no further steps. At Schwarzenberg's headquarters Marmont found means to betray the situation to that general. The Austrian, by Marmont's own account, absolved his fellow-intriguer from all engagements; but somehow that very evening about nine Talleyrand knew the whole story, and hastening, pale with terror, to Alexander's presence, poured out a bitter remonstrance against the regency. The Czar listened, but contemptuously dismissed the petitioner with the non-committal remark that no one would repent having trusted him.

It was almost midnight when Alexander gave audience to the embassy. Marmont was not of the number, having slunk away in guilty uneasiness to await the event at Ney's house. To Caulaincourt, as the spokesman of the Empire, the Czar listened attentively and sympathetically. He felt himself to have taken a false step when, five days earlier, he had virtually assented to the restoration of the Bourbons. In the interval their cause had steadily grown more and more unpopular; neither people nor soldiers, not even the national guard, would give any declaration of adherence to the acts of the provisional government; the imperial army, on the other hand, stood firm. His own and Russia's honor having been redeemed, the earlier instincts of hatred for absolutism had returned; the feeling that the Empire was better for his purposes than any dynasty welled up as he listened to Caulaincourt's powerful argument

that France as a nation, and her undivided army, alike desired the regency. In fact, the listener wavered so much that, two days later, Ney and Macdonald asserted their belief that at a certain instant their cause had been won. But at two in the morning an aide-de-camp entered and spoke a few words in Russian. The Czar gave a startled attention, and the officer repeated his words. «Gentlemen,» said the monarch, «you base your claim on the unshaken attachment of the army to the imperial government. The vanguard of Napoleon's army has just deserted. It is at this moment within our lines.» The news was true. The announcement of Napoleon's abdication had spread consternation among

Marmont's men, and they were seriously demoralized. When a routine message came from Fontainebleau requiring Souham's presence there, his guilty conscience made him tremble; and when Gourgaud requested an interview the uneasy general foresaw his own arrest and was terror-stricken. Summoning the others who, like himself, were partly committed, he told his fears, and the soldiers were ordered under arms. Toward midnight the march began. Ignorant at first of whither they were going, the men were silent; but finding themselves before long between two Austrian lines, they hooted their officers. Thereupon they were told that they were to fight with these



FROM A RECENTLY DISCOVERED MINIATURE BY HAREY, IN THE LOUVRE. ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIEZEL.
NAPOLEON THE EMPEROR.

same Austrians in defense of the Empire, and, believing the lie, were reconciled. Arriving finally at Versailles, and learning the truth, they mutinied; but Marmont soon appeared, and partly cowed them, partly persuaded them to bend before necessity. After learning of Souham's deed he had hurried to the Czar's antechamber, where were assembled the members of the provisional government. These were making merry, but as the members of the embassy filed out with stony gaze Marmont murmured, «I would give an arm if this had not happened.» «An arm? Sir, say your head,» rejoined Macdonald, bitterly. For some time Marmont was a hero, but soon his vanity and true character combined to bring out his conduct into clear view, and from his title of Ragusa was coined the word *ragusade* as a synonym for treason. During the «Hundred Days» his name was

of course stricken from the list of marshals. Loaded with honors in the second Restoration, he proved a second time faithless, and in 1830 betrayed his trust to the republicans. The people called him Judas, and he died in exile, honored by nobody.

Convinced that his abdication would not save the Empire at Alexander's hands, Napoleon despatched a messenger requesting the Empress to send Champagny immediately to Dijon as an ambassador to intercede with her father; and then, on April 4, he summoned a conclave of his officers to secure their assent to the battle which he believed inevitable. It was the call to this meeting which had stampeded Souham and his colleagues in desertion. The greater officers being absent, the minor ones present were unanimous and hearty in their support of Napoleon's plans. But at the very close of the session came the news of what had happened at Essonnes. When finally assured of every detail, Napoleon took measures at once to repair as best he could the breaches in his defense, saying of Marmont quietly and without a sign of panic, "Unhappy man, he will be more unhappy than I." Only a few days before he had declared to Caulaincourt: "There are no longer any who play fair except my poor soldiers and their officers that are neither princes nor dukes nor counts. It is an awful thing to say, but it is true. Do you know what I ought to do? Send all these noble lords of yesterday to sleep in their beds of down, to strut about in their castles. I ought to rid myself of these *frondeurs*, and begin the war once more with men of youthful, unsullied courage." He was partly prepared, therefore, even for the defection of Marmont. Next morning, on the 5th, was issued the ablest proclamation ever penned by him; at noon the veterans from Spain were reviewed, and in the afternoon began the movements necessary to array beyond the Loire what remained of the army and rally it about the seat of imperial government. But at nine the embassy returned from Paris with its news—the Czar had refused to accept the abdication; the senate was about to proclaim Louis XVIII; Napoleon was to reign henceforth over the little isle of Elba. To this the undaunted Emperor calmly rejoined that war henceforth offered nothing worse than peace, and began at once to explain his plans.

But he was interrupted—exactly how we cannot tell; for, though the embassy returned as it left, in a body, the memoirs of each member strive to convey the impression that it was he alone who said and did everything.

If only the narrative attributed to Caulaincourt were of undoubted authenticity, cumulative evidence might create certitude, but it is not. Apparently the sorry tale of what occurred makes clear that all three were now ardent royalists, for in passing they had concluded a truce with Schwarzenberg on that basis. Maedonald asserts that his was the short and brutal response to Napoleon's exhibition of his plans; to wit, that they must have an abdication without conditions. Ney was quite as savage, declaring that the confidence of the army was gone. Napoleon at first denounced such mutiny, but then, with seeming resignation, promised an answer next day. He did not yet know that in secret convention the generals were resolving not to obey the orders issued for the morrow; but as the door closed behind the marshals the mind so far clear seemed eclipsed, and murmuring, "These men have neither heart nor bowels; I am conquered less by fortune than by the egotism and ingratitude of my companions in arms," the great, homeless citizen of the world sank into utter dejection. Since 1808 he had worn about his neck as a kind of amulet a little bag said to contain a deadly poison, one of the salts of prussic acid. That night, when the terrors of a shaken reason overpowered him, it is believed that he swallowed the drug. Instead of oblivion came agony, and his valet, rushing to his master's bedside at the sound of a bitter cry, claimed to catch the words: "Marmont has struck me the final blow! Unhappy man, I loved him! Berthier's desertion has broken my heart! My old friends, my comrades in arms!" Ivan, the Emperor's body physician, was summoned, and administered an antidote; the spasm was allayed, and after a short sleep reason resumed her seat. It is related in the memoirs of Caulaincourt, and probably with a sort of Homeric truth, that when the reputed writer was admitted in the early morning Napoleon's "wan and sunken eyes seemed struggling to recall the objects round about; a universe of torture was revealed in the vaguely desolate look." Napoleon is reported as saying: "It is not the loss of the throne that makes existence unendurable; my military career suffices for the glory of a single man. Do you know what is more difficult to bear than the reverses of fortune? It is the baseness, the horrible ingratitude, of men. Before such acts of cowardice, before the shamelessness of their egotism, I have turned away my head in disgust and taken my life in horror. . . . What I have suffered for twenty days no one can understand."

What throws some shadow on this account is the fact that on the following morning Napoleon appeared outwardly well and perfectly calm when he assembled his marshals and made a final appeal. It is certain, on the testimony of his secretary and his physician, that he had been violently ill, but the sobriety of the remaining chronicle is doubted; perhaps the empty sachet had contained a preparation of opium intended to relieve sharp attacks like that at Pirna; the evident motive of what has been called the imperial legend is to heighten all the effects in the Napoleonic picture. Whatever was the truth as to that gloomy night, the appeal next morning was in vain, and the act of unconditional abdication was written in these words: «The allied powers having declared the Emperor Napoleon to be the sole obstacle to the reestablishment of peace in Europe, the Emperor Napoleon, faithful to his oath, declares that for himself and his heirs he renounces the thrones of France and of Italy, because there is no personal sacrifice which he is not ready to make in the interest of France.» With this document Ney hurried back to the capital, and the elderly, well-meaning, but obtuse Louis XVIII was immediately proclaimed king by the senate. Having learned nothing and forgotten nothing, he accepted the throne, making certain concessions to the new France sufficient, as he hoped, to secure at least the momentary support of the people. The haste to join the white standard of those upon whom Napoleon's adventurous career had heaped honor and wealth is unparalleled in history. Jourdan, Augereau, Maison, Lagrange, Nansouty, Oudinot, Kellermann, Lefebvre, Hulin, Milhaud, Latour-Maubourg, Ségur, Berthier, Belliard—such were the earliest names. Among the soldiers near by some bowed to the new order, but among the garrisons there was such wide-spread mutiny that royalist hate was kindled again and fanned to white heat by the scoffs and jeers of the outraged men. Their behavior was the outward sign of a temper not universal, of course, but very common among the people. At Paris both the King's brother and the King were cheered on their formal entry, but many discriminating onlookers prophesied that the Bourbons could not remain long.

Fully aware that Napoleon was yet a power in France, and challenged by the marshals to display a chivalric spirit in providing for the welfare of their former monarch, Alexander gave full play to his generous impulses. His first suggestion was that his fallen foe should accept a home and complete establishment in

Russia; but this would have been to ignore the other members of the coalition. It was determined finally to provide the semblance of an empire, the forms of state, an imperial income, and make the former Emperor the guest of all Europe. The idea was quixotic, but Napoleon was not a prisoner; he had done nothing worthy of degradation, and throughout the civilized world he was still regarded by vast numbers as the savior of European society, who had fallen into the hands of cruel oppressors. The paper which was finally drawn up was a treaty between Napoleon, for the time and purposes of the instrument a private citizen, as one party, and the four sovereign states of Austria, Prussia, Russia, and England as the other. It had, therefore, no sanction except the public opinion of France and the good faith of those who executed it, the former being bound by her allies to a contract made by them. It was France which was to pay Napoleon two millions of francs a year and leave him to reign undisturbed over Elba; the allies granted Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla as a realm in perpetuity to Marie Louise and her heirs through the King of Rome, as her successors. The agreement was unique, but so were the circumstances which brought it to pass. There was but one important protest, and that was made by Castlereagh in regard to the word Napoleon and the imperial style! His protest was vain, but to this day many among the greatest of his countrymen persistently employ «Bonaparte» in speaking of the greater, and «Napoleon» in designating the lesser, of the two men who have ruled France as emperors.

Four commissioners, one from each of the powers, proceeded to Fontainebleau. They were careful to treat Napoleon with the consideration due to an emperor. To all he was courteous, except to the representative of Prussia, Count Truchsess-Waldburg, whose presence he declared unnecessary, since there were to be no Prussian troops on the southern road toward Elba. As the preparations for departure went forward it became clear that of all the imperial dignitaries only Bertrand and Drouot would accompany the exile. The others he dismissed with characteristic and appropriate farewells: to Caulaincourt he assigned a gift of five hundred thousand francs from the treasure at Blois; Constant, the valet, and Roustan, the Mameluke, were dismissed by their own desire, but not empty-handed. For his line of travel, and for a hundred baggage-wagons loaded with books, furniture, and objects of art, Napoleon stipulated

with the utmost nicety and persistence. «They blame me that I can outlive my fall,» he remarked. «Wrongfully. . . . It is much more courageous to survive unmerited bad fortune.» Only once he seemed overpowered, being observed, as he sat at table, to strike his forehead and murmur, «God, is it possible!» All was ready on the 20th, but the Empress, who by the terms of the «treaty» was to accompany her consort as far as the harbor of St. Tropez, did not appear. Napoleon declared that she had been kidnapped, and refused to stir, threatening to withdraw his abdication. Koller, the Austrian commissioner, assured him of the truth, that she had resolved of her own free will not to be present. In the certainty that all was over, the imperial government at Blois had dispersed, Joseph and Jerome flying to Switzerland, and the Empress finally taking refuge with her father.

The announcement staggered Napoleon, but he replied with words destined to have great significance: «Very well, I will remain faithful to my promise; but if I have new reasons to complain I shall consider myself absolved.» Further, he touched on various topics as if seeking to talk against time, remarking that Francis had impiously sought the dissolution of his daughter's marriage; that Russia and Prussia had made Austria's position dangerous; that the Czar and Frederick William had shown little delicacy in visiting Maria Louisa at Rambouillet; that he himself was no usurper; that he had been wrong not to make peace at Prague or Dresden. Then, suddenly changing tone and topic, he asked with interest what would occur if Elba refused to accept him. Koller thought he might still take refuge in England. Napoleon rejoined that he had thought of that, but, having always sought to do England harm, would the English make him welcome? Koller rejoined that, as all the projects against her welfare had come to naught, England would feel no bitterness. Finally, about noon, Napoleon descended into the courtyard, where the few grenadiers of the old guard were drawn up. The officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, were called forward, and in a few touching words their former leader thanked all who had remained true for their loyalty. With their aid he could have continued the war beyond the Loire, but he had preferred to sacrifice his personal interests to France. «Continue to serve France,» runs the Napoleonic text of this fine address; but the commissioners thought they heard «to serve the sovereign which the nation has chosen.» He could have ended his life, he went on to say,

but he wished to live that he might record for posterity the great deeds of his warriors. Then he embraced Petit, the commanding officer, and, snatching to his breast the imperial eagle, his standard in so many glorious battles, he pressed it to his lips, and entered the waiting carriage. A swelling sob burst from the ranks, and tears bedewed the weather-beaten cheeks of men who had not wept for years.

Napoleon's journey was sufficiently comfortable as far as Lyons; occasionally there were outbursts of good feeling from those who stopped to see his train pass by. But in descending the Rhone the change was marked. As the Provençals had been the radicals of the Revolution, so now they were the devotees of the Restoration. The flood of disreputable calumny had broken loose; men said the Emperor's mother was a loose woman, his father a butcher, he himself but a bastard, his true name Nicholas. «Down with Bonaparte! down with Nicholas,» was too often the derisive shout as he traversed the villages. It was learned that Maubreuil, the hired assassin, was hurrying from Paris with a desperate band, ostensibly to recover crown jewels or government funds which might be among Napoleon's effects. Near Valence, on April 24, Augereau's carriage was met. The arch-republican of Napoleon's earlier career alighted, the ex-Emperor likewise. Napoleon asked if the general were on his way to court. The thrust went home, but in a gruff retort Augereau, using the familiar «thou,» declared that he had had no motive for his conduct except love of his country. Partly by good fortune, partly by good management, the cortège avoided the infuriated bands who, in various places, had sworn to take the fallen Emperor's life. Near Orgon a mob of royalists beset his carriage, and Napoleon shrank in pallid terror behind Bertrand, cowering there until the immediate danger was removed by his Russian escort, when he donned a postilion's uniform and rode unhurt through the town. Rumors of the bitter feeling prevalent at Aix led him for further protection to clothe one of his aides in his own too-familiar garb. In that town he was violently ill, somewhat as he had been at Fontainebleau. The attack yielded easily to remedies, and the Prussian commissioner asserted that it was due to a loathsome disease. Thereafter the hounded fugitive wore an Austrian uniform, and sat in the Austrian commissioner's carriage; thus disguised, the Emperor of Elba seemed to feel secure. From Luc onward the company was protected by Austrian hussars, but in spite of these mili-

tary jailers, mob violence became stronger from day to day in each successive town. Napoleon grew morbid, and the line of travel was changed to avoid the ever-increasing danger. The only alleviation in the long line of ills was a visit from his light but affectionate sister, Pauline, who comforted him and promised to join his exile. At length Fréjus was reached, and Napoleon resumed his composure as he saw an English frigate and a French brig lying in the harbor.

Again Napoleon remarked a breach of his "treaty." He was to have sailed from St. Tropez in a corvette; here was only a brig. Accordingly, as if to mark an intentional slight, in reality for his safety and comfort, he asked and obtained permission to embark on the English frigate, the *Undaunted*, as the guest of her captain. The promised corvette was at St. Tropez awaiting its passenger, but the hasty change of plan had made it impossible to bring her around in time. Possibly for this reason, too, the baggage of Napoleon had been much diminished in quantity, and of this he complained also, as being a breach of his treaty. His farewell to the Russian and Prussian commissioners was brief and dignified; the Austrian hussars paid full military honors to the party, and as the Emperor, accompanied by the English and Austrian commissioners, embarked, a salvo of twenty-four shots rang out from the *Undaunted*. Already he had begun to eulogize England and her civilization, and to behave as if throwing himself on the good faith of an English gentleman exactly as a defeated knight would throw himself on the chivalric courtesy of his conqueror. This appearance of distinguished treatment heightened his self-satisfaction. His attendants said that once again he was "all emperor." It was a serious blow when, on passing aboard ship, he discovered that the salutes had been in recognition of the commissioners, and that the polite but decided Captain Ussher was determined to treat his illustrious guest with the courtesy due to a private gentleman, and with that alone.¹ Although chafing at times during the voyage against the restrictions of naval discipline, Napoleon submitted gracefully, and wore a subdued air. This was his first contact with English customs: sometimes they interested him; frequently, as in the matter of after-dinner amusements and Sunday observance, they irritated him, and then with a contemptuous petulance he withdrew to his cabin. In conversation with Koller, the Austrian commissioner, he once referred to his conduct in disguising himself on the road to Fréjus as

pusillanimous, and admitted in vulgar language that he had made an indecent display of himself. In general his talk was a running commentary on the past, in which, with apparent ingenuousness, interpretations were placed on his conduct which were thoroughly novel. This was the beginning of a series of historical commentaries lasting with interruptions to the end of his life. There is throughout a unity of purpose in the explication and embellishment of history which will be considered later. On May 4 the *Undaunted* cast anchor in the harbor of Porto Ferrajo.

THE EMPEROR OF ELBA.

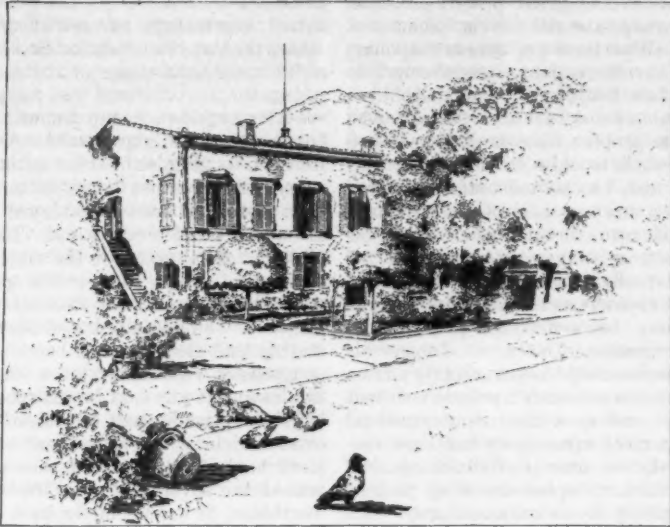
ELBA was an island divided against itself, there being both imperialists and royalists among its inhabitants, and a considerable party which desired independence. By representing that Napoleon had brought with him fabulous sums the Austrian and English commissioners easily won the Elbans to a fervor of loyalty for their new emperor. Before nightfall of the 4th the court was established, and the new administration began its labors. Having mastered the resources and needs of his pygmy realm, the Emperor began to deploy all his powers, mending the highways, fortifying the strategic points, and creating about the nucleus of four hundred guards which were sent from Fontainebleau an efficient little army of sixteen hundred men. His expenses were regulated to the minutest detail both at home and abroad; the salt works and iron mines, which were the bulwarks of Elban prosperity, began at once to increase their output, and taxation was regulated with scrupulous nicety. By that supereminent virtue of the French burgher, good management, the island was made almost independent of the remnants of the Tuileries treasure (about five million francs) which Napoleon had brought from France. The same powers which had swayed a world operated with equal success in a sphere almost microscopic by comparison. Before long the Princess Borghese, separated soon after her marriage from her second husband, and banished since 1810 from Paris for impertinent conduct to the Empress, came, according to promise, to be her brother's companion, and Madame Mère, though distant in prosperity, came likewise to soothe her son in adversity. The intercepted letters of the former prove her to have been at least as loose in her life at

¹ For Captain Ussher's own account of the voyage, and of the Emperor's table-talk, see *THE CENTURY* for March, 1893.—EDITOR.

Elba as ever before, but they do not afford a sufficient basis for the scandals concerning her relations with Napoleon which were founded upon them, and industriously circulated at the court of Louis XVIII. The shameful charge has no adequate foundation of any sort.

Napoleon's economies were rendered not merely expedient, but imperative, by the fact that none of the moneys from France were

imperial residence, openly struggling for Napoleon's favor as they had so far never dared to do; success too frequently attended their efforts. But the one woman who should have been at his side was absent. It is certain that she made an honest effort to come, and apartments were prepared for her reception in the little palace at Porto Ferrajo. Her father, however, thwarted her at every turn, and finally she was a virtual prisoner at



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

NAPOLEON'S VILLA AT PORTO FERRAJO.

forthcoming which had been promised in his treaty with the powers. After a short stay Koller frankly stated that in his opinion they never would be paid, and departed. The island swarmed with Bourbon spies, and the only conversation in which Napoleon could indulge himself unguardedly was with Sir Neil Campbell, the English representative, or with the titled English gentlemen who gratified their curiosity by visiting him. During the summer heats when the court was encamped on the heights at Marciana for refreshment, there appeared a mysterious lady with her child. Both were well received and kindly treated, but they withdrew themselves entirely from the public gaze. Common rumor said it was the Empress; but this was not true; it was the Countess Walewska, with the son she had borne to her host, whom she still adored. They remained but a few days, and departed as mysteriously as they had come. Base females thronged the precincts of the

Schönbrunn. So manifest was the restraint that her grandmother, Caroline, Queen of the Two Sicilies, cried out in indignation, «If I were in the place of Maria Louisa, I would tie the sheets of my bed to the window-frame and flee.» Committed to the charge of the elegant and subtle Neipperg, a favorite chamberlain whom she had first seen at Dresden, he plied her with such insidious wiles that at last her slender moral fiber was entirely broken down, and she fell a victim to his charms. As late as August Napoleon received impassioned letters from her; then she grew formal and cold; at last, under Metternich's urgency, she ceased to write at all. Her French attendant, Meneval, managed to convey the whole sad story to her husband, but the Emperor was incredulous, and hoped against hope until December. Then only he ceased from his incessant and urgent appeals.

The number of visitors to Elba was enormous, sometimes as high as three hundred in

a single day. Among these were a few English, fewer French, but many Italians. As time passed the heaviness of the Austrian yoke began to gall the people of Napoleon's former kingdom, and, remembering the mild Eugène with longing, considerable numbers from among them joined in an extensive though feeble conspiracy to restore Napoleon to the throne of Italy. Lucien returned to Rome in order to foster the movement, and Murat, observing with unease the general faithlessness of the great powers in small matters, began to tremble for the security of his throne. With them and others Napoleon appears to have corresponded regularly. He felt himself entirely freed from the obligations he had taken at Fontainebleau, for he was sure the people of southern France had been instigated to take his life by royalist agents, and, as one term after another passed, not a sou was paid of the promised pension; his own fortune, therefore, was steadily melting away. For months he behaved as if really determined to make Elba «his isle of repose,» as he designated it just before landing; but under such provocations his temper changed. The corner-stone of his «treaty» was his complete sovereignty; otherwise the paper was merely a promise without any sanction, not even that of international law. This perfect sovereignty had been recognized by the withdrawal of all the commissioners as such, Campbell insisting that he remained merely as an ambassador.

In a treaty concluded on May 30 between Louis XVIII and the powers of the coalition, the boundaries of France were fixed substantially as they had been in 1792, and the destiny of the lands brought under her sway by the Revolution and Napoleon was to be determined by a European congress. This body met on November 1, 1814, at Vienna. It was soon evident that the four powers of the coalition were to outdo Napoleon's extreme endeavors in their reckless disposition of European territories. Before the close of the month, however, Talleyrand, by his adroit manipulations and his conjurings with the sacrosanct word «legitimacy,» had made himself the moving spirit of the congress, and had so inflamed the temper of both Metternich and Castlereagh against the dictatorial attitude of Russia and Prussia as to induce Austria and Great Britain to sign, on January 3, 1815, a secret treaty with France to resist the aggressiveness of the Northern powers, by force if necessary. This restored France to the position of a great power. By the middle of February the Northern allies were brought to

terms, and, in return for their concessions, it was agreed that Murat was to be deposed. This spirit of compromise menaced, or rather finally destroyed, the sovereignty of Napoleon, petty as it was. On the charge of conspiring with Murat he could easily be removed from Elba, and deported to some more remote spot from which he could exert no influence on European politics.

From the opening sessions of the congress there had been a general consensus of opinion as to this course; as to the place opinions varied; Castlereagh favored the Azores, but others the Cape Verd islands; St. Helena, then well known as a place of call on the long voyage to the Cape was also suggested, but when or by whom is not known; it is quite possible that Wellington, who succeeded Castlereagh as English plenipotentiary in February, may have mentioned the name; he had been there, and knew it as almost the remotest spot of land in the world. The congress took no formal action in the matter, but the understanding was so clear and general that a proclamation to the national guard was printed in the «Moniteur» of March 8, 1815, stating that measures had been taken at the congress of Vienna to remove Napoleon farther away. It was easy for everybody, including the captive himself, to believe that, every other article of the agreement at Fontainebleau having been violated, that which guaranteed the sovereignty of Elba was equally worthless. It cannot be doubted that Napoleon was fully aware of all that was proposed, and it is absolutely certain that he was thoroughly informed as to the changed state of public opinion in France. Having promised a fairly liberal constitution as the price of his throne, Louis XVIII, with colossal stupidity, undertook to ignore the past, and promulgated the charter as his own gracious act, done in the nineteenth year of his reign. The upper chamber, or House of Peers, was also made a creature of his own, since he could create members at will. Feeble in mind and body, he was unable to check the reactionary assumptions of his family, who, having deserted their country, had returned to it by the aid of invaders who were despised and feared by the nation. These and the returning emigrants were provided with rich sinecures, and began to talk of restoring estates to their rightful owners; in some cases the possessors were on their death-beds intimidated by their confessors into making such restitution. The extreme clerical party began to lift its head, and, the office of chief almoner being restored, that functionary began to hamper the minis-

try in its efforts to grant the freedom of worship guaranteed by the constitution. Secular business was forbidden on certain holy days, and funeral masses were celebrated for Pichegru, Moreau, and Cadoudal, that for the latter at the King's expense. When, finally, Christian burial was refused to an actress there were riots in Paris.

But the government continued its suicidal course; even the Vendée grew disaffected, and the suffrage having been greatly restricted, there were murmurings about oligarchies and tyrants. At Nîmes the Protestants feared another St. Bartholomew, and said so. Even moderate royalists grew troubled, and could not retort when they heard the new order stigmatized by the fitting name of 'paternal anarchy.' Both veterans and conscripts deserted in great numbers from the army as they saw their officers discharged by the score to make places for the young aristocracy, or their comrades retired nominally on half-pay, in reality to eke out a subsistence as best they could. It was not long before men showed each other pocket-pieces bearing Napoleon's effigy, whispering as watchwords, 'Courage and hope,' or 'He has been and will be,' or 'Frenchmen, awake; the Emperor is waking.' As early as July, 1814, rumors of his return were rife in country districts, and by autumn the longing for it was outspoken and general. In Paris there was greater caution, but as Marmont was called Judas for having betrayed his master, so Berthier was known as Peter, in that he had denied him, and it was a common joke to tie a white cockade to the tail of a dog. Before the chambers met the various factions openly avowed themselves as royalists, Bonapartists, liberals, or Jacobins. The money estimates presented made it clear that a king was more expensive than an emperor, and when the peers not only voted to indemnify the emigrants for the lands held by their families, but likewise passed a bill establishing the censorship of the press, it was common talk that the present state of things could not last.

The number of French prisoners of war and of soldiers released from the besieged fortresses in central Europe was about 300,000, of whom a third were veterans of the Empire. To these must be added the army which Soult, ignorant of Napoleon's abdication, had led to defeat at Toulouse, and the soldiers who had served in Italy. These men, long accustomed to much consideration, found themselves on their return to be persons of no consequence. They learned that the great officers of the Empire were everywhere

treated with scant courtesy, and that the great ladies of the imperial court were now virtually driven from the Tuileries by the significant questions and loud asides of the royal personages who had supplanted them. It was told in all public resorts how Ney had resented the rude affronts put on his wife by the Duchess of Angoulême. The well-trained subordinate officers of these contingents were turned adrift by thousands on the same terms as those of Napoleon's own army, half-pay if they showed themselves good Catholics, otherwise nothing. For the most part, again, this promise was empty; young royalists were put in their places, the pay of the old guard was reduced, a new noble guard was organized, promotion was refused to those who had received commissions in war, and the asylums established for the orphans of those who had belonged to the Legion of Honor were abolished. So bitter was the outcry that the King dismissed his minister of war, and, not daring to substitute Marmont, who demanded the place, appointed Soult. He too was speedily discredited for harshness to Exelmans, a subordinate who was discovered to have been in correspondence with Napoleon, and by the middle of February, 1815, nearly all the soldiers were at heart Bonapartists, their friends for the most part abetting them.

In less than two months after Louis XVIII took his seat Talleyrand and Fouché were deep in their element of plot and intrigue. They thought of the son of Philippe Egalité as a possible constitutional ruler; they talked of reëstablishing the imperial regency; with Napoleon placed beyond the possibility of returning, the latter course would be safe. During the succeeding months they continued to juggle with this double intrigue, and around their plots clustered minor ones in mass. Fouché's agents were particularly active among the soldiers in the North. Lord Liverpool actually called Wellington to London for fear the duke should be seized, and Marmont put the Paris garrison under arms. On January 21, 1815, the death of Louis XVI was commemorated by the royalists with the wildest talk, and such was the general fury over Exelmans's treatment that Fouché at last stepped forward to give his conspiracy some form. Carnot and Davout were both expected to coöperate, but, although they refused, enough officers of influence were secured to make a plan for raising the country in insurrection entirely feasible. For this Bonapartists, royalists, and Jacobins were willing to unite; it shows how intense the feeling was that no one knew or cared what was to supplant the

existing government—anything was better than paternal anarchy.

How accurate the information was which reached Napoleon at Elba we cannot ascertain, for his feelings were masked and his conduct was non-committal. He had entirely recovered his health, and, though old in experience, he was only forty-five years of age, and he still appeared like one in the prime of life. He was apparently vigorous, being short, thick-necked, and inclined to corpulence. His cheeks were somewhat heavy and sensuous, his brow was high, his hair receded far back on the temples, his limbs were powerful, his hands and feet were delicately formed and noticeably small. His movements were nervous and well controlled, his eye was clear and bright, his passions were strong, his self-control was apparent, and the coördination of his powers was easy. To the Elban peasant he was as gracious and natural as he had ever been to the Corsican mountaineer or the common soldier of the Grand Army; with his subordinates he was dignified; among his many visitors he moved with good humor and tact; his kindness to his mother and sister made them both devoted and happy. The only anxiety he displayed was in regard to assassination and kidnapping; the former he said he could meet like a soldier; of the latter he spoke with anxious foreboding. If he were correctly informed he had reason to fear both. Every week in both France and Italy there was a plot among fanatical royalists and priests to kill him, and the Barbary pirates, though eager to seize him and win a great ransom, were excelled in their zeal both by Mariotte, Talleyrand's agent in Leghorn, and by Bruslart, a bitter and ancient enemy, who had been appointed governor of Corsica for the purpose. For these reasons probably the Emperor of Elba lived as far as possible in seclusion. As time passed he grew less intimate with Campbell, but the Scotch gentleman did not attribute the fact to any discontent on Napoleon's part. Before leaving Elba, on February 16, to reside for a time in Florence and perform the duties of English envoy in that place, he gave it as his fixed opinion that if Napoleon received the pension stipulated for in the treaty he would remain tranquilly where he was.

It is now recalled that as early as July, 1814, the Emperor of Elba remarked to an English visitor that Louis XVIII, being surrounded by those who had betrayed the Empire, would in turn probably be himself betrayed by them. For the ensuing four months, however, the exile gave no sign of any deep purpose; to

those who wished to leave him he gave a hearty good-by. In December, however, he remarked to one of his old soldiers, pointedly, as the man thought, «Well, grenadier, you are bored; . . . take the weather as it comes.» Slipping a gold piece into the veteran's hand, he then turned away, humming to a simple air the words, «This will not last forever.» Thereafter he dissuaded all who sought to depart, saying: «Be patient. We'll pass these few winter days as best we may; then we'll try to spend the spring in another fashion.» This vague language may possibly have referred to the Italian scheme, but on February 10 he received a clear account of what had happened at Vienna, and on the evening of the 12th Fleury de Chaboulon, a confidential friend of Maret, arrived in the disguise of a sailor, and revealed in the fullest and most authentic way the state of France. When he heard of the plan to reestablish the regency Napoleon burst out hotly: «A regency! What for? Am I, then, dead?» Two days later, after long conferences, the emissary was despatched to do what he could at Naples, and the Emperor began his preparations. This was soon known on the mainland, and three days later a personage whose identity has never been revealed arrived in the guise of a Marseillaise merchant, declaring that, except the rich and the emigrants, every human being in France longed for the Emperor's return. If he would but set up his hat on the shores of Provence it would draw all men toward it. When Napoleon turned pseudo-historian he declared in one place that the breaches of the Fontainebleau treaty and his fears of deportation had nothing to do with his return from Elba; in another he states the reverse. Since the legend he was then studiously constructing required the unbroken devotion of the French to the standard-bearer of the Revolution for the sake of consistency, he probably recalled only the feelings awakened by Fleury's report that opportunity was ripe, and that, too, earlier than had been expected. But there were other motives at the time, for Peyrusse, keeper of Napoleon's purse during the Elban sojourn, heard his master asseverate that it would be more dangerous to remain in Porto Ferrajo than to return to France. In any case, so far as France and the world at large were concerned, the contemptuous indifference of Louis and his ministers to their obligations under the treaty powerfully justified Napoleon's course. Even Alexander and Castlereagh had early made an indignant protest to Talleyrand, but the latter, already deep in

conspiracy, turned them off with a flippant rejoinder.

With great adroitness and secrecy Napoleon collected and fitted out his little flotilla, which consisted of the *Inconstant*, a stout brig assigned to him at Fontainebleau, and seven smaller craft. During the preparations the French and English war-vessels patrolling the neighboring waters came and went, but their captains suspected nothing. Campbell's departure created a false rumor among the islanders that England was favoring some expedition or another on which the Emperor was about to embark, thus allaying all suspicion. When, on the 26th, a little army of eleven hundred men found itself afloat, with eighty horses and a number of cannon, no one seemed to realize what had happened; except Drouot, who pleaded against Napoleon's rashness, all were enthusiastic. To avoid suspicion each captain steered his own course, and the various craft dotting the sea at irregular intervals looked no way unlike the other boats which plied those waters. Several men-of-war were sighted, but they kept their course. As one danger after another was averted, the great adventurer's spirits rose until he was exuberant with joy and talked of Austerlitz. It was March 1 when land was finally sighted from the *Inconstant*; as if by magic, the other vessels hove in sight immediately, and by four the men were all ashore on the strand of the Gulf of Jouan. Cambronne, a colonel of the imperial guards, was sent to requisition horses at Cannes, with the strict injunction that not a drop of blood be shed. As the great actor had theatrically said on board his brig, he was "about to produce a great novelty," and he counted upon dazzling the beholders into an enthusiasm they had ceased to feel for the old plays. The tradition still runs on those shores that among others brought to Napoleon's bivouac that night was the Prince of Monaco, who had been found traveling in a four-horse carriage. "Where are you going?" was the greeting. "I am returning to my domains," came the reply. "By'r Lady, and I also," was Napoleon's merry retort.

NAPOLÉON THE LIBERATOR OF FRANCE.

RECALLING the mortal agony he had endured on the highway through Aix but a short year before, and its causes; and having been informed how bitter was the anti-royalist feeling in the Dauphiné, Napoleon set his little army in march direct toward Grenoble. At Cannes there was general indifference; at Grasse it was found that the division general

in command had fled, and there were a few timid shouts of "Long live the Emperor!" Thence to Digne on the Grenoble highway was a mountain track over a ridge twelve thousand feet above the sea. In twenty hours the slender column marched thirty-five miles. The "growlers" joked about the "little corporal" who trudged at their side, the Alpine hamlets provided abundant rations, and the government officials furnished blank passports which enabled Napoleon to send emissaries both to Grenoble and to Marseilles, where Masséna was in command. The little garrison of Digne was Bonapartist in feeling, but it was not yet ready to join Napoleon, and withdrew; that at Sisteron was kept from meddling by a body of troops which had been despatched as a corps of observation from Marseilles, and the populace shouted heartily for the Emperor. At Gap the officials strove to organize resistance, but they desisted before the menaces of the people. By this time the peasantry were coming in by hundreds. So far Napoleon's enterprise had received but four recruits: two soldiers from Antibes, a tanner from Grasse, and a gendarme. Now he was so confident that he dismissed the peasantry, assuring them that the soldiers in front would join his standards. On March 7 the head of his column reached La Mure, a short day's march from Grenoble. They were received with enthusiasm, and a bucket of the poor native wine was brought for the refreshment of the men. When all had been served Napoleon reached out for the cheap little glass, and swallowed his ration like the rest. There was wild delight among both his men and the onlookers as the "army" set out for Laffray, the next hamlet, where was a small detachment sent from Grenoble to destroy a bridge over the Drac. With inscrutable faces they stood across the highway, lances set and muskets charged, under orders to fire on Napoleon the moment he should appear. At length the critical moment arrived. "There he is! Fire!" cried a royalist officer. The soldiers clutched their arms, their faces blanched, their knees shook, and—they disobeyed. Napoleon, walking slowly, advanced within pistol-shot. He wore the old familiar gray surtout, the well-known cocked hat, and a tricolor cockade. "Soldiers of the 5th," he said in a strong, calm voice, "behold me!" Then advancing a few paces farther, he threw open his coat and, displaying the familiar uniform, he called: "If there be one soldier among you who wishes to kill his Emperor, he can. I come to offer myself to your assaults." In an instant the opposing ranks melted into a

mob of sobbing, cheering men, kissing Napoleon's shoes, struggling to touch the skirts of his shabby garments. The surrounding throng crowded near in sympathy. "Soldiers," cried the magician, "I come with a handful of brave men because I count on you and the people. The throne of the Bourbons is illegitimate because it was not erected by the nation. Your fathers are threatened by a restoration of titles, of privilege, and of feudal rights; is it not so?" "Yes, yes," shouted the multitude. At that instant appeared a rider arrayed in the uniform of the national guard, but wearing a huge tricolor cockade. Alighting at Napoleon's feet, he said, "Sire, I am Jean Dumoulin, the glove-maker; I bring to your majesty a hundred thousand francs and my arm." At that instant Napoleon's proclamation denouncing traitors, and promising that under the old standards victory would return like the storm-wind, was passing from hand to hand in the garrison of Grenoble. Labedoyère, the colonel of the 7th of the line, first announced his purpose to support his Emperor, and the royalist officers saw the imperialist feeling spread with dismay. They arranged to evacuate the place next morning. At seven Napoleon summoned the town; the commandant, unable to resist the pressure of soldiers and populace, fled with a few adherents, and at ten the gates were opened. The reception of the returning exile was hearty and impressive. It was with an army of seven thousand men that, after a rest of thirty-six hours, he started for Lyons.

"As far as Grenoble I was an adventurer; at Grenoble I was a prince," wrote Napoleon at St. Helena. If this were true, at Lyons he was an Emperor in fact as well as in name, that great city receiving him with plaudits as energetic as were the execrations with which they dismissed Artois and Macdonald. Recalling the lessons of his youth, some learned in Corsica, some in the Rhone valley, the returning Emperor carefully felt the pulse of public opinion as he journeyed. He found the longing for peace to be universal, and even before entering Lyons he began to promise peace with honor. But this he quickly found was not enough; it must be peace with liberty as well. The sole task before him, therefore, he declared to be that of protecting the interests and principles of the Revolution against the returning emigrants. France, restored to her glory, was to live in harmony with other European powers as long as they minded their own affairs. Napoleon, the liberator of France! To terrify foreign invaders and intestine foes a great united nation was to speak in trumpet

notes. From Lyons, therefore, second city of the Empire, was summoned a popular assembly to revise the Constitution. To convey the impression that Austria was in secret accord with the Emperor's course, three delegates from the eastern capital were summoned to assist at the coronation of the Empress and the King of Rome. Still further, a decree was issued which banished the returned emigrants and swept away the pretensions of the arrogant nobles. Talleyrand, Marmont, Angereau, and Dalberg were attainted, and the noble guard of the king was abolished. Under these influences Bonapartist feeling grew so intense and spread so widely that the army of Soult, which had been assembled in the southeast to oppose Murat, turned imperialist almost to a man. Masséna, who seems to have followed the lead of Fouché, waited to see what was coming and remained neutral. Ney fell in with the general movement, and joined Napoleon at Auxerre. "Embrace me, my dear general," were the Emperor's words of greeting. "I am glad to see you; and I want neither explanations nor justifications."

All resistance disappeared before Napoleon's advance as he passed Autun and descended the Yonne valley toward Paris. Everywhere there were dissensions among the populace, but the enthusiasm of the soldiers and their sympathizers triumphed. The troops despatched by the King's government to overpower the "usurper" sooner or later went over to the "usurper's" standards. One morning a placard was found on the railing around the Vendôme column: "Napoleon to Louis XVIII. My good brother, it is useless to send me any more troops; I have enough." Paris was in a storm of suppressed excitement. The measures of resistance were half-hearted; the King made lavish concessions and the chambers passed excellent laws without attracting any attention or sympathy; volunteers were raised, but there was no energy in their organization. When Napoleon reached Fontainebleau on the 18th the reserves stationed in and near Paris on the south came over to him in a body. On the 19th Louis issued a despairing address to the army, and fled to Lille; on the morning of the 20th the capital found itself without any vestige of government. The streets were thronged with people, but there was no disorder until a band of royalists attacked a half-pay officer wearing the imperial cockade. At once the city guard formed and intervened to quell the disturbance. Thereupon the imperialists endeavored to seize the Tuileries; they too were checked, and a double force, royalist and imperial, was

set to defend that important spot. Over other public buildings the imperial colors waved alone and undisturbed. During the afternoon the former imperial officials quietly resumed their places, even in the palace. At nine in the evening a post-chaise rolled up to the Tuileries gate, Napoleon alighted, and the observers thought his smile was like that of one walking in a dream. At once he was caught in the brawny arms of his admirers, and handed upward from step to step, from landing to landing: so fierce was the affection of his friends that his life seemed to be in danger from their embraces, and it was with relief that he entered his cabinet and closed the door, to find himself among a few of his old stanch and tried servants, with Caulaincourt at their head. This reception had been in sharp contrast to the apathy displayed on the streets, where the people were few in number, unenthusiastic, and indifferent. "They let me come," said Napoleon to Mollien, "as they let the other go."

Some portion of Napoleon's leisure in Elba had been devoted to sketching the outline of a treatise intended to prove that his dynasty was quite as legitimate as any other which had ruled over France. His illusions of European empire were dismissed either permanently or temporarily, and for the moment he was the apostle of nationality and popular sovereignty in France. Before laying his head on his pillow in the Tuileries he displayed this fact to the world in the constitution of his cabinet, which would in our day be designated as a cabinet of concentration, representative of various shades of opinion. Maret, Davout, Cambacérès, Gaudin, Mollien, Decrès, Caulaincourt, Fouché, and Carnot accepted the various portfolios; most surprising of all, Benjamin Constant, the constitutional republican, became president of a reconstructed council of state. In connection with the announcement of these names, the nation was informed that the constitution was to be revised, and that the censorship of the press was abolished. In reference to the latter, Napoleon remarked that, since everything possible had been said about him during the past year, he could himself be no worse off than he was, but the editors could still find much to say about his enemies. To Constant he frankly explained what he meant by revision. The common people had welcomed his return because he was one of themselves, and at a signal he could have the nobles murdered. But he wanted no peasants' war, and, as the taste had returned for unrestricted discussion, public trials, emancipated elections, re-

sponsible ministers, and all the paraphernalia of constitutional government, why, the public must be gratified. For all this he was ready, and with it peace. But peace he could win only by victory, for, although in his conduct, in the Lyons decrees, and in casual talk, he had hinted at negotiations with foreign powers, those negotiations were purely imaginary.

With a clear comprehension of the situation, the ministers went to work. On April 23 was promulgated the Additional Act, whereby the franchise was extended, the state church abolished, liberty of worship guaranteed, and every wretched remnant of privilege or divine right expunged. The two chambers were retained, many imperial dignitaries being assigned to the House of Peers, Lucien, Joseph, and Jerome among the number. It was, as Chateaubriand sarcastically said, a revised and improved edition of Louis's constitution. The preamble, however, was new; it set forth that Napoleon, having been long engaged in constructing a great European federal system suited to the spirit of the time and favorable to the progress of civilization, had now abandoned it, and would henceforth devote himself to a single aim, the perfect security of public liberty. This specious representation, half true and half false, awakened no enthusiasm in France; it was accepted along with the Additional Act, by a plebiscite, but by only 1,300,000 votes—less than half the number cast for the Consulate and the Empire. This was largely due to a curious apathy, induced by a still more curious but firm conviction that at last France had secured peace with honor. Reference has been made to a military conspiracy fomented by Fouché in the North; before the hostile public feeling thus engendered in that quarter Louis fled to Ghent within five days after Napoleon reached Paris, and, though the royal princes were able to carry on civil war in the South a little longer, it was generally felt that the nation now had a ruler of its own choosing, and that if they attended strictly to their own affairs they would be left in peace. For considerable time there was little news from abroad, and so swift was the rush of internal affairs that no heed was given to what there was. This was suddenly changed in April, when it was brought home to the nation that the specter of war had again been raised, and that the dynasties were finally a unit in their determination to extirpate the Napoleonic régime as a measure of self-defense. Every man with any means saw himself beggared, and every mother felt her son slipping from her arms to swim once more that sea of blood in which for

a generation the hope of the nation had been submerged.

The depression was general and terrible, for the spectacle was appalling. England, entangled in dynastic alliances in order to preserve her prosperity and dignity, had lost most of her serious and trusted leaders, and the few who survived were so panic-stricken as to have little perspicacity. The King's illness having at last removed him from public life, he had been succeeded by the most profligate and frivolous of all the line of English kings, the Prince Regent, who was later George IV. Percival and Liverpool were not merely conservative from principle; they were negative from the love of negatives. Already they had laid the basis, in their mismanagement of domestic affairs, for the social turbulence which within a short time was to compel the most sweeping reforms. Castlereagh had not even an inkling of what the treaty of Chaumont might mean to Great Britain in the end. To destroy Napoleon he was perfectly content that his own free country should support a system of dynastic politics destructive of every principle of liberty. The Congress of Vienna was not a confederation of states, but a league of dynasties posing as nations and banded for mutual self-preservation. To them the permanent restoration of Napoleon could mean only one thing, the recognition of a nation's right to choose

its own rulers, and that would be the end of absolutism in Europe. To Great Britain it would mean the destruction of her prosperity, or at least a serious diminution of both power and prestige. The sixth coalition, therefore, was re-cemented without difficulty, but on a basis entirely new. The news of Napoleon's escape reached Vienna on March 6. Within the week Maria Louisa, now entirely under Neipperg's influence, wrote declaring herself a stranger to all Napoleon's schemes, and a few days later the French attendants of the little King of Rome were dismissed; the child's last words to Meneval were a message of affection to his father. At that time negotiations among the powers were progressing famously, each having secured its main object; on March 13 the Congress, under Castlereagh's instigation, publicly denounced Napoleon as the « enemy and disturber of the world's peace, » and proclaimed him an outlaw. The Whigs stigmatized the paper in parliament as provocative of assassination and a disgrace to the English character, but the « Morning Chronicle » alone, of all the important journals, was courageous enough to sustain them, asserting that it was a matter of complete indifference to England whether a Bourbon or a Bonaparte reigned in France. These manly protests were unheeded, and by the 25th all Europe, except Naples, was united against France alone.

(To be concluded in October.)

William M. Sloane.



DEATH.

WHERE meet the Bounded and the Boundless Good,
A weary Soul that earth's deep anguish knew,
Faint in the falling shadows, dimly stood,
And prayed the gates to let him enter through.

A thin, white Hand, scarce visible, with might
Turned the vast hinges, and he walked alone
From Man the Mote to God the Infinite,
Comrade of Truth and heir of the Unknown.

Freeman E. Miller.



A HALT IN THE REGION WHERE DR. LIVINGSTONE DIED.

GLAVE'S JOURNEY TO THE LIVINGSTONE TREE.¹

GLIMPSES OF LIFE IN AFRICA FROM THE JOURNALS OF
THE LATE E. J. GLAVE.

KARONGA, LAKE NYASSA, April 27, 1894. Engaged from to-day Selemani and Mkenga at six francs a month and rations.

April 28. Marched from Karonga to Kaporo, 4½ hours on a good trail, with four or five watercourses to cross; can manage without getting wet by straddling a native's neck. It is a splendid, dry, flat country; actually a plain with scrub-bush every hundred yards, and patches of forest occasionally. There is no timber serviceable for building. I slept in a house belonging to the African Lakes Company, a creepy sort of habitation at night. Rats galore raced about the roof, chasing one another, and squealing most piteously. I was awakened in the morning by cocks crowing. There was a hush of night insects; the houses in the dawning light were an indistinct, dull brown; the grass was wet with dew. I heard the shuffling of reed doors slid to one side, or their grating on clay flooring when flung open. A few natives begin to appear, exchange morning greetings, and start to blow up fires; men, women, and children crowd around the fires; the gilded clouds in the east withdraw, the sun peeps on the horizon, fires are soon deserted, and daily work begins.

May 7. The men supplied by Mlozi and Kopa-Kopa came in this morning for their loads, and picked them up cheerfully. These

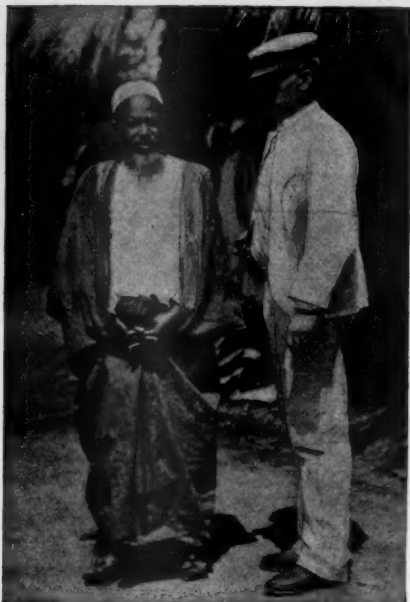
men are paid at sixteen yards of cloth a month and rations, and, as we are going through a country abounding in game, there is every prospect of their having plenty of food. They know the white man keeps his word, and altogether they have a comparatively pleasant four months before them. They are all natives, many being slaves.

I wished to proceed the next day, but some of the carriers wanted another day with their families, and to settle any business they had on hand, so I agreed to wait over till the following day.

Mlozi has refined hands and feet; he is very nervous and fidgety, constantly twitching with his fingers at a piece of string or straw. The first time I saw him he hung down his head and played with a hair for two hours.

May 9. At 7:20 Croad and Enisley left for Karonga, and I started for the interior, making an imposing departure; the men in white filed out with the loads, women trotting after them dressed in bright-colored cloth; the roofs of the *tembé* were crowded with people; inquisitive youngsters ran alongside the trail, picking their way in among the stalks of maize. Mlozi, Kapandsam, and Juma Nne, son of Mlozi, went with me for a quarter of a mile to the crossing of the Lukuru River; I there bade all good-by and joined my men, marching through plantations of the Ankondé for about an hour; we then entered the pass of the Stevenson road, and followed it. In places some hard work had been done by the engineers. After three hours' marching we reached the foot of the range over

¹For an account of Glave's adventures about Lake Nyassa, with the British forces operating against the slave-raiders, see *THE CENTURY* for last month. All the illustrations to this article are from photographs taken by the author.—EDITOR.



MLOZI AND GLAVE.

which the trail ran, ascent being very gradual. About three quarters of an hour took us to the plateau, then the trail wound about among hilltops. We camped at Makongwa, where Teleka's people had left some hastily built grass huts, which came in handy.

May 10. This morning we left at 6:30 in a drizzling rain; upon putting down my tent I found a black snake about two feet long in the grass flooring; the natives said it was a good omen, and predicted a prosperous journey. I wish good omens would take a more agreeable manner of expressing themselves.

May 11. Got under way at 6:30, and passed over a rugged country rising to about five thousand feet. Many slave-sticks were seen on the road. Mlozi and his allies have conducted several expeditions against the Senga. Many slaves were caught. Upon nearing the point on the Stevenson road where the trail from Senga joins it, the chains are taken off the slaves and hidden, and the forks thrown away, many of which we saw, and then small bands are marched into the stockades under safe escort, clothed to resemble the wives and children of the slavers.

May 12. Left camp at 6:45; marched over an undulating country for two hours through scrubby acacia; then through fine grass-lands between the hills; no game; many deserted gardens securely fenced against wild beasts;

owners had fled from the Angoni, who are a curse to the land, and the sooner they are checked the better. On all hands I hear the same story. I find deserted villages and stockades, and learn that the Angoni have been there. I find small bodies of refugees living on miserable sustenance in hovels, surrounded by stockades, hidden away in thick clumps of bush, the men always armed with poisoned weapons, fearing at any moment they will be the victims of Angoni spears, and their wives and children carried away as slaves. Throughout the whole way we are meeting armed Wanyika scouting so as to get warning beforehand of roaming Angoni. Missionaries are settled near Mombera, but their teaching does not seem to have the effect of diminishing Angoni slave-raiding.

My men are doing remarkably well; a little tactful jockeying is having a good effect; yesterday the sons of old Mwewé, who died last year, gave me a young bullock, which was killed to-day, and every one had a good slice of fresh meat, besides which I gave each man a cup and a half of maize flour, and, naturally, the whole caravan is in good humor. As a single white man, I need but little meat, and the only reasonable means of disposing of the remainder is to share it with the men.

May 14. Camped at 10:45 at the village of Stambuli of the Wanyika. We are now near the head waters of the Loangwa. I think the plateau we have passed over is worth the attention of coffee-growers when it is considered practicable to plant so far away from the sea. (See map, page 772.)

At the villages I camp in the stockades, and am on view all day; so long as there is any daylight men, women; and children are peeping over the slanting roofs and round the tall clay granaries with hard, fixed stare; at first they remain silent, then they begin to exchange among themselves ideas concerning the white arrival; they are keenly observant of every movement I make, but they are ready to bolt the moment I display unusual signs of activity. If I strike a match, or sneeze, or sharpen a pencil, every head disappears, to reappear when assurance is felt that it was a false alarm. The youngsters without such keen sense of danger are generally in the foreground, but when there is a stampede they are caught up and carried off. When it is chilly the people cross their arms over their breasts, and hang a hand over each shoulder. They have never seen a white man before in these districts, but the natives do undoubtedly appreciate a visit from a white man's caravan when they fully

realize that he is friendly, just, and peacefully inclined.

I went out this afternoon, and came upon tracks of a small herd of zebra, and followed them up till I saw my game. I shot a female zebra and her young. I shot the old one for food, not knowing of the existence of the little one at the time. One of the natives accompanied me back to camp to send people to bring in the meat, and he was giggling and laughing to himself the whole way for about one and a half hours. It was a study to watch him, his head ducked, his elbows nipping his sides, his heels spurring the air. Every now and then he slapped his thighs with his hands, and occasionally uttered a faint cry of delight; again he several times stopped short in the trail, and I had to wait a moment or two while he viewed imaginary game, then took aim and fired, and jumped in the air as the imaginary game was hit. When we reached camp he would not return with the men; he said he wished to stay and tell his friends all about the zebra; he gave them an elaborate, exaggerated edition of the performances I had witnessed on the way back.

To-night, at Chifundu's, all the natives have brought their drums to a clear space outside my hut, and are dancing and singing

as merrily as crickets. Everybody takes part, my own men, and even the dignified coast men of Mpata, and my two Zanzibaris; three drums are energetically beaten, and about two hundred voices are in the singing. There are always two women in the center moving along by short, quick steps in time to rapid drumbeats; the women hang down their heads and arms very modestly; two men more energetically advance toward and retreat from the women, sometimes holding them tightly by the shoulders, at other times holding them gently by the waist. By and by the two couples retire to the audience, and others take their places; all the time the two pairs are dancing, members of the audience advance from the circle and spring here and there with graceful bounds. Good nature and politeness pervade the whole performance, which began soon after sundown and lasted till 6:30 this morning.

May 24. We reached Kambombo's village at ten, having marched three hours southeast from Mwenya-Kondé. The boma covers about two acres, houses thickly packed. I pitched my tent in an open space near the chief's circular hut with low veranda. Kambombo is a tall fellow about fifty. He was seated on a mat, dressed with the usual loin-cloth, head shaved, but wore a tight-fitting cap of plaited



DRUMMING FOR THE DANCING CIRCLE.



CUTTING UP A ZEBRA.

cord, a bunch of small buckhorns about three inches long sewn to the cap just over his forehead; he had a snuff-box, the beautifully beaten iron of which shone as though it were silver, also an *isanje*, a musical instrument, upon which he played very well. His favorite wife sat near him on the mat, her hair daubed with clay and fat, in which some very nice skewers of copper, iron, and ivory were stuck; she had beaded bracelets, and wore in her upper lip an immense iron-dish ornament holding as much as a champagne glass; her under lip was studded with an ivory peg; she is a hideous creature, but the chief thinks much of her; she had a girl attending her pipe, which she had to smoke out of the corner of her mouth because of the lip-ornament. I noticed that inferior strangers in approaching the chief first squatted, then lay down on the right side in front of the chief as evidence of obeisance, which he acknowledged by a slight grunt and a nod.

Strangers coming to see the chief squat with back toward him, then fall back till their shoulders touch the ground; at the same time the

others assembled clap hands. They always sit down to smoke, and I have often seen them remain dazed for several moments before they could regain their feet. They are all great snuff-takers; when a man produces snuff all beg a pinch. I notice some of them look about carefully before taking a pinch to see what sort of demand there is going to be on their private stock.

May 27. Reached Tembué's. The old chief was too drunk to say more than «Jambo sana» («Shake hands»); he riveted his lips to a hubble-bubble pipe and sucked away at that for a moment; then he called his wife to help him lift the big *pombé* jar to his mouth, he having lost a hand; he buried his head in this and had a very prolonged drink. (See portrait page 771.)

Old Tembué lost his hand in this way. Some years ago he became intoxicated on *pombé*, and at night quarreled with his head wife. After disputing noisily with her for a long time, he snatched up his gun and left the tent in a rage, and passed out of the stockade, saying he would go and sleep at a small village of his at some distance from his



A GUIDE SHOWS GLAVE HOW TO AIM AN ARROW.

main settlement. His head man and adviser Msika rushed after him, and implored him to return, and not run the danger of prowling Angoni or lions. Finding the chief obdurate, Msika attempted to restrain him by grasping his gun, and in the struggle it went off and blew off Tembué's right hand close to the wrist, the gun having been loaded with a big oblong slug. Hearing of the accident and its cause, Msika was seized, and the villagers would

is a very sensible old lady. She promises to give me guides to Kambuidi's. She also is persecuted by the Angoni. A month ago a small party came down, but Chikwa's people drove them off before they could catch any people. The village of Chifunda, a few hours from here, has been persecuted by the Angoni; but rather than endure being all killed off, or carried into slavery, they have voluntarily settled with the Angoni as their slaves.



GLAVE'S MEN FORDING THE LOANGWA RIVER NEAR RONDU'S VILLAGE.

have killed him if Tembué had not objected, admitting that it was his own fault. He now always keeps his right hand covered with the folds of a cloth thrown over his shoulder.

The Wangwana element at Mpata and Kawali's warned me against Tembué as thoroughly bad. Upon arriving I was shown a clear space to pitch my tent, people brought water and wood, huts were provided for my men, and any amount of food sold to them. Tembué insisted upon my hoisting the British flag in his village to warn the Angoni that he is the white man's friend.

May 31. Reached Chikwa's. Since leaving the hills we have had generally a slight south-southwest breeze; these plains are not at all stifling. I have been surprised at the temperate air. As a rule we have a clear sky and a dazzling sun all day long, but in spite of this the air does not become oppressive. Chikwa

I note at Chikwa's that the little baby strapped to his mother's back has a rough-and-tumble time of it, but takes it all good-naturedly, and one hears very little crying in the village. The mother goes to the fields with baby on her back, bobs about for hours in the hot sun, weeding, hoeing, and doing general gardening; carries huge jars of water on her head; scrapes him repeatedly as she bends and enters the narrow, low doorways of native huts; gives him a thorough shaking as she vigorously pounds corn with a long wooden pestle; takes him by the wrist, ducks him in the stream till he is nearly suffocated, and then spreads him on a mat to dry.

June 6. Very cold last night; the thermometer must have dropped to near the freezing-point. All the men are suffering from colds; one has a serious chest complaint—spits blood; am afraid I shall lose him. This



KAMBOMBO AND HIS FAVORITE WIVES.

whole country is a low plateau, and has a temperate climate. On the shores of Nyassa at night I slept with the door of the tent open, and threw just the lightest wrap over me, and felt comfortably warm. Here, however, as soon as the sun goes down it is chilly, and it takes three good thick blankets to keep me warm. It seems as though in this climate a man must have some ailment or other; there is a poison in the air which enters the system and materializes into some malady, generally fever more or less severe. I take my portion in ulcers and boils and twinges of rheumatism.

The sick man's brother is with us also, and although a good worker, is absolutely indifferent to his brother's illness. There is no sympathy for another's pains in the soul of the African. When a chief dies, there is a lot of bellowing and assumed grief; the tears are not real, but only part of the ceremony attending death. Upon the death of a young child, the mother does actually feel grief most keenly, and is for some days inconsolable, refuses meat and drink, rolls on the ground, tears her hair, and lacerates herself in her despair.

June 10. At 7:30 passed the river Katulamenda, flowing from northeast away into the Loangwa, now dry. We came to a very swampy place; a few weeks ago it was the feeding-ground of herds of elephants; everywhere there were trails of the animals; the soft ground was pitted a foot deep with their ponderous feet; trees had been uprooted, and branches torn off; some had been here recently, not more than four days ago. During the wet season they had plowed the ground into pits and sharp ridges; now, hard-

ened by the sun, they make unpleasant walking. As water became scarce and the swamps parched, the elephants moved off, and are now said to be in numbers on the Loangwa; just beyond this swamp was the site of a number of stockaded villages destroyed three years ago by Mombera's people. There were six of them; two were destroyed by the Angoni, who clambered into the stockades and killed or captured every soul.

June 11. Reached Kambuidi's at 9:15. Kambuidi is a very affable man, lean and old, but good-natured; likes the whites, he says. Joseph

Thomson gave him a British flag and a letter; the letter was taken away from one of his men by an Arab, and an Arabic letter given in exchange, which I shall endeavor to obtain. The flag was floating over his village near by, and was destroyed by the Angoni. Shall make him another flag. He asked me if Queen Victoria



A CLAY HUT IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION AT KAMBOMBO'S.

was black. Have met here an Arab trader, Buana Sulimani, who is going to the Luapula. Seems a decent old chap, but I suspect he is a cunning rogue, like the rest of them. He is going to the Luapula; so am I. He knows that country; I do not. He promises to give me men as far as Kasembi's.

Soon after you get started on a journey with black followers all your breakable property—cups, saucers, etc.—will be smashed or lost; but the gentle African, notwithstanding, will wear round his ankle a thin thread of beads for three years; he will tear his way through matted grass, and follow a wounded buck through tangled jungle, without injury



TEMBUÉ IN GLAVE'S CHAIR.

to his ornament. It is remarkable how an ornament sticks to a native.

The dancers seen at Kambuidi's were Bisa and Luangeni. There were four drummers, and one old man with rattles, who gave a very picturesque performance; the drummers had small, barrel-shaped drums with tightened skin at either end; the drums were suspended by rope from the left shoulder. The drummers played to any crude, untrained songs in splendid time, and while playing and singing danced about most gracefully, some steps resembling closely the waltz. All wore long loin-cloths of bark, reaching from the waist almost to the ground. They were wonderfully active, dancing and singing vigorously, whirling round on one leg, and spurring the ground with the other foot; they sang, drummed, and danced in perfect time. The old man had two rattles, each composed of five small, round, dried wild fruits with noisy, rattling seeds; these were threaded *en brochette* on thin sticks, one of which the old man held in each hand, and kept time with the others, besides doing his share of the dancing.

Another dancer was also on hand, who played an independent part; for some offense he had had his hands cut off when young; he had bells and rattling things about his waist, also catskins, and two buffalo-tails so tied that

they stuck out at right angles to his body; he wore on his head a bunch of feathers; on his legs leggings of small dried fruits as big as tennis-balls. He stamped about, keeping the feathers nodding and the buffalo-tails wagging to the rhythmical sound of the rattles on his legs.

When I sent ahead of my caravan two of my own men to announce to Kambuidi my coming, the men saw several slaves squatting about in slave-sticks, but by the time I had arrived these had entirely disappeared. I have now learned that the slaves had been bought by a party of Wangwana slave-traders here, at present under the leadership of Buana Sulimani.

A drunken old man came to see me to-day; he was full to bursting with pombé, the native drink. He came into my tent, and squatted, breathing hard, and murmuring in a husky voice that he wished to see the white man; had never seen one. He had one hand full of toasted locusts, which he crunched with a crackling sound. He had to be expelled by force from my tent, where he wished to lie down and go to sleep, and uttered loud grunts of indignation as he was dragged out to find another sleeping-place.

In African travel it is always wise to visit the biggest chief in any part of the country.



KAMBUIDI AND HIS FAVORITE WIVES.



KIZILA AND TWO OF HIS WIVES.

a British flag, and hoisted it. Buana Sulimani, the Arab trader, who is camped near by, had been drinking pombé, and he and his people got excited, put on their cartridge-belts, and arrived post-haste at Kambuidi's, asking why that flag was hoisted without the Arab's permission. Kambuidi said he had asked the white man to hoist it, and the old chief came rushing to my tent in a very nervous state, and asked my assistance. By the time I reached Kambuidi's village the "enemy" had retired without carrying out their threat of hauling down the flag. I sent immediately to the Arab, told him I was responsible for that flag, and should resist by force any interference with it. I asked his explanation of what had happened. He said, with usual Arab cunning, that it was nothing at all; his men had been hunting, and had just returned; of course he wanted to see the British flag flying everywhere. He said he would on no account do anything to offend the white man. Seeing that he was backing down, I sent word to say that I should stay next day at Kambuidi's to guard that flag and fight any one who interfered with it. Sulimani moves about the country with the ultimate object of taking ivory to the coast, but he buys slaves whenever he has the chance, and barter them for ivory. I accused him of having in his possession a woman with a small child and a boy, both in slave-forks, purchased here. He admitted to one of my men, a coast man, that he did buy slaves, and that he had to protect himself by keeping them in chains or slave-forks. He wished, he said, to travel with me, but knew under these circumstances it was

impossible. There appears to be a good deal of slavery going on at Kambuidi's.

June 16. Left Kambuidi's at 6:30, passed through some villages, and reached Kizila's on the Loangwa at 10:30.

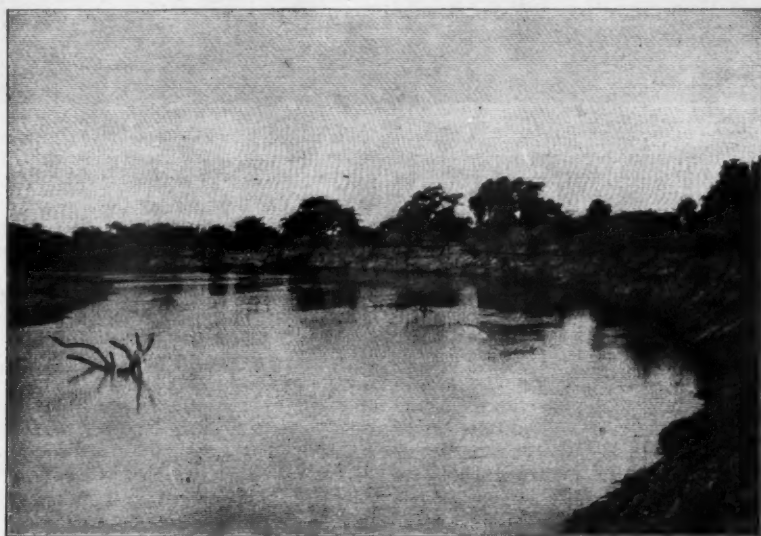
June 20. Very cold night and early morning, and does not get warm till the sun is two hours above the horizon. The hills we passed to-day run in immense billows about north and south; they constitute roughly the foot-hills of the Shinga mountains, about fifteen miles ahead of us. I should say the whole land is suitable for coffee. I regret very much I have no thermometer or aneroid. Saw plenty of game-tracks, but no animals; have not seen a beast for two whole days, which is very usual on these trips. Saw what are undoubtedly fossilized trees; at a distance of a few yards they so resemble the ordinary dead tree that you cannot tell the difference. There are many of them lying about, but they have not the marked appearance and delicate coloring of the Arizona production. The trees all seem to have become fossilized as they stood, for they are broken in small sections as if the weight of falling had smashed them up. I saw only one or two whole trees lying fossilized. All were much bigger than anything growing at the present time.

June 21. Left camp on the Kavuntimpa at 6:10. Reached the stockades of Kitara at 9:00; halted twenty minutes. Kitara is a good-tempered-looking chap. Thomson and party left a flag here; Kitara does not allow Arabs in his stockades; they have always camped outside. I obtained two guides from

Kitara, who gave me flour, milk, and a goat. He is the most friendly, good-tempered, sensible chief I have met since leaving home. The natives, I notice, generally have a chum; the pair consists, as a rule, of one strong man with a certain amount of influence; the other a weaker creature, with nothing to say for himself. The latter derives a certain amount of protection and respect from the stronger man's acquaintance, and is content to do what drudgery or hard work falls to the partnership. In engaging guides I notice always one who carries all the belongings; his chum, a stronger man, takes the lead in

Chuci; a rather small stockaded village on an island in a lake, and Mayilo enjoys a similar situation. Crossed my caravan in nine small canoes, which made three trips backward and forward. Chuci, the chief, is a young, good-looking man. The village is built on an island for protection, but they have plantations on the mainland, and those who go to work in the gardens are frequently kidnapped. Everywhere one goes it is the same story of persecution; and yet a very little civilized power would check slavery.

These people of Ilala have the fashion of shaving their hair, leaving only a small patch



THE LOANGWA RIVER AT KIZILA'S.

all things, knows the road; the other acquiesces in everything said or done.

June 25. This afternoon I went hunting; had to cross a deep stream; Mama Yao went first, and found the water up to his neck. He returned, and carried me on his shoulders; my weight pressed him into the soft river-bottom, and for several seconds he moved along pluckily with the water up to his eyes; but he stuck to it, and after a few steps reached a shallow place without pitching me over his head. Frost last night; grass thickly covered. I felt bitterly cold at night, in spite of three blankets. It is very miserable for the blacks.

June 28. A very cold wind, varying from east to southeast, blowing all day and yesterday. Even in the sun it is bitterly cold. Crossed in canoes to a village, a dependency of Mayilo, in charge of his younger brother

on the crown of the head, like a woolly skull-cap. They file their teeth to points, like the Senga and Bisa people, and wear nothing but bark-cloth. The Luapula is said to be six days from here; our next stopping-place will be the village of Karonga Nzofu. The swamps we have passed are the identical sponges mentioned by Dr. Livingstone.

At Msekeni two of my men, who were in the rear of our party looking after the sick man, were taken for Angoni, and might have suffered; all the drums were sounded, and the natives outside the stockades rushed back helter-skelter for defense.

June 30. The village of Mayilo is surrounded by a boma of stakes, clayed four feet up; the three gates are firmly closed at night. The natives do not venture outside at night for any purpose, and this gives the



KITARA.

village a very pretty aspect. The place is horribly infested with the burrowing flea, «the jigger,» the pest of men, women, and children, who are a mass of horrid sores. Through lack of washing, and removing the jigger when he first enters, big sores are found all over the feet. I felt very sorry for the children, who were all more or less lame, and many stumping about on their heels, unable to put foot to ground, owing to swollen toes. The moaning of women at night, and the bellowing of youngsters, were most distressing to hear. I tried to impress on them that constant washing and attention to their feet and occasional flooding of the low, clayey ground in hut and street would cure the evil; but it was too much like hard work to be adopted. The flooding could be done without the slightest injury to property, as the streets are quite level, and the clay floorings of grass brick are raised about a foot above the ground; but no precautions are taken, and even the babies are permitted to squat on the bare ground as though the jigger did not exist.

July 3. Shot a puff-adder to-day three and a half feet long; it was on a bare patch of sandy ground, and right on the trail; a native had gone before me, and must have stepped in the immediate vicinity of the reptile. It was evidently dozing in the sun; I was but a foot away when I noticed it. I immediately stepped back a pace or two, and called to one

of my boys to hand me my shot-gun. The snake was now awake, and by the time I had the weapon in my hands he was making toward me in the most defiant manner, with head raised a foot from the ground, and the little black sacs each side of his head, and reaching down his sides five or six inches, filled. The skin was spoiled by the charge of shot, which cut him in two pieces about seven inches from the head; both parts continued to wriggle in the most lifelike manner; the stump of the body continued to pop about till it reached a hole, and then disappeared. I imagine the wriggling was merely nervousness; one of my men, seeing the exit, remarked that I had better take far away the part of the body with the head, as the cunning beast would come back by and by, fix himself together, and be as good as ever.

There is no definite trail between Mayilo's and Karonga Nzofu, owing to the bands of thieving, murderous Awemba Chiquanda. Natives passing between the two villages just strike through the woods and over plains, taking their bearings as they from time to time reach well-known points, mountains, streams, and swamps.

We are camped to-night in a batch of rude huts, about twenty-five in number, used by a party of Awemba raiders on their trip a few months ago to the Ilala villages to kidnap; they did not, however, break into any of the stockades; the natives stood to their posts and beat them off. Chiquanda, the Awemba chief on the Chambezi, is the main offender;



KNITTING A FISH-NET AT KITARA'S.



SCENE IN MAYILO'S VILLAGE—WOMAN MAKING FLOUR, NEAR A GRANARY.

he sells slaves and ivory to the Wangwana traders, some of whom are always in his village. Two caravans left for Chiquanda's from Mlozi's stockades, or rather tembé, at Kawali's while we were there. They both had cloth, guns, powder, and cattle, and said they were going solely for slaves. There is always a market for them, especially young girls. There is no doubt that these people, Wabala, Wasenga, Wabisa, Watsheba, are dreadfully persecuted, and need aid. The following posts are necessary: One near the head waters of the Loangwa, at the pass over the mountains, to protect the Wanyika villages scattered on the hills. One at Kawali's, to check the slave-trade, and entry of guns and ammunition into the tembé of Mlozi. Another at Kambombo's or Tembué's: these to hold in check the Wangwana and the Angoni of Mombera, and the other chiefs west of Bandwé. Then a post at Kambuidi's, or ten miles west, at the crossing of the Loangwa at Kizila's, to control caravans from Kota-Kota and from the west of Chinama's and Karonga; also to hold in check Mpeseni, the Wawemba, and Chikunda of Matakkenia. Still another here in the vicinity of Mayilo's. With two white men at

each, and a garrison of fifty men, and an additional one hundred and fifty to be trained as soldiers by the whites, the country could be placed under humane government, and the population saved from utter annihilation, the inevitable ending if aid does not arrive. The amount of timber-cleared country everywhere seen is evidence of the big population once living here. Murder and the slave-chains have left but a few stockaded villages, where the people are heroically standing by their homes. It is at present an uneven contest: the Walala have but a few old flintlocks; the Awemba unlimited supplies of guns and ammunition. The Walala, however, build good stockades of stout poles, with clay banking, and the ground outside is cleared of all shrubs, stones, and grass which would shelter an enemy. Thirty years ago, nearly, Livingstone found this country suffering the vilest persecution at the hands of slavers; the extent of the traffic has abated only because there is a scarcity of population, and the few remaining natives take better precautions for their defense.

The Ilala are a nation of blacksmiths; all the hoes in this part of the country were

made by them; but that industry has now been forsaken, owing to troublous times.

July 5. Camped on the river Molembo, which collects all the small streams in this part of the country, and flows into the Luapula. It was bitterly cold last night; the grass was covered with thick frost this morning, which remained till the sun appeared above the hills and tree-tops. The native guides started off quite jauntily at 6:30, and our way led through a thin forest-country; then we came to a sheltered dale in which the grass was still thick with frost; this emphasized the fact to the native mind that it was very cold in this part of the world, and when we got on clearer ground, although we were then in the sun, the imagination of the natives was so affected by the frost-covered grass that they wanted to build a fire and squat down and warm themselves, and I have no doubt they thought I was very harsh because I ordered them to keep the trail, and be content with what warmth the sun and exercise would provide. One of my guides, an old stager named Kapumba, says he has often seen the Luzi Bazi Lake at Mayilo's covered with thin ice.

The forests in this part of the world are very sparsely timbered; you do not have to cut your way through them. Often we have

had no native trail to follow, but have kept on our way without difficulty; the leaves form a delightful shelter from the sun, the stems are far apart, and you can often walk two hundred yards in a straight line without obstruction. A native, examining the tracks left by a party of natives, tells fairly ac-

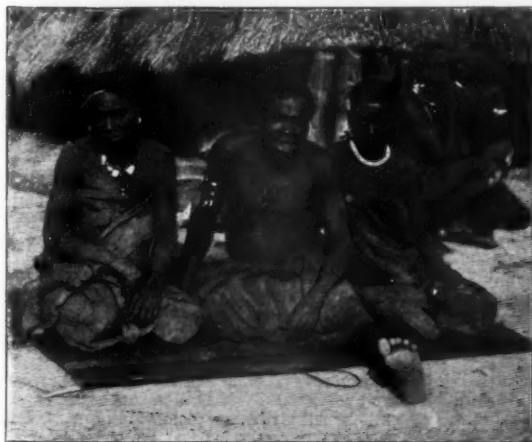


VIEW OF THE SHINGA MOUNTAINS NEAR THE IMPAMANZI RIVER.

curately the number and business; he notes the tracks of men, women, and children, examines the ground about a tree, sees where the weapons were leaning, and notes the number of guns, spears, and marks of bows and arrows on the ground.

I reached the Rukuru River at 1:30, crowded into six small canoes; gave each canoe-owner one fathom of white cloth. Karonga Nzofu's stockade is just on the other side of the Rukuru. The swamp we slept in last night was the Ilamba River; it runs north-northeast to join the Rukuru.

July 8. This is a red-letter day in my career. I have visited the place where Dr. Livingstone's heart is buried beneath a big tree, called *movula*, and by the Ilala *mpundu*. Although done twenty years ago, the inscription is in a splendid state of preservation. The tree shows no disfigurement, and, moreover, the carving is not on the bark, but on the grain of the tree itself. It is a hardwood tree, three feet in diameter at the base; at thirty feet it throws out large branches; its top is a thick mass of foliage. When Livingstone died the heart and other viscera were buried beneath this tree, and the bark was cleared off for a space of two and a half feet square; in



MAYILO AND HIS FAVORITE WIVES.



GLAVE AND A GROUP OF HIS MEN AT THE LIVINGSTONE TREE.

this space Jacob Wainwright (whose account my discovery verifies to the letter) carved the inscription with no dunce's hand, the letters being well shaped and bold.¹ The tree is situated at the edge of the grass plain, and is very conspicuous, being the largest tree in the neighborhood. It is about five miles south-southwest from the present site of the village of Karonga Nzofu, an important Bisa chief, whose father was a friend of Livingstone. Chitambo's is now ten miles away. It was originally near the tree; in fact, Livingstone died a few minutes' walk from the old village of Chitambo. About ten years ago Chitambo was so harassed by the Awemba raiders of Chiquanda that he left his village. The sacred tree has often heard the fierce yell of the man-hunters, and the screams of women and children and wounded men. Livingstone's long prayers for Africa's deliverance have not yet received fair response. Since his death new raiders have appeared in the shape of Awemba from the north. There

is now no vestige of Chitambo's old village standing—merely a big space covered with young timber. The Livingstone tree looks sturdy and healthy, and likely to last many years. I do not see how I can contribute to the future recognition of the place; metal, if I had it, would be stolen. There are no stones in the district to make a cairn. The tree will outlive any wooden cross I might erect. Several of the older men at Karonga Nzofu's remember Dr. Livingstone, and describe his appearance very well indeed; they mention the cap he always wore.

July 9. To-day I revisited the tree where Livingstone died, and in order to guide others to the exact spot, in case this tree should disappear from any cause, I selected another big tree likely to last many years, cleared away two and a half square feet of its bark, and in the space marked as follows: "This tree is magnetic southwest of the tree where Livingstone's remains are buried, and is forty-five paces from it." I brought away a

¹ In September, 1894, Glave forwarded from Lake Tanganyika, by way of the east coast, a brief statement of his discovery, and pictures of the tree, which were printed in *THE CENTURY* for May, 1895. In that article it was stated that "Jacob Wainwright—the Nassick boy, who read the burial service—chiseled on the

tree the words: (Dr. Livingstone, May 4, 1873. Yazuzu, Mniacere, Vchopere.) The body, after such embalming as the natives could give it, was inclosed in canvas, lashed to a pole and thus carried to Bagamoyo, on the coast opposite Zanzibar. It was buried in the center of the nave of Westminster Abbey on April 18, 1874.—EDITOR.

bit of the bark of the memorable tree—a dead part, so as not to be guilty of vandalism.

Livingstone's grave is in a quiet nook, such as he himself desired, in the outskirts of a forest bordering on a grass plain where the roan buck and eland roam in safety. When I visited the place turtle-doves were cooing in the tree-tops, and a litter of young hyenas had been playing near by; in the low ground outside the hole leading to the cave were their recent tracks; they had scampered into safety at our approach.

July 10. As Karonga Nzofu has sent in word that he is coming to see me from his other village, I feel bound to stay till his arrival, although this detention is very irksome. My time is running short, I am still a long way from Kasembi's, and my stock of cloth and provisions is getting miserably small; but I am confident of getting there by some means or other. I believe the people we shall meet ahead will not be so docile and friendly; it is only my opinion. In case of a row, I don't know how my men will act; some of them have already put down their loads and sought the shelter of trees because they mistook a stampede of zebras in the distance for some hostile demonstration, and I sincerely hope they will not be called upon to show their fighting powers.

July 11. I am a very lean individual; I never was symbolic of an alderman, but I could not fill out any of the clothes made for me during the last twenty years. It is the constant walking, the general responsibility, and all its worries; to pilot fifty natives is hard work. The holding of them in check,

the feeding of them, commanding such discipline as compels them to respect native rights, the dealing with natives, handling the chiefs properly, so as to obtain food and guides and information, and the constant anxiety of meeting slave caravans or parties of raiders, keep a man's mind very busy thinking what is going to happen next.

Karonga Nzofu came in last evening; was heralded by the proper beating of drums and the screaming of women. A big party of stalwart warriors, armed with a few guns, but mostly with spears and bows, accompanied him. He is a young man, not more than twenty-two or twenty-three, but has all to say in the village. He is the rightful heir on his mother's side; his own father is nobody, and dare not sit on the same mat with his son. Parentage commands no respect. It is the same with Mayilo at Luzi Bazi; his mother was sister of Mguempe, the former chief; his father is a man of no importance.

July 12. Left Karonga Nzofu at 11. Camped at 12:30 on account of the reported want of water ahead. The streams hereabout are the same ill-conducted waterways described by Livingstone so correctly. In the forest there is a broad space, about one mile of grass land, at a distance looking perfectly dry; each side drops in gradually till you reach black bog, spongy and of bad odor; you sink into this sometimes up to your waist; as you withdraw your foot the place refills; in the extreme bottom of the sag you often lose this bog, and find sandy bottom. The whole land is under water during the rainy season, and the natives go out into the plantations in canoes, and catch fish.

Had to shoot a small bullock to-day, which was a present from Karonga Nzofu. I was loath to kill the brute, which was not yet half grown, but it refused to be led, and when ropes were made fast to it, it started off at a gallop, and dragged the men all over the place, turned, and charged its would-be leaders, knocking down a few; then it took thorough charge of matters, and made straight for a big group of natives, scattering them right and left. Then the animal freed itself, and made off across a grass plain. I had



GLAVE'S TENT PITCHED AMONG GRASS HUTS LEFT BY A SLAVE CARAVAN, NEAR LAKE BANGWEZOLE



DANCERS IN KARONGA NZOFU'S VILLAGE. FROM AN INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH.

already wasted about two hours catching and leading it, and there was no telling what might happen in an attempt to get it across the Lulimala; so I bowled it over with a bullet, and shared it out among the men.

July 13. Reached the village of Kawai, on the Lulimala; quite a small stockade of Walala, with about fifty huts, the population composed of remnants of the villages raided by Chiquanda. After old Chitambo died, the villagers divided; half are here mixed up with the people of Kawai; the remainder have gone to another Ilala village ahead called Katonga. The village of Chitambo was, of course, formerly near the tree beneath which the heart of Dr. Livingstone was buried. Ten or twelve years ago, when the people were driven from their village by the Awemba, they moved toward the Luapula, and made a small stockade. Here Bia and Franqui put up the bronze tablet in memory of Livingstone.¹ It has been carried away by the caravan in charge of Kasaki and Mz'e

Karuma. These are coast men, Waswahili slave-traders and -raiders. They are said to have a stockade somewhere between Lake Bangweolo and the Luapula. The two have gone to Nyungwe, near the junction of the Loangwa and Zambesi, with a large caravan of slaves and ivory. The chiefs of this caravan knew of the robbery, and to some natives whom they met at Karonga's on the Lulimala they made a boast of having robbed the white man's grave.

An hour after leaving the deserted village called Mwenje, where the tablet was placed, I reached the present stockades of Kawai and Chitambo, the son of the old Chitambo of Livingstone's time. Here I found a letter, dated July 6, 1892, written by Captain Bia and Lieutenant Franqui, who brought the present from the Royal Geographical Society, London, and also the tablet. The tablet was put up at least eight miles from the spot where Livingstone died. The letter, signed by Bia and Franqui, states their mission, and enumerates

¹In THE CENTURY for May, 1895, the following statement was made, gleaned from Glave's letter: "Mrs. Bruce—the daughter of Livingstone—and her husband sent out a tablet commemorative of the explorer's death, which the Belgian officers to whom it was consigned put up about eight miles from the tree. Eighteen months before Mr. Glave's visit, the tablet was carried off by the chief of a slave caravan. Three

years before Mr. Glave's visit, an English explorer visited the region, and at a point supposed to be twenty miles from the tree despatched a (trusted follower) with native guides to visit it. He returned with a strip of bark in which an inscription had been cut; but when and where are not quite clear, since the lettering on the tree found by Mr. Glave was clearly cut in the wood after the bark had been removed."—EDITOR.

the different articles of the big present Chitambo's successor received. Upon my arrival, the letter was brought to me, and the theft by Kasaki explained. They did not know of the robbery till after its perpetration, but anyhow they would have been powerless to resist the coast men's force. The village in which the tablet was raised had to be abandoned on account of the Wawemba slave-raiders. A party of slave-raiders and -traders then stole the tablet raised in honor of Livingstone.

This does not look as though slavery had had its death-blow; it should remind the world of its yet unfinished task.

The following inscription was on the tablet stolen by Kasaki: 'David Livingstone died here May 1, 1873.'

There are two flags in the village of Kawai, one a small white one, with union crosses in red; the other a white ground, with bold lettering in red. A tree about the middle of the village had been lopped of its branches, and on the remaining stump the two flags had been lashed, put there, I presume, by Joseph Thomson, and still in a good state of preservation. I have now seen all that is to be seen connected with Livingstone's death.

E. J. Glave.

SONNY'S DIPLOMA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SONNY'S SCHOOLIN'."



AS, sir; this is it. This here 's Sonny's diplomy thet you 've heerd so much about—sheepskin they call it, though it ain't no mo' sheepskin 'n what I am. I've skinned too many not to know. Thess to think o' little Sonny bein' a grad'ate—an' all by his own efforts, too!

It 's a plain-lookin' picture, ez you say, to be framed up in sech a fine gilt frame; but it 's wuth it, an' I don't begrudge it to him. He picked out that red plush around the inside o' the frame hisself. He 's got mighty fine taste for a country-raised child, Sonny has.

Seem like the oftener I come here an' stan' before it, the prouder I feel, an' the mo' I can't realize thet he done it.

I 'd 'a' been proud enough to 've had him go through the reg'lar co'se o' study, an' be awarded this diplomy, but to 've seen 'im thess walk in an' demand it, the way he done, an' to prove his right in a fair fight—why, it tickles me so thet I thess seem to get a spell o' the giggles eve'y time I think about it.

Sir? How did he do it? Why, I thought eve'ybody in the State o' Arkansas knowed how Sonny walked over the bo'd o' school directors, an' took a diplomy in the face o' Providence, at the last anniversary.

I don't know thet I ought to say that either, for they never was a thing done mo' friendly an' amiable on earth, on his part, than the takin' of this dockiment. Sir? Why, no; of co'se he was n't goin' to that school—cert'n'y

not. Ef he had b'longed to that school, they would n't 'a' been no question about it. He 'd 'a' thess grad'ated with the others. An' when he went there with his ma an' me, why, he 'll tell you hisself thet he had n't no mo' idee of grad'atin' 'n what I have this minute.

An' when he riz up in his seat, an' announced his intention, why, you could 'a' knocked me down with a feather. You see, it took me so sudden, an' I did n't see thess how he was goin' to work it, never havin' been to that school.

Of co'se eve'ybody in the county goes to the grad'atin', an' we was all three settin' there watchin' the performances, not thinkin' of any special excitement, when Sonny took this idee.

It seems thet seein' all the other boys grad'ate put him in the notion, an' he felt like ez ef he ought to be a grad'atin', too.

You see, he had went to school mo' or less with all them fellers, an' he knowed thet they did n't, none of 'em, know half ez much ez what he did,—though, to tell the truth, he ain't never said sech a word, not even to her or me,—an', seein' how easy they was bein' turned out, why, he thess realized his own rights an' demanded 'em then an' there.

Of co'se we know thet they is folks in town thet says thet he ain't got no right to this here diplomy; but what else could you expect in a jealous community where eve'ybody is mo' or less kin?

The way I look at it, they never was a diplomy earned quite so upright ez this—never. Ef it was n't, why, I would n't allow

him to have it, no matter how much pride I would 'a' took, an' do take, in it. But for a boy o' Sonny's age to 've had the courage to face all them people, an' ask to be examined then an' there, an' to come out ahead, the way he done, why, it does me proud, that it does.

You see, for a boy to set there seein' all them know-nothin' boys gradj'ate, one after another, offhand, the way they was doin', was mighty provokin', an' when Sonny is struck with a sense of injustice, why, he ain't never been known to bear it in silence. He taken that from *her* side o' the house.

I noticed, ez he set there that day, thet he begin to look toler'ble solemn, for a festival, but it never crossed my mind what he was a-projeckin' to do. Ef I had 'a' suspicioned it, I'm afeered I would of opposed it, I'd 'a' been so skeert he would n't come out all right; an' ez I said, I did n't see, for the life o' me, how he was goin' to work it.

That is the only school in the county thet he ain't never been to, 'cause it was started after he had settled down to Miss Clark's school. He would n't hardly 've went to it, nohow, though—less'n, of co'se, he'd 'a' took a notion. Th' ain't no 'casion to send him to a county school when he's the only one we've got to edjercate. They ain't been a thing I've enjoyed ez much in my life ez my sackerfices on account o' Sonny's edjercation—not a one. Th' ain't a patch on any ol' coat I've got but seems to me to stand for some advantage to him.

Well, sir, it was thess like I'm a-tellin' you. He set still ez long ez he could, an' then he riz an' spoke. Says he, «I have decided thet I'd like to do a little gradj'atin' this evenin' myself,» thess that a-way.

Well, sir, when he spoke them words, for about a minute you could 'a' heerd a pin drop; an' then eve'ybody begin a-screechin' with laughter. A person would think thet they'd 'a' had some consideration for a child standin' up in the midst o' sech a getherin', tryin' to take his own part; but they did n't. They thess laughed immod'rate. But they did n't faze him. He had took his station on the flo', an' he helt his ground.

Thess ez soon ez he could git a heerin', why, he says, says he: «I don't want anybody to think thet I want to take any advantage. I don't expect to gradj'ate without passin' my examination. An', mo' 'n that,» says he, «I am ready to pass it now.» An' then he went on to explain thet he would like to have anybody present *thet was competent to do it* to step forward an' examine him—then an' there.

An' he said thet ef he was examined fair an' square, to the satisfaction of eve'ybody—an' *did n't pass*—why, he'd give up the p'int. An' he wanted to be examined oral—in eve'ybody's hearin'—free-handed an' outspoke.

Well, sir, seem like folks begin to see a little fun ahead in lettin' him try it—which I don't see thess how they could 'a' hindered him, an' it a free school, an' me a taxpayer. But they all seemed to be in a pretty good humor by this time, an' when Sonny put it to vote, why, they voted unanimous to let him try it—eve'y last one of 'em expectin' to see him whipped out at the first question. Tell the truth, I mo' 'n half expected to see it myself. I was that skeert I was fairly all of a trumble.

Well, when they had done votin', Sonny, after first thankin' 'em,—which I think was a mighty polite thing to do, an' they full o' the giggles at his little expense that minute,—why, he went on to say thet he requi'd 'em to make *thess one condition*, an' that was thet any question he missed was to be passed on to them thet had been a-gradj'atin' so fast, an' ef they missed it, it was n't to be counted ag'inst him.

Well, when he come out with that, which, to my mind, could n't be beat for fairness, why, some o' the mothers they commenced to look purty serious, an' seem like ez ef they did n't find it quite so funny ez it had been. You see, they *say* thet them boys had eve'y one had reg'lar questions give' out to 'em, an' eve'y last one had studied his own word; an' ef they was to be questioned hit an' miss, why they would n't 'a' stood no chance on earth.

Of co'se they could n't give Sonny the same questions thet had *been* give' out, because he had heerd the answers, an' it would n't a' been fair. So Sonny he told 'em to thess set down, an' make out a list of questions thet they'd all agree was about of a' equal hardness to them thet had been asked, an' was of thess the kind of learnin' thet all the reg'lar gradj'ates' minds was sto'ed with, an' thet either he knowed 'em or he did n't, one.

It don't seem so excitin', somehow, when I tell about it now; but I tell you for about a minute or so, whilst they was waitin' to see who would undertake the job of examinin' him, why, it seemed thet eve'y minute would be the next, ez my ol' daddy used to say. The only person present that seemed to take things anyway ca'm was Miss Clark, Sonny's teacher. She has been teachin' him reg'lar for over two years now, an' ef she had a

right to give diplomies, why, Sonny would 'a' thess took out one from her; but she ain't got no license to grad'ate nobody. But she knowed what Sonny knowed, an' she knowed thet ef he had a fair show, he 'd come thoo creditable to all hands. She loves Sonny thess about ez much ez we do, I believe, take it all round. Th' ain't never been but one time in these two years thet she has, to say, got me out o' temper, an' that was the day she says to me thet her sure belief was thet Sonny was goin' to *make somethin' some day*—like ez ef he had n't already made mo' than could be expected of a boy of his age. Tell the truth, I never in my life come so near sayin' somethin' I 'd 'a' been shore to regret ez I did on that occasion. But of co'se I know she did n't mean it. All she meant was thet he would turn out even mo' than he was now, which would be on'y nachel, with his growth.

Everybody knows that it was her that got him started with his collections an' his lib'ry. Oh, yes; he 's got the best lib'ry in the county, 'cep'n', of co'se, the doctor's an' the preacher's—everybody round about here knows about that. He 's got about a hund'ed books an' over. Well, sir, when he made that remark, thet any question thet he missed was to be give' to the class, why, the whole atmo'sp'ere took on a change o' temp'a-ture. Even the teacher was for backin' out o' the whole business square; but he did n't thess seem to dare to say so. You see, after him a-favorin' it, it would 'a' been a dead give away.

Eve'ybody there had saw him step over an' whisper to Brother Binney when it was decided to give Sonny a chance, an' they knowed thet he had asked *him* to examine him. But now, instid o' him callin' on Brother Binney, why, he thess said, says he: "I suppose I ought not to shirk this duty. Ef it 's to be did," says he, "I suppose I ought to do it—an' do it I will." You see, he dares n't allow Brother Binney to put questions, for fear he 'd call out some thet his smarty grad'ates could n't answer.

So he thess claired his th'coat, an' set down a minute to consider. An' then he riz from his seat, an' remarked thet of co'se everybody knowed thet Sonny Jones had had unusual advantages in some spec'es, but thet it was one thing for a boy to spend his time a-picnickin' in the woods, getherin' all sorts of natural curiosities, but it was quite another to be a scholar accordin' to books, so 's to be able to pass sech a' examination ez would be a credit to a State institution of learnin', sech ez the one over which he was proud to pre-

side. That word struck me partic'lar, «proud to preside» which, in all this, of co'se, I see he was castin' a slur on Sonny's collections of birds' eggs, an' his wild flowers, an' wood specimens an' min'rals. He even went so far ez to say thet ol' Proph', the half-crazy nigger thet tells fortunes, an' gethers herbs out o' the woods, an' talks to hisself, likely knew more about a good many things than anybody present, but thet, bein' ez he did n't know *b* from a bull's foot, why, it would n't hardly do to grad'ate him—not castin' no slurs on Master Sonny Jones, nor makin' no injivus comparisons, of co'se.

Well, sir, there was some folks there thet seemed to think this sort o' talk was mighty funny an' smart. Some o' the mothers achilly giggled over it out loud, they was so might'ly tickled. But Sonny he thess stood his ground an' waited. Most any boy o' his age would 'a' got flustered, but he did n't. He thess glanced around unconcerned at all the people a-settin' around him, thess ez ef they might 'a' been askin' him to a picnic instid o' him provokin' a whole school committee to wrath.

Well, sir, it took that school-teacher about a half-hour to pick out the first question, an' he did n't pick it out *then*. He 'd stop, an' he 'd look at the book, an' then he 'd look at Sonny, an' then he 'd look at the class,—an' then he 'd turn a page, like ez ef he could n't make up his mind, an' was afeerd to resk it, less'n it might be missed, an' be referred to the class. I never did see a man so overwrought over a little thing in my life—never. They do say, though, thet school-teachers feels mighty bad when their scholars misses any p'int in public.

Well, sir, he took so long thet d'reckly everybody begin to git wo'e out, an' at last Sonny, why, he got tired, too, an' he up an' says, says he, «Ef you can't make up your mind what to ask me, teacher, why n't you let me ask myself questions? An' ef my questions seem too easy, why, I 'll put 'em to the class.»

An', sir, with that he thess turns round, an' he says, says he, «Sonny Jones,» says he, addressin' hisself, «what 's the cause of total eclipses of the sun?» Thess that a-way he said it; an' then he turned around, an' he says, says he:

«Is that a hard enough question?»

«Very good,» says teacher.

An', with that, Sonny he up an' picked up a' orange an' a' apple off the teacher's desk, an' says he, «This orange is the earth, an' the apple is the sun.» An', with that, he explained

all they is *to* total eclipses. I can't begin to tell you thess how he expressed it, because I ain't highly edjercated myself, an' I don't know the specifactions. But when he had got thoo he turned to the teacher, an' says he, «Is they anything else thet you 'd like to know about total eclipses?» An' teacher says, says he, «Oh, no; not at all.»

They do say thet them gradj'ates had n't never went so far *ez* total eclipses, an' teacher would n't 'a' had the subject mentioned to 'em for nothin'; but I don't say that 's so.

Well, then, Sonny he turned around, an' looked at the company, an' he says, «Is everybody satisfied?» An' all the mothers an' fathers nodded their heads yes.

An' then he waited thess a minute, an' he says, says he, «Well, now I 'll put the next question:

«Sonny Jones,» says he, «what is the difference between dew an' rain an' fog an' hail an' sleet an' snow? Is that a hard enough question?»

Well, from that he started in, an' he did n't stop tell he had expounded every kind of dampness thet ever descended from heaven or rose from the earth. An' after that, why, he went on a-givin' out one question after another, an' answerin' 'em, tell everybody had declared theirselves entirely satisfied thet he was fully equipped to gradj'ate—an', tell the truth, I don't doubt thet a heap of 'em felt their minds considerably relieved to have it safe over with without puttin' their gradj'ates to shame, when what does he do but say, «Well, ef you 're satisfied, why, I am—an' yet,» says he, «I think I would like to ask myself one or two hard questions more, thess to make shore.» An' befo' anybody could stop him he had said:

«Sonny Jones, what is the reason thet a bird has feathers an' a dog has hair?» An' then he turned around deliberate, an' answered: «I don't know. Teacher, please put that question to the class.»

Teacher had kep' his temper purty well up to this time, but I see he was mad now, an' he riz from his chair, an' says he: «This examination has been declared finished, an' I think we have spent *ez* much time on it *ez* we can spare.» An' all the mothers they nodded their heads, an' started a-whisperin'—most impolite.

An' at that, Sonny, why, he thess set down *ez* modest an' peaceable *ez* anything; but *ez* he was settin' he remarked thet he was in hopes thet some o' the reg'lars would 'a' took time to answer a few questions thet had bothered his mind f'om time to time—an' of

co'se they must know; which, to my mind, was the modes'est remark a boy ever did make.

Well, sir, that 's the way this diplomy was earned—by a good, hard struggle, in open daylight, by unanimous vote of all concerned—or unconcerned, for that matter. An' my opinion is thet ef they are those who have any private opinions about it, an' they did n't express 'em that day, why they ain't got no right to do it underhanded, *ez* I 'm sorry to say has been done.

But it 's *his* diplomy, an' it 's handsomer fixed up than any in town, an' I doubt ef they ever was one *anywhere* thet was took more paternal pride in.

Wife she ain't got so yet thet she can look at it without sort o' cryin'—thess the look of it seems to bring back the figure o' the little feller, *ez* he helt his ground, single-handed, at that gradj'atin' that day.

Well, sir, we was so pleased to have him turned out a full gradj'ate thet, after it was all over, why, I riz up then and there, though I could n't hardly speak for the lump in my th'ot, an' I said thet I wanted to announce thet Sonny was goin' to have a gradj'atin' party out at our farm that day week, an' thet the present company was all invited.

An' he did have it, too; an' they all come, every mother's son of 'em—from a *to* izzard—even to them thet has expressed secret dissatisfactions; which they was all welcome, though it does seem to me thet, ef I 'd been in their places, I 'd 'a' hardly had the face to come an' talk, too.

I 'm this kind of a disposition myself: ef I was ever to go to any kind of a collation thet I felt secret disapproval of, why, the supper could n't be good enough not to choke me. An' Sonny, why, he 's constructed on the same plan. We ain't never told him of any o' the remarks thet has been passed. They might git his little feelin's hurt, an' 't would n't do no good, though some few has been made to his face by one or two smarty, ill-raised boys.

Well, sir, we give 'em a fine party, ef I do say it myself, an' they all had a good time. Wife she whipped up eggs an' sugar for a week befo'hand, an' we set the table out under the mulberries. It took eleven little niggers to wait on 'em, not countin' them thet worked the fly-fans. An' Sonny ast the blessin'.

Then, after they 'd all e't, Sonny he had a' exhibition of his little specimens. He showed 'em his bird eggs, an' his wood samples, an' his stamp album, an' his scroll-sawed things,

an' his clay-moldin's, an' all his little menagerie of animals an' things. I ruther think teacher was struck when he found thet Sonny knowed the botanical names of every one o' the animals he's ever tamed, an' every bird. Miss Clark did n't come to the front much. She stayed along with wife, an' helped 'tend to the company, but I could see she looked on with pride; an' I don't want nothin' said about it, but the boar'd of school directors was so took with the things she had taught Sonny thet, when the evenin' was over, they ast her to accept a situation in the academy next year, an' she's goin' to take it.

An' she says thet ef Sonny will take a private co'se of instruction in nachel sciences,

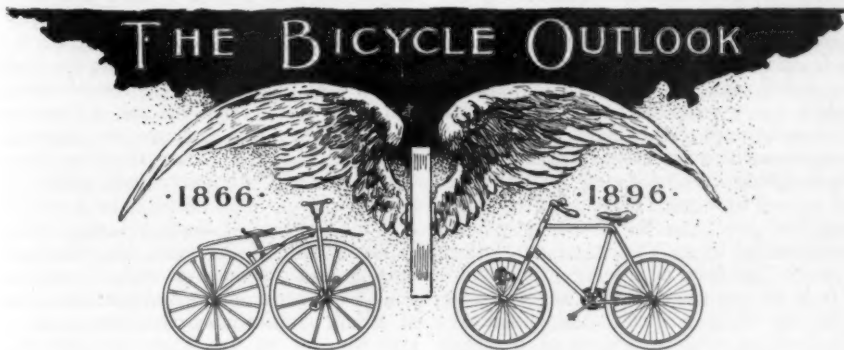
an' go to a few lectures, why, th' ain't nobody on earth that she'd ruther see come into that academy ez teacher,—that is, of co'se, in time,—but I doubt ef he'd ever keer for it.

I've always thought thet school-teachin', to be a success, has to run in families, same ez anything else—yet, th' ain't no tellin'.

I don't keer what he settles on when he's grown; I expect to take pride in *the way he 'll do it*—an' that 's the principal thing, after all.

It 's the «Well done» we 're all a-hopin' to hear at the last day; an' the po' laborer thet digs a' good ditch 'll have thess ez good a chance to hear it ez the man thet owns the farm.

Ruth McEnery Stuart.



BY THE CHIEF CONSUL OF THE NEW YORK DIVISION, LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN.

SEVENTEEN years ago Mr. Charles E. Pratt of Boston, one of the earliest and most authentic of American pioneer cyclists, wrote a little book of about two hundred pages, called «The American Bicycler», in which he recommended that bicycle clubs should adopt a form of constitution in which it is declared to be an object of the club to promote, by force of example, «the use of the bicycle as a practicable and enjoyable aid to locomotion by the general public.» Most of our street pavements were then a wilderness of cobblestones, and the only form of bicycle in use was the old-fashioned «ordinary», in which the rider sat astride the big wheel, varying in diameter from forty-six to sixty-four inches, according to the anatomical gear of the rider. Under such conditions the «general public» needed most generous encouragement. Bicycling was looked upon by most people as the peculiar accomplishment of an athlete, and its difficulties and dangers were com-

monly imagined to be about the same as those which beset the professional tight-rope walker. Of course this was all due to a misunderstanding; but people were not anxious to understand, and though the bicycle gained little by little in the affections of the multitude, it never reached the point of assured popularity until the «safety» was invented and came into common use. In this year of 1896 all the world goes awheel—or would like to. New conditions have been rapidly created, and, from the increase of cycling, questions are every day presenting themselves which demand a popular solution. The wheels of the bicycle have changed the ways of society, in the wording and application of the law, in the doctrines of some of the learned professions, in the conduct of business, in methods of travel, and in not a few of the conditions of manufacture and commerce. Many of these changes were inevitable, and, happily, most of them are beneficial.

BICYCLING FOR WOMEN.

AFTER a close study of the question for five years, I am ready to express my belief that the use of the bicycle will do more to improve the physical condition of American women, and therefore of the American people, than any other agency yet devised. Argument on this point has given way to demonstration. Women are riding the wheel in all parts of the country, and their increasing numbers testify to its benefits and its popularity. The average woman loves to be out of doors; she enjoys the change of scene, the gentle exercise, the delightful companionship of congenial friends, and the exhilarating benefits of contact with the pure air and bright sunlight, which the knowledge of cycling brings within her reach. To the woman, as to the man, these features, possessed by no other form of sport, comprise the foundation on which the popularity of the bicycle will rest. The only possible danger in cycling for woman lies in the fascination which sometimes tempts her to undue effort. In common with every other form of exercise, bicycle-riding may of course be overdone, and as well by women as by men; but under proper advice from the family physician, supplemented by such practical suggestions as may be had from an intelligent instructor or from an experienced rider, any woman in a fair condition of health may undertake bicycle-riding with a feeling of certainty that the result will be delightful and helpful in a measure that was never anticipated.

A mistake commonly made by women riders, and indeed by new riders of both sexes, is that of undertaking too much at first. Over-exertion induces discouragement, and the recollection of a tiresome ride has been known to deter new riders from repeating the attempt. The real pleasure of bicycle-riding can be had only by keeping in mind this little truth. No new rider should continue the first trip to such a point as to feel weariness. A half-hour is in most cases ample for the first road ride, and it should not be continued beyond that time, except by the strongest and most capable rider. The tyro exerts more power than the expert, and in consequence becomes more rapidly tired. He pushes the pedals with undue force, fails to sit erect, fails to sit still, and tends to follow what seems to him to be an erratic motion of the wheel by a swinging and wobbling of the body which not only tends to increase and make real what was only an imaginary difficulty, but insures also the quick coming of

fatigue, that might otherwise have been avoided. The new rider should learn to sit erect and to sit still, and in the early stages of his road practice avoid long rides, remembering that the exertion which he puts forth in his first efforts will be more than sufficient, as soon as a little skill has been acquired, to propel his wheel many miles farther than was covered by his first trip. If the first ride is wearisome, it should not be repeated on the next following day, but rather upon alternate days, until such skill is acquired as will enable the new rider to enjoy his outing without suffering too much fatigue.

Bicycling for women has received the indorsement of our leading women and our best physicians. The bicycle-dealers of most of our large towns state that the number of bicycles sold to women is daily increasing, and that the established popularity of bicycling among the gentle sex is assured. The tendency of the bicycle market to lower prices, even of wheels of the reliable grade, will doubtless increase the use of the wheel among women, and enhance its aggregate benefit to the sex. When the time comes that the delightful country roads and shaded lanes can be so kept as to make more general the practice of touring during the vacation season of the year, the wheel will have gained its true measure of value as a health restorer, and will attract thousands of riders from among the women of the land who do not yet know the joys of a hearty appetite and of refreshment induced by sound sleep.

BICYCLE-PATHS.

A CYCLE-PATH is a protest against bad roads. We are not a nation of road-makers, and every year, for weeks at a time, our country traffic and travel are paralyzed by the presence of a simple mixture of dirt and water. Our country roads have cost us thousands of millions of dollars in labor and money, very little of which has been spent in a sensible way. Skilful road work is planned in the brain, wrought by skill, and finished by rule and reason. Every cyclist knows how unfit for human travel are the miserable streaks of rooted soil that run for hundreds of miles through our most populous counties, and all the horses and all the mules know it.

The undoubted duty of every road officer to keep the public highway in a condition fit for the use of every vehicle having the lawful right to travel is not well understood. Cycling has come upon us apace, and the

country road-maker, whose official tenure is often short-lived and capricious, and whose ambition is likely to be restrained by a short-sighted and parsimonious constituency, may scarcely be condemned if he fails at times to provide for the old conditions or to anticipate the new. The cyclist and the road commissioner are fast getting more closely in touch with each other, and the wheelman's influence at the State capital is certain, in the end, to secure the aid and supervision of the State in the making and maintaining of good country roads. Pending the time when this shall be accomplished, I believe that the making of cycling-paths along lines of popular road travel should be encouraged. In the State of New York the legislature has made special provision for the construction of cycle-paths in several of the interior counties; and the local subdivisions of the League of American Wheelmen will doubtless combine to push the work of cycle-path building, so as to lighten and brighten the journey of the cycling tourist between points where the common roads are in bad condition. We may look for a time in the near future when a cycling route from the Atlantic to the Pacific will be made and mapped, and when good roads and good cycle-paths will be so connected in a continuous chain between the two great oceans that a cross-continent journey a wheel will be the popular ten weeks' tour of every cyclist whose time and purse will permit.

As commonly made, cycle-paths are not expensive, and, the cost being generally contributed by the wheelmen themselves, no tax for this purpose is placed upon the public at large. Whether this should be so is a question that will stand some discussion; but thus far the cyclists have sought only to impose a small assessment upon actual users of the wheel when money has been needed to construct cycle-paths. Two years ago Mr. Charles T. Raymond of Lockport, New York, one of the pioneers in cycle-path construction, declared that "what is used by all, and needed by all, should be paid for by all," and this rule has commanded approval among wheelmen who have taken up the work of cycle-path making. Under favoring conditions, cycle-paths cost from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty dollars per mile. The surface width of the path should not be less than four feet, and need not be more than seven feet, except in rare cases. The paths are generally laid out on the grass-grown roadside, parallel with the wagonway. The grass is first cut close to the ground, after

which the material (soft coal, cinders, or screened gravel) is put on in a thin layer, and so shaped and packed as to slope downward from the center to each side. The grade in most cases follows closely the original surface of the ground. Material may generally be had at lower cost, and hauled at less expense, during the winter months; and this is an important point to bear in mind, since the item of haulage alone is likely to constitute more than half the expense of construction.

THE MECHANICAL LIMITATIONS OF THE WHEEL.

HERE we reach the domain of speculation. The bicycle has changed many times in its form, and always for the better; each form has taken on its multitude of improvements, and no part of the modern wheel has escaped the ingenuity of the mechanic in his aim to secure better material, stronger connections, lighter weight, greater speed, grace of design, and comfort to the rider. Every day is a day of new records and of the revelation of new possibilities. Four hundred and odd miles for a single day; thirty miles in an hour; a hundred miles in three hours and forty-seven minutes; a single mile in one minute, and—but a statement of the seconds here would be true only for the week in which it was written. Six years ago one of the best-informed and most progressive of our cycling authorities, Mr. F. P. Prial, editor of "The Wheel," writing of the safety bicycle of that day, mentioned the drawbacks of the pneumatic tire as being "its large size, and the necessity of replenishing the air to keep it properly distended." He advised that the ideal safety should not be geared too high, but only to fifty-four or fifty-seven inches, "except in the case of strong riders." The gearing of the man's wheel of 1896 is from sixty-three inches upward, a gearing of seventy inches being about the average, and eighty not at all uncommon; while the woman's wheel of to-day, when geared at sixty, is easily propelled by new and inexperienced riders. Saddles, tires, frames, bearings, handle-bars, cranks, spokes, and rims have been lightened, simplified, improved, and from year to year made to displace the cruder product of the year before. Where is the limit? No man can tell; but so far as it relates to the common pedomotive bicycle of to-day, the practical limit would seem to be not far distant. A year or two hence will probably witness the introduction of a prac-

tical motor bicycle, and the more general adoption of motor carriages in certain parts of the country where the roads have been improved. Meanwhile the bicycle now in common use will hold its way, with such improvements in detail, and perhaps in form, as will add to its usefulness, and to the comfort, convenience, and security of the rider.

BICYCLES AS RAILWAY BAGGAGE.

"THE bicycle is a vehicle," say the railway lawyers, "and cannot therefore be baggage." This somewhat captivating but superficial form of argument is having its brief day. The contest over the passage of the Armstrong Law, compelling New York railways to carry bicycles as baggage, might well have been avoided. It began in November, 1895, when the chief consul of the New York State division of the League of American Wheelmen wrote a letter to the Trunk-line Association of Railways, and invited a friendly conference for the purpose of establishing some common and equitable rule that should govern the transportation of cyclists and their wheels. This request was denied, and the wheelmen made the most of their alternative in procuring the enactment of the new law, which is working smoothly and equitably.

Radical as this new statute may have appeared, it is doubtful if any substantial right is thereby secured which was not already guaranteed to the traveling cyclist by a fair interpretation of the common law. Many years ago, in England, Lord Chief Justice Cockburn reviewed with great care the question of what might and might not be properly and lawfully taken by a passenger as luggage on his journey by rail, and laid down a rule which has since been many times quoted with approval by the courts of England and America. It is this:

Whatever the passenger takes with him for his personal use or convenience, according to the habits or wants of the particular class to which he belongs, either with reference to the immediate necessities or the ultimate purpose of the journey, must be considered personal luggage.

This would include not only all articles of apparel, whether for use or ornament, but also the gun-case or fishing apparatus of the sportsman, the easel of the artist on a sketching tour, or the books of the student, and other articles of an analogous character, the use of which is personal to the traveler, and the taking of which has arisen from the fact of his journeying.

In discussing the law of this case, counsel for the railway company (Mr. Digby) made

use of the following declaration, the correctness of which most wheelmen are quite willing to concede:

It is difficult to define passengers' luggage, but the articles a man takes with him as his personal luggage must be such articles as are connected with locomotion, and not merely those which he wants to transport from one place to another. All such things as are required and are necessary for the personal use of the passenger in the course of his journey, without regard to the object for which the journey was undertaken, would be ordinary luggage.

The New York Court of Appeals, in the case of *Merrill versus Grinnell* (30 New York, 594), has declared its judgment to be exactly in accord with that expressed in the English cases. In the case just cited the court said:

Baggage is defined by Webster to mean "the clothing and other conveniences which a traveler carries with him on a journey." It is, of course, impossible to enumerate the articles that constitute what is called in the definition "clothing," and it is still more difficult to specify what shall pass under the name of "other conveniences." . . . Again, the baggage must be such as is necessary for the particular journey that the passenger is, at the time of the employment of the carrier, actually making; . . . the articles that will pass under the denomination of "other conveniences" are as various as the tastes, occupations, and habits of travelers. The sportsman who sets out on an excursion for amusement in his department of pleasure needs, in addition to his clothing, his gun and fishing apparatus; the musician, his favorite instrument; the man of letters, his books; the mechanic, his tools. In all these cases, and in a vast number of others unnecessary to enumerate, the articles carried are necessary in one sense to the use of the passenger. He cannot attain the object he is in pursuit of without them, and the object of his journey would be lost unless he was permitted to carry them with him.

The language and intent of these decisions would seem to be unmistakable. They clearly, and in the most direct terms, point out the propriety of including in the term "baggage" the bicycle, which the touring cyclist takes with him as a part of his personal property essential to his journey.

But from the railway standpoint the most encouraging and satisfactory reason for carrying bicycles as baggage is found in the fact, every day more apparent, that the practice is not only lawful, but profitable. All wheelmen know this, and many railway companies are fast finding it out. More than one hundred and forty American railways are to-day carrying bicycles as baggage, without extra

charge; and the concurrent testimony of all railway officials who have studied the subject shows that true business policy will encourage the rule. Thousands of wheelmen ride into the country from populous centers on Sundays and public holidays, and with many of these the matter of expense is sure to be considered. It is often a question between an eighty-mile trip and home by rail, or a forty-mile trip and return by wheel. Thousands of wheelmen travel in all directions to attend meets, conventions, and assemblies at all times of the year, and by a rule of their own they favor the railways which are known to be friendly. Thousands of others, in their business as merchants, manufacturers, shippers, and commercial travelers, are constantly directing the shipment of goods in such manner as to give preference to lines whose policy toward the wheelmen is known to be equitable. As between two prominent railways running westward from New York city, it is estimated that in the year 1895 upward of \$100,000 was, in this manner, added to the income of the one whose friendly attitude toward cyclists is well known, while the tendency of wheelmen to avoid at all times the road pursuing the opposite policy is growing from day to day. It may be said that this practice of discrimination is not altogether right, but argument will not change it. When people have money to spend, they are likely to be a trifle independent in selecting the objects of their patronage, and in their minds a wholesome grudge will give no place to ethics. To the railroad companies the fact alone would seem to be the important thing, and if the reason for it should appear obnoxious, it is quite within their own power to change the conditions for which they are themselves mainly responsible. There are probably 2,500,000 bicycle-riders in the United States, and it is estimated that a million wheels will be sold during the present year. Take into account 250 bicycle-factories, 24 tire-makers, and 600 concerns dealing in bicycle sundries, all representing a combined investment of \$75,000,000, and the bicycle question seems to gain proportions. Add the number and value of repair-shops, race-tracks, and club-houses, and the aggregate leaps again. Consider the fact that this country contains about 30,000 retail bicycle-dealers and about 60,000 persons employed in the "sundry" factories, and that these numbers are every day growing apace, and the importance of the bicycle business to the common carrier becomes suggestive—so suggestive, indeed, that no prudent or progres-

sive railroad manager need be told that bread is usually buttered only on one side.

WILL CYCLING REVIVE THE OLD STAGE-COACH INN?

THAT the bicycle, and the horseless carriage of the larger patterns, will inevitably change and quicken our methods of common road travel is now generally conceded.

A few days ago Mr. Edison was quoted in a daily newspaper as saying that within the next decade horseless carriages will be the rule. It may be, therefore, that, with the general improvement in road vehicles, and the general improvement of the public roads, without which no vehicle can become really efficient, the volume of road travel will be so increased as to bring to life the old inn of early days, but not, I think, the primitive and picturesque type that marked the stopping-places of the old stage-coach which, in the years following the Revolution, used to make the distance between Boston and New York in six days. Nor will the rejuvenated inn bring back the old-time back-log festivals at which the Knickerbockers and Quakers so often came together when the fast coach known as the "Flying Machine" whirled its passengers between New York and Philadelphia in the astonishing space of two full days. The railway has largely superseded common road travel, and our swift business methods will give the preference to railway travel until a swifter means shall take its place. But though the great majority will travel by rail, it must be borne in mind that the great and growing body of cyclists who travel by road is not greatly less in point of numbers than the entire population of the colonies when the old inns were in vogue; and the marked effort on the part of hotel proprietors to secure the patronage of the wheelmen shows how fully the value of this new element is being appreciated. About 7000 official League hotels have been selected and granted official certificates by the League of American Wheelmen within the last five years. The proprietor of each of these hotels is required to sign a contract in which he undertakes to supply good food and clean, comfortable lodgings to all travelers, and to accord a certain percentage of discount or rebate from regular prices to all members of the League of American Wheelmen on presentation of membership tickets for the current year. In exchange for this concession, the League publishes a list of all official hotels in the road books, tour books, and hotel books issued for the use of wheel-

men; and in this manner the patronage of the hotels is encouraged, the wheelmen are brought together at common stopping-places, and a direct benefit is secured to the organization. Wheelmen are quick to discern and to appreciate the comfort of a well-kept inn, and are not slow to condemn the slovenly attempts of an incompetent host. And so it is that the fittest will survive, and badly kept hotels will inevitably lose the cyclists' patronage. From day to day appointments of official hotels by the League of American Wheelmen are canceled, and new contracts made in accordance with new information and to fit new conditions. Within a radius of fifty miles about each of the large cities will be found, on any pleasant afternoon in summer, groups of wheelmen sitting beneath the shade-trees and awnings of favorite country inns; and among the wheel clubs the rule has become general to add to the announcement of weekly "runs" the names of certain hotels which are known to supply a good quality of rest and refreshment.

THE EFFECT OF CYCLING ON OTHER BRANCHES OF TRADE.

MILLIONS of dollars are annually invested in bicycles and in the purchase of sundries appurtenant to the sport. The diverting of this money into a new channel must necessarily affect expenditure in other directions. The enthusiastic cyclist must often economize in his all-round disbursements in order to gratify his special taste, and the great number of wheels sold on the instalment plan is perhaps the best evidence of the tendency of people of moderate means to spend their money for cycling, to the exclusion of things which might otherwise make drafts upon the purse. Perhaps the carriage trade, more than any other, has suffered by the increase of cycling. During the last two years complaints to this effect have been numerous in the columns of the carriage-trade journals, and their advertising columns reveal the fact that many of the carriage-dealers and manufacturers are trying to avail themselves of the new conditions by making and selling wheels as an adjunct to their established business. Liverymen in all the cities and towns complain bitterly of the great falling off in the number of customers who formerly indulged in carriage-rides on Sundays and holidays, and in many cases livery stables have been sold out or closed by discouraged proprietors. Tailors, hatters, and jewelers

are likewise affected, though perhaps in a less degree; and some of the labor societies and trades-unions have declared against the bicycle because of the evident falling off in the demand for work and materials in their particular lines which the use of the wheel is supposed to have induced. Of course these trade conditions will adjust themselves in due time, and they have a consoling feature in the fact that what is lost in one direction is gained in another, by the increased demand for labor in all branches of industry connected with the manufacture and sale of bicycles and cycling goods and materials.

THE TAXATION OF BICYCLES.

IN New York, Philadelphia, Rochester, and Chicago certain city officials have lately proposed, in apparent good faith, that bicycles should be made the subject of a special tax. The enormous number of bicycles in the country, and the millions of value which they represent, suggest with some force a subject for taxation which is not likely to be overlooked by the scrupulous assessor. The sound principle that all property should contribute to the support of the State that defends it should, of course, apply to bicycles, as to other forms of personal property; and our present tax laws provide so clearly for such taxation that the justice of a second levy which this proposed special tax would entail may well be inquired into. The bicycle is noiseless, clean, and a non-consumer. It does not herald its own approach by a nerve-wearing ding-dong on the hard stone pavement, nor does it wear out or soil the streets, or occupy an undue amount of space in the thoroughfare. Just why it should be made the subject of a special tax, from the operation of which other forms of vehicles are exempt, is a question which no one has yet attempted to answer. Such a tax would certainly be unpopular, and would probably be illegal as well. That it would be unjust goes without saying. The cycling citizens of the United States are already heavy taxpayers, and under our general laws are exempt from no species of tax to which other citizens are compelled to respond. It would be quite as wise, and fully as equitable, to declare a special assessment on sewing-machines and type-writers as upon bicycles, or upon any other useful thing in which citizens generally have acquired an ownership. The bicycle tax as a speciality will, I think, never become a fixture in the tax laws of this country.

Isaac B. Potter.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

The Services of Art to the Public.

NO one in touch with the progress of art in the United States can fail to note the evidences of a new and widespread movement of late, which recognizes the good influence of art as an offset to the materializing tendencies of the age. When Mr. Millet, as chief of decoration at the World's Fair, in 1893, obtained from the board of directors commissions for pictorial decoration in some of the principal buildings at the great exhibition, and visitors saw how capable our painters are in this field when an opportunity is given them, the plainest proof of the ability of native talent was afforded. Taken together with the excellent sculptural work and the architectural triumphs at the exhibition, it was seen that, unknown to the general public, certain American artists had attained to a high degree of proficiency in decorative work, and only required such a chance as was offered at Chicago to convince the layman of the expediency of spending money for purely esthetic purposes. Private enterprise quickly recognized it, and various hotels and residences recently erected in New York and elsewhere exhibit on their walls and ceilings further evidences of the merit and capability of the American artist as a decorator in the true sense of the word. The organization of the Municipal Art Society of New York, in the spring of 1893, the object of which is to provide adequate sculptural and pictorial decoration for the public buildings and parks of the city, by devoting the funds obtained from its membership fees to the execution of artistic projects determined by competition or direct commission, owes its origin in part to the «revelation» at Chicago. This society has already presented to the city, as custodian for the State, the beautiful decorations by Edward Simmons, in the room occupied by the criminal branch of the Supreme Court, and has other work in hand. The architects of the Boston Public Library, acting with the public-spirited trustees of that institution, have succeeded in obtaining for their noble building mural decoration by such artists as Puvis de Chavannes, John S. Sargent, and Edwin A. Abbey, and sculpture by Augustus and Louis St. Gaudens. Finally, as the most conspicuous instance, the United States government has given commissions to two score or more of our best-known artists, both painters and sculptors, to decorate the new Congressional Library at Washington. These works are now well under way, and at the present time there is a feeling which amounts to conviction that we are not far from such general recognition of the value of art as a factor in our civilization as has existed for centuries in Europe, and finds its best expression in our day in the liberal provisions made by the French governmental authorities, not only for the artistic embellishment of France's splendid capital, but for all its historic towns and industrial centers.

The bill recently introduced in Congress, under the auspices of the Public Art League of the United States, creating a United States Commission, which shall pass upon the artistic merits of all plans for important public buildings and of all works of art that the government may propose to purchase or order, marks another step in the right direction. How far the good intentions of the bill, if it becomes a law, may be thwarted by the machinations of «practical politics» remains to be seen.

The conclusion must not be drawn that it is all plain sailing ahead for those who wish to see art occupy its proper place among us, and none but capable men intrusted with the duty of giving it in its best forms to the world. One has to note in New York City alone the contest between its citizens and the then Board of Park Commissioners over the Harlem River speedway; the indefensible decision of a better board, who succeeded them, in the matter of a site for the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, directly contrary to the recommendations contained in an excellent and thoughtfully considered report on the question submitted by the Fine Arts Federation, which spoke for all the societies of painters, sculptors, and architects of the city; and the determination of certain excellent citizens, through the Board of Aldermen, to force upon the city an unsatisfactory work in the shape of the Heine Memorial Fountain. However, the obstinate procedure in the last instance brought forth the enactment of a law providing for a competent commission, the approval of which is necessary before a work of art can be accepted for the city by the Board of Aldermen, or anybody else. The evils of the apparently fair, open-competition system meantime are still with us.

In the National domain an obstacle to artistic progress has been found in the results of the Sherman Statue competition. But such mistakes are merely obstacles on the upward path. The good influences will ultimately outweigh the bad, and the American people may be congratulated on the prospect before them in the near future, when public taste, and the standard of public criticism, will be lifted by the presence of good art in public places.

The Defacement of Natural Scenery.

CARLYLE's famous explosion, in «Sartor Resartus», against what he called «view-hunting», meaning the delight in nature for its own sake, like a good many more of his utterances, represented nothing but a temporary irritation. At Craigenputtock he had plenty of «scenery», but he lacked other things that he seemed to require more. Having nothing but the «mountain solitudes» and the state of his digestion to take the place of society, it is no wonder that he should have issued his «Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous

Regiment» of the Picturesque. It is satisfactory to remark that, later in life, even he attained a saner view. The pages of the «Reminiscences» that may be read with the least mixed pleasure are those in which he paints the scenery of which, in his early days, he became so impatient.

Whether Carlyle was right or not in attributing the revival of «view-hunting» to the influence of Goethe in particular, there can be no question that it was contemporaneous with the Romantic movement in literature, to which Walter Scott and Wordsworth, in their several ways, so powerfully contributed. The Romantic movement was in itself a return to nature, and it was inevitable that there should attend it an increase of interest in the external aspects of nature.

At any rate, there is no need now of arguing in favor of the love of nature. We all know that it is one of the greatest helps, if not to what used to be called «grace», to what is now called culture, denoting spirituality as well as refinement. An indifference to natural scenery all cultivated persons look upon as a pitiable or blamable insensibility, and the wanton defacement of it as a misdemeanor. Our urban parks, simulating wild or cultivated nature, are the most cherished of our municipal possessions, and show that a democracy may be trusted to supply itself with this kind of public possession, as well as the aristocracy, the maintenance of whose own «seats», in part for the public benefit, is in older countries justly regarded as one of its most valuable functions.

With respect to rural scenery, it must be owned that the case is somewhat different. Scarcely any American can fail to recall some rural scene which he might desire to see under the control of a benevolent despot, or, in less majestic language, owned by some rich and refined person, who should have the power and the will to bring out its latent beauty, or at least to protect its patent beauty from defacement. In fact, we, too, have instances to show of the private acquisition for the public benefit of scenes that need to have their natural advantages either developed or protected. There is one fashionable seaside resort at which it is brought to the attention of the visitor, that the smaller cottagers hold that the largest and richest cottager «ought» to acquire an island of manifest picturesque possibilities, and even that there is «feeling» because he does not both literally and figuratively «meet the views» of the smaller cottagers and the more numerous boarders. This is, perhaps, an extreme instance of a tendency of which everybody has observed instances less striking.

The sentiment has been embodied in the establishment by law of the reservations at Niagara and in the Adirondacks, great as may be the need of an extension of the law in the latter case, and there is a movement to save the Palisades through the intervention of the general government. To preserve all that we have in the way of natural beauty or sublimity from destruction or defacement is a worthy work for legislators, whether the preservation requires an absolute prohibition of the advertisements which now disfigure so many noble landmarks, or whether it can be attained, as has been suggested, by a tax on such advertisements in such places. The defacements that are still allowed to vulgarize sublime or beautiful scenes are, however,

more and more the result of an open and conscious defiance of public sentiment. To extend and intensify this sentiment, and to apply it to the cases that come under one's own observation, is a worthy and humanizing work. It is a work in which every farmer, and every farmer's family, and every villager, and every summer sojourner among the rural beauties of our country can be a useful missionary.

In his «Democracy and Liberty», vol. i, p. 167, Mr. Lecky has a suggestive passage which, though addressed primarily to English readers, applies, also, to our own country:

The State cannot undertake to guarantee the morals of its citizens, but it ought at least to enable them to pass through the streets without being scandalised, tempted, or molested. The same rule . . . applies also to some things which have no connection with morals: to unnecessary street noises which are the occasion of acute annoyance to numbers; to buildings which destroy the symmetry and deface the beauty of a quarter or darken the atmosphere by floods of unconsumed smoke; to the gigantic advertisements by which private firms and vendors of quack remedies are now suffered to disfigure our public buildings, to destroy the beauty both of town and country, and to pursue the traveller with a hideous eyesore for hundreds of miles from the metropolis. This great evil has vastly increased in our day, and it urgently requires the interposition of the Legislature.

«The Crime of 1873.»

No assertion in regard to silver has been made more persistently during the past few years than that a «crime» of some kind was committed in 1873 when Congress passed the act discontinuing the coinage of the silver dollar piece as a unit of value, and establishing the gold dollar as the sole unit of value. When first made the charge was that the passage of the act was the work of a «conspiracy» by some English and other foreign bankers, who sent an agent to this country with half a million dollars with which to bribe members of Congress. This was soon abandoned, and in its place was started the charge that the act of 1873 had been passed «by stealth.» One silver writer said it went through Congress «like the stealthy tread of a cat.» Another said it was passed «surreptitiously,» and a hundred silver advocates echoed the charge. One silver advocate, who is a writer of history, put it into one of his books as a historical fact, that the silver dollar was «silently demonetized.» Others added «secretly» to «silently,» or «surreptitiously,» and all accompanied the charge with the assertions that the passage of the act took one half of our money out of circulation, and that remonetization would restore the lost half.

One would think, from reading this charge, that the act in question was before Congress for a very brief time, and that it passed without its meaning and effect being known to more than a few members. That is the only way in which a bill can pass «silently» or «by stealth.» Now, what are the facts? The bill was first introduced in April, 1870; was urged upon Congress by the Secretary of the Treasury in a special communication recommending its passage; was subsequently urged by the Secretary in three annual reports—those of 1871, 1872, and 1873; was before Congress for nearly three years, and for five successive sessions; was printed by order thirteen different times; the debates upon it in the

Senate fill sixty-six closely printed columns of the «Congressional Globe,» and those in the House seventy-eight columns. If that be «secrecy» and «stealth,» what would constitute publicity?

There is abundant testimony also that the meaning of the bill was at no time concealed, or sought to be concealed. Mr. John J. Knox, who was then deputy-comptroller of the currency, prepared the bill and accompanied it with a communication, which stated distinctly three times that its provisions discontinued the coinage of the silver dollar piece. He had previously submitted the bill to boards of trade, chambers of commerce, professors in colleges, mint officials, and other experts, and persons best competent to pass judgment upon it, and the replies of these authorities were included in the communication to Congress. Mr. Knox said subsequently, in regard to the charge of «stealth,» that it «has no foundation in fact,» that «it is not probable that any act passed by any Congress ever received more care in its preparation, or was ever submitted to the criticism of a greater number of practical and scientific experts.» Ex-Senator Edmunds, who was a member of the Senate during the three years in question, said many years later, when asked if it was generally understood at the time that the bill put the country upon the single gold standard:

Certainly. All the nations with which we did business—the most of them—were going to the gold standard alone; and the tendency of all trade pointed to that as the inevitable basis of values.

But the strongest evidence against the stealth charge is to be found in the speeches made in both Houses while the bill was under consideration. In January, 1872, the bill was before the House, and was debated for nearly two whole days. Congressman Kelley, of Pennsylvania, made a long speech in explanation of its provisions, giving a detailed account of the authorities to whom it had been submitted for opinion, saying that its only object was to provide for the «integrity of the coinage,» and adding:

I would like to follow the example of England and make a wide difference between our gold and silver coins, and make the gold dollar uniform with the French system of weights, taking the grain as the unit.

Congressman Hooper, of Massachusetts, when the bill was again before the House in February, 1872, explained the coinage and other sections of the bill in a speech which fills ten columns of the «Globe,» and in the course of which he said of the silver dollar which the bill discontinued:

The silver dollar of 412½ grains, by reason of its bulion or intrinsic value being greater than its nominal value, long since ceased to be a coin of circulation, and is melted by manufacturers of silverware.

Congressman Potter, of New York, who opposed the bill, said:

This bill provides for the making of changes in the legal tender coin of the country, and for substituting as legal tender coin of only one metal, instead, as heretofore, of two.

Mr. Potter opposed the bill, not because he objected to its effect, but because, as the country had not at that time resumed specie payment, it was premature legislation. In replying to him, Mr. Kelley spoke of the bill in terms which leave no doubt that its meaning was perceived. VOL. LII.—100.

fectly well known by those who were considering it. Speaking of the «impossibility of retaining the double standard,» he said:

The values of gold and silver continually fluctuate. You cannot determine this year what will be the relative value of gold and silver next year. Hence all experience has shown that you must have one standard coin which shall be a legal tender for all others, and then you may promote your domestic convenience by having a subsidiary coinage of silver which shall circulate as legal tender for a limited amount, and be redeemable at its face value by the government.

The bill passed the House in May, 1872, and was sent back to the Senate, which had passed it in 1871, with certain amendments. It came up again for final passage, or concurrence in the amendments, in the Senate in January, 1873, and was passed without a division. In his speech explaining its provisions, Senator Sherman said:

The bill proposes a silver coinage exactly the same as the French and what are called the associated nations of Europe, who have adopted the international standard of silver coinage; that is, the dollar (two half dollars) provided for in this bill is the precise equivalent of a 5-franc piece.

The final debate in the Senate on the bill filled nineteen columns of the «Globe.»

At the time the law was passed, the silver dollar was an obsolete coin. Senator Edmunds said, in a published interview from which we have quoted above:

For many years silver, save as a subsidiary currency, had been practically unknown, when the act of 1873 was passed. After 1845, or thereabouts, the silver dollar disappeared, and was an unknown quantity.

The reason was that it was worth three or four cents more than the gold dollar, and hence refused to circulate. Instead of being demonetized by the act of 1873, it had demonetized itself about 1845, or a quarter of a century earlier. Instead of the passage of that act taking half of our currency out of circulation, it actually increased the volume of it very largely. The total silver coinage for the first five years after the passage of the act was over \$31,751,000 against \$7,600,000 for the previous ten years. In 1873 began the enormous increase in the product of silver, which has been going on ever since. In 1870 this product was \$51,575,000. It increased gradually till in 1873 it reached \$81,800,000, a gain of 60 per cent. within three years. It fluctuated a little during the next few years, but at no time fell below \$81,000,000, and in 1881 it reached \$102,000,000. From that time it advanced several millions every year till in 1893 it exceeded \$209,000,000, a gain of 145 per cent. within twenty years.

It is very clear from these facts and figures that it was not the passage of the act of 1873 which either demonetized silver or reduced it one half in value. In both cases, the moving forces have been the eternal laws of nature, and if any «crime» has been committed against silver, nature is the culprit.

The Wage-earner's Interest in Improved Housing.

ONE day a wandering cynic chanced to visit a humble tenement lodging, and found the bath-tub full of coal. He did not stop to inquire what he himself would do if

he lived in quarters so restricted that there was no other means of storage, but straightway formed the opinion that improving the homes of working people was a fruitless task because of their misuse of such improvements.

Though the tale may represent reality in isolated instances, as a generalization it is absolutely untrue. Even the dullest and lowest intelligence will, in time, respond to an ameliorated environment.

This is not a mere thesis. There is plenty of evidence to sustain it. Lord Shaftsbury, who practically interested himself for more than sixty years in improving the homes of the masses, said time and again that many of the people who were in a filthy and deplorable condition had been made so by their surroundings, and that where their homes had been improved, they had been rescued from such conditions. Human nature is imitative; the force of good example is catching. Lack of opportunity to lead a more civilized existence, not the inclination to remain as they are, largely explains the situation of the poorer elements amongst city dwellers. Sir Sydney Waterlow cites the punctuality with which the rents are paid to his corporation as evidence that people having good rooms are anxious to keep them. He believes that there is a growing desire for comfortable homes.

Perhaps the most eloquent testimony to the desire of wage-earners for a decent living environment is the prosperity attending model housing enterprises wherever they have been established. An exhaustive study made by Prof. E. R. L. Gould, covering all model enterprises in existence in the larger cities of Europe and the United States, shows that eighty-eight per cent. of them are earning dividends equal to or in excess of normal commercial rates. Upwards of 160,000 people find shelter in the improved tenements of London. The owners reap solid financial returns.

Prof. Gould's experience, based on more than three years' study and investigation of this matter, has established the firm conviction that wage-earners feel a positive interest in improved housing, and will cheerfully take advantage of it whenever it is provided.

What are the wage-earner's special interests in improved housing? In the first place, this class is vitally interested in the conservation of health. Good health means earning power, and as working-men lead more or less of a hand-to-mouth existence, any loss of earning power is a serious matter. Lord Beaconsfield aptly voiced this truth in an address delivered at the opening of some new blocks of improved tenements in London. He said "the health of the people is really the foundation upon which all their happiness and their power depends." Few realize the loss of productive energy through sickness brought about by bad living environments. Sir James Paget, the distinguished English physician, estimates that the whole population of England between fifteen and sixty-five years old works in each year twenty millions of weeks less than they might if it were not for sickness. He puts down the loss inflicted on wage-earners at nearly fifteen millions of dollars annually. He refers simply to a purely preventable loss. Some years ago, the London health authorities instituted inquiries in certain low neighborhoods to estimate the value of labor lost in a year, not by sick-

ness, but from sheer exhaustion induced by unfavorable surroundings. It was found that, upon the lowest average, every worker lost about twenty days in the year from this cause. One might go on multiplying such instances, but it is not necessary to enforce the argument by cumulative citation.

Wage-earners are vitally interested in the passage and enforcement of wise sanitary laws. Bad sanitation entails proportionally worse economic consequences to them than to the more highly favored. They are also more often the victims of sickness and epidemics, fostered by insanitary neighborhoods. The working-man has a positive interest in using whatever political power he possesses to secure legal remedies against uninhabitable houses through expropriation laws such as those current in England, and the measure recently put into operation by the Board of Health of New York City under the Tenement House law of 1895. Who, if not wage-earners, are interested in the obliteration of rookeries where the death rate equals seventy-three in a thousand? Whatever promotes better living conditions, no matter whether it comes from legal enactment or private effort, will find support from wage-earners who appreciate their true interests.

Important as are the physical and economic aspects of this question, they are not the sole, perhaps they are not even the chief, considerations. Ethical issues have greater ultimate significance. Many of our moral and social ills are more nearly connected with bad housing than appears upon the surface. Take for example drunkenness. How absurd to suppose that immoderate liquor-drinking can be suppressed so long as people are left to live in houses where lack of elementary sanitation saps vitality, while noisomeness and unattractiveness impel a search for outside relief. It is entirely unjust to suppose that only a low impulse to debauch or a reckless disregard of family duties leads wage-earners to contract the "saloon habit." The utter dullness, the lack of individuality in tenement-house existence, often lie back of the fatal temptation.

Promiscuity in human bee-hives, rendering independence and isolation impossible to the family, is a serious drawback. What may we legitimately expect from such conditions? Not only can there be no development of domestic life, which in the words of Cardinal Manning "creates a nation," but every member from earliest childhood is a prey to those forces which drag down,—a stranger to those which uplift. Unwholesome sights and sounds fix themselves in the memories of children ere infancy is really past. The exuberance of youth, finding no possibility of expression inside the home, is poisoned by the philosophy of the streets. Boys, while yet of tender age, are introduced to viciousness and petty crime. Young girls from their earliest teens engage in a struggle for moral preservation. Mothers, instead of finding wifehood and motherhood the sweetest of all human relations, are oppressed to hopelessness, soured into ill-feeling or brutalized into a state of callous indifference. There is everywhere a distinct lowering, if not an entire loss, of moral tone.

With prospects of this sort, varying of course in degree according to circumstances, can one say that wage-earners, even of the lowest class, regard the out-

come with equanimity? Are these fathers and mothers so entirely different from the heads of more fortunately circumstanced homes?

It is a most gratifying fact that along with the destruction of the worst tenements in New York by the opening of the new small parks, and by the condemnation proceedings above referred to, an extensive movement has been started looking to the building of model tenements. Under the new tenement-house laws every new tenement must be better built than formerly,—with more light and air and safety from fire,—but the building on the voluntary principle (and not as in England by the local government) of additional model tene-

ments will help to make a new and better city; better, we believe, both in health, morals, and the enjoyment of life. The principal agency now at work in this direction is the City and Suburban Homes Company, of which Prof. Gould, of Johns Hopkins, is the President, and Mr. A. W. Milbury the Secretary, Mr. R. Fulton Cutting being the Chairman of the Board of Builders. This Company proposes to accomplish its philanthropy in a business-like way, which is, we believe, the best way for the permanent success—the permanent good influence—of the enterprise. The example will surely be followed not only in New York, but in other crowded cities of America.

OPEN LETTERS

Training Schools for Domestic Servants.

IT is too late in the day to discuss the need of better domestic service in the United States. It is the one crying evil that besets society, and makes life a series of makeshifts from the effects of which even the rich are not exempt, while at some time or other, and in most families continually, every man, woman and child suffers more or less. Some day the American people will realize what an intimate bearing this question has upon the national character as well as upon domestic happiness. Systematic study of the subject will follow, and some of the vast energy that now goes into remedial charities will be directed to the solution of this fundamental problem. For the present there seems to be only one remedy for the general situation, the Training School for Domestic Servants. It is the purpose of this article to make suggestions as to its range and character.

Such a school should be well organized and equipped for the thorough training of servants in all branches of household work. In the first place it should have facilities for teaching pupils how to bathe properly, to care for their own bodies and for their own clothes. It should have different departments of training, one for laundresses, another for chambermaids, another for waitresses, another for cooks, and another for general housework servants, the last, of course, requiring a special condensed course. On entrance, young women or girls should be classified as far as possible, according to their general intelligence and ability as well as the employment for which they wish to be fitted. The first work given should be the washing of the kitchen-ware, the sweeping of the kitchen, and the scrubbing of the floor and tables—in short, every pupil should be taught the work of a kitchen-maid. After that, even though she intends to fit herself for a special department, she should be taught to sweep and dust carpeted rooms, and next to do plain washing and ironing, these being among the things which every domestic should know how to do well.

An ordinary dwelling-house might be utilized for the school. The basement, which should be well lighted, could be fitted up as a laundry, capable of accommodating a large number of women, to be classified as they advance in skill in the department. There must be a head laundress to look after those under her, and inspectors to decide when a woman is capable of promotion. In a city of 5000 inhabitants, such a laundry might easily be made self-supporting.

The first floor of the Training School could be devoted to the cooking department. It should have several kitchens where the women in different stages of advancement could work, under an expert leader. The different departments in cookery could be made self-supporting by having lunch-counters where men could go in with their dinner pails and have served to them from the kitchens of the less skilled pupils hot soup, tea, coffee, and other plain food, while a restaurant of a better class might be sustained from the work of those who were more thoroughly trained. Another source of income might be secured by filling orders for special dishes, or for whole meals. Setting a table, waiting, washing fine china and glass, and polishing silver, could be taught in connection with the restaurant.

The upper floors should consist of a parlor, and various apartments, where servants could be trained in cleaning, dusting, window-washing, care of lamps, and all kinds of second work. From this department servants could be sent out by the hour or day to sweep, dust, or act as housemaids.

With the training given in this way a thoroughly competent laundress, if she were a fairly industrious and intelligent worker, should be graduated in perhaps six months. After the first month she might be paid a small sum for her services. The cooks might also begin to have small wages after the first month. At least two years would probably be required for a cook to be thoroughly trained in every branch of her work, from caring for her range to doing fine cookery. Those who show special capacity should be trained to take the whole responsibility of planning and cooking elabo-

rate luncheons and dinners, as well as in the mastery of economical and healthful cookery for every-day life. Wages should increase with gain in skill. The cook would find compensation for the longer course in the high wages which her certificate would enable her to demand. The time required for training in any department would depend upon intelligence and adaptability.

The certificates given by the Training School should be proof of skill, competence, and integrity; they should state exactly what the servant is fitted to do, and they should be so conscientiously given that a housekeeper might rest assured that she knew exactly the capabilities of the servant. Throughout the course earnest effort should be made to impress upon the pupils the idea of moral obligation. Servants should be made to realize the dignity of their work, and the important part its faithful performance plays in the happiness and health of the home, and so of the nation. They should be taught that their work is as essential to the moral and physical well-being of humanity as that of the teacher, the doctor, or the minister, and that it demands just as much unselfishness and conscientiousness. In this connection it might be well to establish a training school for mistresses and other members of the family, that the idea of moral obligation might not be all on one side.

The cooking schools and classes have done a great deal of good, but they do not seem to have reached the root of the trouble. They have not perceptibly improved servants as a class. We need not simply schools of cookery, but schools where everything a servant ought to know is taught.

Doubtless it would take several years for such a school to become self-supporting, but there is no doubt it would be so in time. This may perhaps seem a visionary scheme, but the Training Schools for Nurses were regarded in the same light. The wages of these nurses are from twelve to twenty-five dollars a week, and yet the demand is steadily increasing, and the result is that intelligent girls are constantly fitting themselves for this profession. Shall we not have trained servants when their work demands a like degree of excellence, and they are offered the same inducements? The prevalent opinion is that the work of trained nurses and of trained servants is not to be compared, but the more one thinks about the matter, the more it is seen that there is but little, if any, difference in their importance. There is no doubt, if more attention were paid to the proper preparation of our food, there would be less need of doctors and drugs. Of course with these higher wages many could not afford to employ trained servants, but neither can they afford trained nurses or dressmakers, yet this is never used as an argument against the training of nurses and dressmakers. When the era of the trained servant arrives, a great advantage will be gained for people who cannot afford to pay even the wages now demanded, because untrained servants will have to work more cheaply when they find that a certificate from a Domestic Training School is necessary to procure high wages. The increase of wages will probably not greatly add to the expense of living, as the intelligence of the trained servant will teach her economy of materials and labor, and in many cases one well-trained domestic will be able to do the

work of two who are untrained. It is doubtful whether middle-aged women, with their fixed habits, could be made into trained servants. We must depend upon the younger girls, and even they will probably respond slowly to the demand, so that it will be the rising generation that will reap the benefit of the purposed Training School.

One of the greatest difficulties in this matter is created by the great mass of raw material which is daily dumped upon our shores. Each one of these ignorant, stupid women expects to find a "place" with good wages. To meet this difficulty the coöperation of mistresses is absolutely necessary; they must combine and positively refuse to pay high wages to ignorant servants. If these girls cannot afford to fit themselves for service in the Training School, they should not receive wages for at least three months, or possibly the slight remuneration of one dollar a week might be offered. Housekeepers must make these untrained ignorant women understand that they are receiving a favor in thus being taught. The line should be as closely drawn in domestic service as in other departments of skilled labor. Until mistresses have such a sense of moral obligation as will make them refuse recommendations to undeserving and untrained servants there will be difficulty in carrying out this system. In short, this business of hiring servants must be managed like any other business, and the scale of prices must be arranged according to merit. In this result the Training School will be an important factor.

In one other important particular mistresses must mend their ways before a system of trained servants can be made successful. Every woman should inform herself sufficiently to be able to know when every kind of housework is properly done, and then she should insist that it shall be properly done. It may be suggested that this training, education, and granting of certificates, would make a class already difficult to deal with still more difficult, and that servants would assume such airs that the house would not contain them. Even if this were true, would a disagreeable trained servant be any harder to contend with than a disagreeable untrained servant? A writer who has given the matter a great deal of thought says that the effect would be just the reverse. A sensible and liberal education would teach women not only what is due to themselves, but what is due to others, and the feeling of independence which the thorough knowledge of her business gives to every worker in every craft would make servants invaluable. When we show the daughters of the less favored American families that brains are required in the kitchen, that ability in that department will be as well rewarded as in the positions of stenographer, bookkeeper, or trained nurse, and that, in short, servants will be as much respected for excellence as those who excel in other departments we shall find that the Domestic Servant Problem will solve itself.

Carrie Niles Whitcomb.

United States History in Secondary Schools.

A COMMENT in the January number of *THE CENTURY*, to the effect that "a Yale or Harvard freshman may know

the history of Greece superficially, but he knows it better than the history of England or the United States," leads me to believe that the decided revolution in the relative position of English and United States history to Greek and Roman history is not appreciated by the large majority of people. In the last ten years the history of the United States has changed its place in the curricula of colleges and secondary schools. It occupied formerly an unimportant position, while such studies as Greek and Roman history, algebra, geometry, etc., held undisputed sway. But now these studies no longer exclude English and American history from their proper place. Somehow the interest, unity, inspiration, and economic teachings of United States history have been recognized. The vast field of economic and historic problems and solutions depicted in the career of this country has not appealed in vain to teachers. Even in the graded schools more attention has been given to the subject than ever before. So that, taken all in all, the young man or woman who enters our colleges in the next five years will know something about the history of this country, and know it well.

There has been a marked advance in the method of study and manner of presentation. History, especially that of the United States, used to be presented as a series of wars, with periodical elections of presidents; but now it is regarded as the development of a society, not as a mere political organization, but as an advancing industrial organization, the social pressure of which demands constantly increasing discipline and more and more limitations of liberty. It is, in fact, the history of a people developing in a way never known before; not, as in Europe, from non-liberty to greater freedom and democracy, but from liberty to greater and greater limitations on that liberty.

This change of view in regard to the presentation and importance of the subject is due chiefly to the influence of a few of the colleges in this country. Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Cornell, and a few others offer courses in United States history which go to the bottom of the material. On the results of their investigation new views of our history have made themselves manifest. At the present time the undergraduate at Yale is drilled in Bryce's «American Commonwealth» and the history of the United States. In the graduate department of the same university a two years' course in United States history is offered. The subject-matter is taken from the original sources, so that a student pursuing it gets a thorough knowledge of the subject. Many students in the universities doing this kind of work have gone out to schools and colleges as instructors and professors.

The candidates for admission to the various colleges and universities in the near future will be prepared to take up in an appreciative spirit the economic studies now offered. The ultimate meaning is better citizenship.

TEACHERS' COLLEGE,
NEW YORK CITY.

Frank L. McVey.

Who was the Man?

ON April 14, 1865, three young ladies in the employ of the United States Christian Commission stopped

overnight at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. They were Miss Libbie Cunningham of Cleveland, Ohio, Miss Mary Shelton (now Mrs. Huston) of Burlington, Iowa, and the writer of this note. We were on our way from the hospitals in Nashville, Tennessee, to Wilmington, North Carolina, in answer to a call for volunteers who were willing to take their lives in their hands, and, braving the perils of swamp fevers, help to care for the Andersonville prisoners who had been, or were about to be, transferred to that place.

We had taken a train that stopped at Harrisburg rather than the through train, so that we might cross the mountains in the day-time. The train for Washington passed through Harrisburg at three o'clock in the morning. A few minutes before that hour we entered the hotel parlor and were greeted in a most excited manner by a lady who had traveled in the same car with us the day before. She had not taken a room, but, with her little boy, had remained in the parlor all night.

«I have had a frightful night!» she whispered. «There is a crazy man lying on the sofa behind the door, and he has acted so strangely and talked so wildly that I have been in terror!»

Our inquiries brought out the fact that in the early part of the night he had kept running to the telegraph office every few minutes, saying that he expected great news. Finally he had come in, saying that it had come. Lincoln and all his cabinet had been assassinated, and he was rejoiced. Observing that the man was awake and looked sane enough, we inquired of him concerning the shocking report he had made to our fellow-traveler, «Yes, it is all true! Lincoln and his cabinet have been assassinated, and I am glad of it!» he replied.

Unspeakably shocked at the man's insanity or depravity, yet entirely unbelieving, we all left the hotel at the same time. We observed that he climbed upon the platform of the coach in the rear of the one which we entered. The cars were very much crowded, but our Christian Commission badges secured for us everywhere courteous recognition. We made inquiry as to whether any hint of the great calamity had been communicated to the people on the train at any station on the road. Not a word of such import had met them anywhere, and we were laughingly told not to be frightened, that such absurd rumors could not possibly be true.

Lest we might have some lingering fears, one of the gentlemen kindly proposed to make inquiries at the telegraph office in York, Pennsylvania. His ghastly face and tearful eyes told a part at least of his dreadful story before his trembling lips could utter a word. Passengers gathered about us in the wildest excitement. Every car was searched in vain for the man who had been waiting impatiently in Harrisburg for news of the tragedy which he evidently knew was to be enacted in Washington.

Whether he had stepped again from the car at Harrisburg or had left at some other point we shall never know; but after the lapse of thirty years the remembrance of his fierce joy at the sad tidings, and the glad ring of his voice as he gave to us the first information of that which proved to be the nation's sorrow, are as clear as though it took place only last year.

Mrs. S. F. Stewart.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Cardinal.

FROM out the wood to where I lie
There comes a clear and loud good-by:

« Good-by—good-by—good-by! »

A clear and strong

Vibrating strain,

As if low song

Had loud refrain,

And voicing filled the green retreat
With words to music wild and sweet,

Now low, now high—

« Good-by—good-by—good-by! »

A flash of flame betrays the bird
That gives this summer parting word,

« Good-by—good-by—good-by! »

I see it float

The trees between,

A scarlet boat

On seas of green;

And know it as the springtime friend
Who sang to signal winter's end,

While leaves were dry:

« Good-by—good-by—good-by! »

Ah, yes! 't was he in budding spring
Who came to speed the cold and sing:

« Good-by—good-by—good-by! »

And now to heat

He sings the same,

And makes retreat

In coat of flame.

His spring and summer days are past,
And autumn leaves are turning fast,

And winter nigh—

« Good-by—good-by—good-by! »

Thus to the seasons as they go

He sets his music-stream aflow:

« Good-by—good-by—good-by! »

To snow and sun

His whole life long

He sings the one

Brief parting song.

I, therefore, wonder not to hear

His autumn voice so loud and clear,

From where I lie—

« Good-by—good-by—good-by! »

Henry T. Stanton.



DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE.

SUMMER ON THE PLAINS.

STRANGER: Can you tell me how high the mercury goes in this place?
NATIVE: It goes to 110° in the shade, and there ain't no shade.

An Autumn Night.

SOME things are good on autumn nights,
When with the storm the forest fights,
And in the room the heaped hearth lights
Old-fashioned press and rafter:
Plump chestnuts hissing in the heat,
A mug of cider, sharp and sweet,
And at your side a face petite
With lips of laughter.

Upon the roof the rolling rain,
And, tapping at the window-pane,
The wind, that seems a witch's cane
That summons spells together;
A hand within your own awhile,
A mouth reflecting back your smile,
And eyes, two stars, whose beams exile
All thoughts of weather.

And, while the wind lulls, still to sit
And watch her fire-lit needles flit
A-knitting, and to feel her knit
Your very heartstrings in it;
Then, when the old clock ticks 't is late,
To rise, and at the door to wait
Three words, or at the garden gate
A kissing minute.

Madison Cavein.

The Healing of Meechum.

(OLD INHABITANT LOQUITUR.)

JIM MEECHUM, ornery Jim, they used to call him, was the no-countest man I ever knowed, I think,—that is, before he took the trip to Pike's Peak overland, with a lot of us fellows, in an early day. He's been improved a heap since then. Major Harris learnt him a lesson on that trip that I reckon did Jim more good than all the preachin' he ever heard, although Jim's a powerful hand to go to meetin', and I've seen him git converted several times. Fact is, Jim was a better hand at gittin' converted than he was at stayin'. Trouble with him was, he was just an overgrown baby.

Well, as I was sayin', a party of us we concluded we'd go out to Pike's Peak; and so we bundled up our traps, and got some wagons, and went it overland. We had n't been out very long before Jim began to get weak in the gills. He sort of lost his nerve, and thought he was goin' to die, and kept complainin' about everything. The water did n't agree with him, and he felt his rheumatism comin' back, and everything,—he was gruntin' all the time. When we got out from St. Joe a ways, he begun to weaken. He was afraid of the Indians, and afraid of bushwhackers, and spent his time between layin' in the wagon and prayin' and walkin' around like a ghost.

Well, the boys they got mighty tired of his carryin's on. They'd run him about it, and joke him, and try to rally him up, but it did n't do no good. He just moped and sulked, and it looked like he'd peter out sure. You know, it don't do for a man to lose his grip when he's crossin' the plains. And we was all sorry for him, too; we knowed if he did n't brace up he'd really die, but it seemed like we could n't git no hold on him.

So one day Major Harris says, «I'm going to cure Jim Meechum,» says he. «I'm going to cure Jim Meechum. You fellers just watch me,» says he.

Major Harris was n't no hand to talk; he was a quiet-

spoken man; but he was clean grit, and I never see him flustered in my life. He was sociable, too, though he'd never talk much, but just sit with us around the camp-fire and chaw; and every once in a while he'd put in a word, and when he said somethin' it was worth while.

«Well,» says the major, «I'm going to cure Jim Meechum;» and then we all knowed some fun or another was up. So we laid low and waited.

One day, when Jim was feelin' specially downcey, and a-droopin' around the camp like a chicken with the gapes, Major says to him, says he, «Jim,» says he, «come on; let's walk over yonder behind them willers to the spring. They's a spring there that's got mineral in it, and a drink of it will do you good,» says he. Jim allowed it was n't no use, that nothin' would ever do him any good, but by and by he went along; and when we saw them two go behind them willers we wunk at each other, and kind of smiled, because we knowed somethin' was up, and it was n't spring water that Jim was goin' to git.

When Jim Meechum come back from that little season with Major Harris, he was a changed man. He picked right up, never complained no more, eat his side meat like the rest of us, and made a full hand all around. No, sir; we never heard a chipper from Jim after that. We told Maje that he'd ought to take out a license to preach, because Jim had got somethin' on that occasion, whether religion or not, that stuck to his ribs better than any convertin' he'd ever had before. And Maje he'd kind of smile, and say nothin'. He never give Jim away till long afterward, and then, one day, he told us all about it, after we'd all come back to the States.

«Well,» said Major Harris, when we finally asked him to let us into the thing, now that it could n't hurt Jim's feelin's. «Well,» says he, «I saw Jim was just-a-goin' down like a sick runt, and I knowed there was n't nothin' the matter with him, but he'd lost his grit, and that will kill a man same as disease, unless he can git cured. So I made up my mind I'd cure him. I always liked Jim. He was a good feller, and they was n't no harm in him. So I toled him off down behind the willers, and then I says to him, when we got out of range of you fellers, I says, says I:

«Jim, ain't you feelin' no better?»

«No,» he says; «I got them same pains in my back. I believe I got a floatin' kidney. My wife's father had one, and my symptoms are just like his.»

«But don't you think you'll get over it?» says I.

«No,» says he; «it's only a question of time. I'm sorry I come along, for I hate to be a bother; but I can't hold out much longer.»

«You're sure of that, Jim, are you?» says I.

«Yes,» he says; and he hove a sigh, and walled his eyes like a sick calf, and then he went on talkin' about his family, and a-workin' himself up meller, like you know he used to keep doin'.

«I let him run on awhile, and finally I says, «Well, Jim, me and the boys have talked it over, and we've come to the conclusion that you're right. You are a-dyin' by inches; it's only a question of a week or so. You're gittin' weaker and weaker, and, Jim, it's an awful thing to die of disease out in this here God-forsaken prairie. They ain't no way to take care of a sick man in an outfit like ours. They ain't no women folks, nor nothin',—only us men. And so we've talked it over,

and we've decided that if you've got to die, Jim, you had ought to die all at once, and not peter out in a long sufferin'. So we drawed straws to see who'd undertake the job, and I'm sorry to say that I was the one elected to this office, and a blamed disagreeable one it is. But I'll do my duty, Jim; I ain't a-goin' to let no squeamish-



DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE.

«(JIM, THINK OF YOUR TROUBLES.)»

ness keep me from doin' a kindness to a pardner in distress; and with that I pulled out my old horse-pistol.

«Well, sir, you'd ought to see Jim wilt when he saw that gun. He turned white around the mouth, and says:

«You ain't a-goin' to shoot me, Major?» he says.

«Jim,» says I, «that ain't fair to put it that way. You know yourself you can't last long. It's a mercy and a kindness to do it.»

«(But,) says he, «you ain't goin' to shoot me right down like a' old horse that's broke its leg, are you?» he says.

«Jim,» says I, «you was always a fair-minded man; and I put it to you,» I says—«I put it to you, if you are not kind of hard on me? Here I am, with the best of intentions; I simply want to help my feller-man, and save him from a heap of sufferin'.»

«Well, we argued back and forth quite a spell, Jim a-gittin' scareder and scareder as he saw I meant business. Finally, down he goes on his knees, and begs and prays me not to shoot him.

«(But,) I says, «Jim, think of your troubles. There's that floatin' kidney, and that's certain death.»

«I think it's some better,» he says.

«And then,» says I, «your wife and folks ain't here.»

«I don't mind that,» says Jim; «I don't mind that at all. Nance will be all the gladder to see me when I git back.»

«(But,) says I, still strokin' my gun, «there's them bowel troubles: they can't stand this alkali water.»

«(Oh,) he says, «I'm gittin' used to it. I rather like the water now.»

«(And then,) I goes on—(and then, the rheumatism This thing of layin' out of nights in a wagon is bound to make that worse. 'It's goin' to your heart, you said.)

«(Now, Major,) says Jim, «don't you remember how old Doc Meserve said they was n't nothin' so good for sore joints as plenty of open air? My arm's a heap better. I can wallop it around every which way now. It's got better recent,» he says; and it was all I could do to hold in when he sawed his arm around through the air, showin' me how supple he was.

«Jim,» says I, «you're all prepared now. You've been sayin' your prayers constant for a week, and you never will be readier to pass over. If you wait till the summons comes in a more regular way, you may not be ready.»

«(Oh, but,) he says, and he got up and laid his hand on my arm, caressin' like—oh, but I ain't ready, Major; I don't feel the witness as I once did. Sure I don't,» he says.

«We jawed on to and fro for some time, Jim a-feelin' more and more improved as our remarks proceeded, and gittin' more worldly and unprepared to brush the dews on Jordan's banks, as he had been allowin' he was about to do for some time back; and finally I says, says I, kind of slow like:

«Well, Jim,» says I, «if your kidney ain't a-floatin' no more—»

«(Oh, she ain't,) says Jim; «she's stuck now; I feel it,» and he thumped his back a good, healthy welt.

«And if your rheumatism is improvin' in the open air—»

«Rheumatism? Pshaw!» says Jim; and he fetched a caper with his game leg equal to one of them variety-theater actresses.

«And if you can stand it to be away from your wife—»

«(Oh, I don't care,) he says. «Fact is, Maje, Nance is kind of worrisome sometimes, and I really enjoy a little vacation.»

«And if you ain't quite wholly sanctified and ready to go—»

«(Be dog-goned if I am,) says Jim, just to show me he could cuss a little.

«(And if,) I says, slippin' my gun into my belt, and extendin' the right hand of fellowship to him—(and if you've made up your mind, Jim, to quit bein' an all-fired baby, and be a man, why put her there, and we'll say nothin' to the boys about it.)

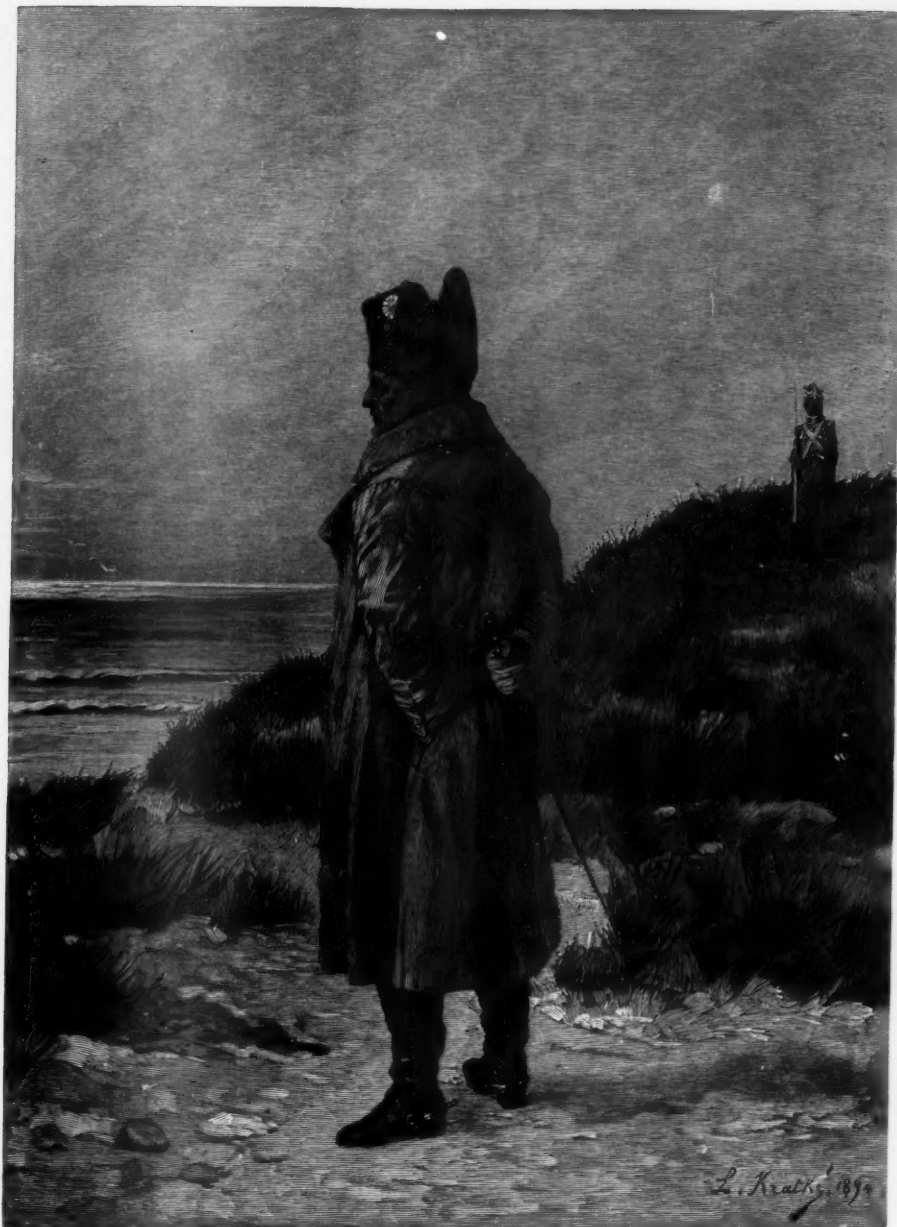
«The tears come into Jim's eyes, and he grabbed my hand, and he says, «Don't the boys know?»

«(No,) says I; «and if you behave yourself I won't tell.»

So that's how Jim Meechum was cured.

Frank Crane.





FROM THE PAINTING BY L. KRATKE.

PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED.

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.